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John Turvill Adams

THE WHITE CHIEF

AMONG

THE RED MEN;

OR,

KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN MELICE:

A Historical Romance.

[John Turvill Adams]

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HUNTER."

"One * * * * * * calling himself * * * * * Knight of the Golden Melice."

Winthrop's History of New England.

NEW YORK:
DERBY & JACKSON, 119 NASSAU STREET.
1859.

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TO

H. L. A.

To whom but to yourself, my H., should I dedicate this Romance, which may be said to be the fruit of our mutual studies? With what delight I have watched the unfolding, like a beautiful flower, of your youthful mind, while instead of indulging in frivolous pursuits, so common to your age, you have applied yourself to the acquiring of useful knowledge as well as of elegant accomplishments, none but a parent can know. Accept what I have written, my darling, as a tribute to a love which makes the happiness of my life.

J. T. A.

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INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

He cast, (of which we rather boast,)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.
O let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
Which there perhaps rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexic bay.
Thus sang they, in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note,
And all the way to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

Andrew Marvell's "Emigrants in the Bermudas."

The beginning of the 17th century is an interesting epoch in American annals. Although the Atlantic coast of that vast country now comprised within the limits of the United States and Canada had previously been traced by navigators, and some little knowledge acquired of the tribes of red men who roamed its interminable forests, no

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attempt at colonization worthy of the name had succeeded. The principal, if not the only advantage derived from the discovery of North America, came from the fisheries of Newfoundland and Labrador, frequented mostly by the adventurous mariners of England, France and Spain. In these cold seas, to the music of storms howling from the North Pole, and dashing with ceaseless rage the salt spray against the rocky shore, they threw their lines and cast their nets, at the same time enriching themselves, and forming for their respective countries a race of hardy and skilful sailors. The land attracted them not. The inducements which led to the more speedy conquest and settlement of South America by the Spaniards, were wanting. Gold and silver to tempt cupidity were not to be found, and the stern, though not inhospitable character of the Northern tribes was very different from the imbecile effeminacy of the Southern races. The opposition likely to be encountered was more formidable, and the prize to be won hardly proportioned to the hazard to be incurred. While, therefore, the atrocious Spaniards were enslaving the helpless natives of Peru and Mexico, and compelling them by horrid cruelties to deliver up their treasures, the wild woods of all that region to the north of the Gulf bearing the name of the latter country, continued to ring to the free shout of the tawny hunter. Not that attempts had not been made to obtain footing on the continent, but they had all failed by reason of the character of the emi-

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grants, or the want of support from home, or of a thousand other causes reducible to the category of ill luck, bad management, or providential determination.

But the 17th century introduced a new order of things, beginning with the arrival of the first permanent colony on the coast of Virginia in the year 1607, indissolubly associated with the name of the chivalrous Captain John Smith; followed in 1614 by the occupancy of the mouth of the river Hudson, and of the island of Manhattan, the present site of the city of New-York, by the Dutch; and, in 1620, of New-England, by the English. The fulness of time had arrived, when the seeds of a mighty empire were to be sown.

A diversity of opinion prevails with regard to the motives of the early colonists to leave their homes. Without entering into an elaborate discussion of the subject, and thereby invading the province of the historian, it may perhaps be permitted me to say, that, in my judgment, they were partly political, partly religious, partly commercial, and partly adventurous.

One of the first acts of James the First of England, on his accession to the throne in 1603, was the conclusion, by a peace with Spain, of the long war so gloriously signalized by the destruction of the Armada. The pacific policy wherewith he began his administration, he never abandoned during the twenty-two years while he held the sceptre. Hence the spirit of enterprise which exists in

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various degrees in every flourishing nation, finding itself diverted from that warlike channel wherein it had been accustomed to flow, was obliged to seek other issues. The immense region beyond the sea claimed by England by priority of discovery, offered a theatre for a portion of that spirit to expend itself upon. Hither turned their eyes those who, in the wars, had contracted a fondness for adventure, and were unwilling to sink back into the peaceful pursuits of laborious industry. For such men, the vague and the uncertain possess irresistible attractions. For them, emigration was like the hazard of the gaming-table; ruin was a possible consequence, but fortune might also crown the most extravagant hopes. The merchant regarded with favor a scheme which would furnish employment for his ships by the transportation of men and stores. Besides, the fisheries had always been productive; they might be largely extended, and a trade in furs and other products of the country opened with the Indians. Perhaps the precious metals, found in such quantities by the Spaniards at the South, might enrich the North. Happily they found not that pernicious bane which is alike the corrupter of private morals and the debaucher of nations. To these considerations may be added a willingness at least on the part of the government, to rid itself of idle profligates and unruly spirits. Guided by this chart, it is not difficult to understand why efforts similar to those which had proved abortive, should now be successful.

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The character of the first emigrants to the Virginia colony, and the products of the country sent home, confirm these views. They are described as "many gentlemen, a few laboiers, several refiners, goldsmiths, and jewellers," and the returning ships were freighted with cedar and with a glittering earth, which was mistaken for gold. Another party is spoken of by a chronicler of the times, as "many unruly gallants sent hither by their friends to escape ill destinies." Doubtless among those denominated gentlemen and gallants were some noble souls, like, though *longo intervallo*, to the heroic Smith.

While the Virginia colony was slowly struggling against adverse circumstances, and attracting to herself the cavaliers who, in various capacities and with different fortunes, had figured in those troubled times, important changes were going on at home destined to exert a mighty influence on the New World. That awakening of the intellect occasioned by the speculations of Wyckliff, the morning star of the Reformation, more than two hundred years before, and to which Luther and Calvin had imparted a fresh impulse, was performing its destined work. By the assertion of the right of private judgment in matters of religion, the pillars of authority had been shaken. Nothing was considered as too sacred to be examined. To the tribunal of the mind of every man, however undisciplined and illiterate, were brought, like criminals to be tried, the profoundest mysteries and most perplexing ques-

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tions of theology, and in proportion to the ignorance of the judge, was the presumption with which sentence was pronounced. A general love of dogma prevailed. The cross-legged tailor plying his needle on his raised platform; the cobbler in the pauses of beating the leather on his lap-stone; and the field-laborer as he rested on his spade; discussed with serene and satisfied assurance problems, before the contemplation of which, the ripest learning and highest order of mind had veiled their faces. Dissatisfaction with the condition of things spread more and more. All, in both Church and State, was considered out of joint. The former had not sufficiently cleansed herself from the pollutions of Rome, and lagging behind at a wide distance from the primitive model, required to be further reformed; the latter by encroachments on the liberties of the subject, and assistance furnished to a corrupt hierarchy, had become odious, and was to be resisted and restrained. The idea of abolishing the monarchy had indeed not entered the mind of the most daring reformer; but it is certain, that when his feelings were inflamed by brooding over real and fancied wrongs from the established Church, his anger would overflow upon the government, which, with no sparing hand, wielded the sword to enforce pains and penalties, imposed, ostensibly for the protection of religion, but in reality for the interests of an ally and its own safety. It was this exasperation, partly of a religious and partly of

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a political nature, that bore its legitimate fruit in the execution of Charles.

Before that awful lesson, however, discontent had increased until the unhappy zealots, too feeble to resist, yet too resolute to submit, determined to leave their country. Hard fate! Self-banished from the associations of childhood, from the memorials of their ancestors! But whither should they fly? They had heard indeed of a country, far beyond the sea, where a refuge might be found, and whither some of their countrymen had gone; but those first emigrants were cavaliers, men of the same creed as their persecutors, and who had been induced to leave England by motives different from those which controlled their minds. Their purpose would not be attained by joining the Virginia colony. They were not merely adventurers, hunting after earthly treasures, but pilgrims in search of the kingdom of heaven. Their company consisted of delicate women and children, from whom they could not part, as well as of hardy men; and such were unfit to encounter the perils of a new settlement, in an untried climate, and an unknown country, infested by savages. Their principal want was religious liberty; that they could find in Holland, and to Holland they went. It was close at hand, and should any favorable change occur in England, it would be easy to return. But after an experience of some dozen years, they found insuperable objections to remaining there, and determined, no such changes having taken place as

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they anticipated when they left their native land, to emigrate to America. In a season of the year as stern as the mood of their own minds, they sought the stormy shores of New-England, and their example was soon followed by others direct from the parent country. This first column was composed exclusively of Protestants, who had refused conformity to the established Church, or as they were called, Puritans. Later arrivals brought more mixed companies, but still the Puritan element always largely prevailed. Now separated by an ocean from kings and bishops, they resolved to realize the darling idea which, like the fiery pillar before the wandering Israelites, had conducted them across the sea, and that was the establishment of a commonwealth after the model of perfection which they fondly imagined they had discovered. And where should they find that perfect system, except in the awful and mysterious volume wherein was the revelation of God's will, and which, with a devotion that had impressed its every syllable on their minds, they had day and night been studying? Was there not contained therein a form of government which He had given to his favored people; and what did both reason and piety suggest but to accommodate it to their circumstances? All things favored the undertaking. They were at too great a distance to be easily molested by their enemies: the distracted condition of the government at home afforded little opportunity for a strict supervision of their affairs; and the few savages

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in their neighborhood left by the devastating pestilence wherewith Providence had swept the new Canaan, in order to make room for them, they soon found powerless before the terror of their fire-arms. By excluding all whom it was their pleasure to call lewd and debauched, or, in other words, who differed from them in opinion, from participation in the government, they expected to avoid confusion, and secure the blessing of heaven. It is absurd to suppose that human pride, and ambition, and avarice did not intrude into these visions of a reign of the saints on earth, but unquestionably notions like these exerted a strong influence. They established their commonwealth upon their theocratic model, and commenced the experiment.

Soon, in logical and honest sequence with the principles which they professed, followed a system of persecution rivaling that of which they complained in England. To be true to themselves and creed, they were obliged to adopt it. We may do as we please; we may say that the fanatical notion, the horrid Erinnys, the baleful mother of woes innumerable, that the dogmas of religion may rightfully be enforced by the sword of the civil power, dominated the world, and in this way account for their conduct; or apologize for it by the necessities of their situation, and the peculiarities of their creed; or combine these causes, and so extenuate what cannot be defended.

I can well understand how a Puritan of 16— would justify his rigor. His opinion of himself would be like that

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of the amiable Governor Winthrop, as found in his first will, (omitted, however, in his second,) as one "adopted to be the child of God, and an heir of everlasting life, and that of the mere and free favor of God, who hath elected me to be a vessel of glory." Such was the Puritan in his own eyes. He was the chosen of heaven. He had, for the sake of the Gospel, abandoned his country and the comforts of civilization, to erect (in the language of Scripture which he loved to use) his Ebenezer in the wilderness. He wanted to be let alone. He invited not Papists or English Churchmen, or any who differed in opinion from him, to throw in their lots with his. They would only be obstacles in his way, jarring-strings in his heavenly antique-fashioned harp. Away with the intruders! What right had they to molest him with their dissenting presence? The earth was wide: let them go somewhere else. They would find more congenial associates in the Virginia colony. He would have no Achans to breed dissension in his camp. With bold heart and strong hand would he cast them out. His was the empire of the saints; an empire, not to be exercised with feebleness and doubt, but with vigor and confidence.

It is obvious that a very wide difference existed between the characters of the two colonies. The cavalier, sparkling and fiery as the wines he quaffed, the defender of established authority and of the divine right of kings, was the antithesis of the abstemious and thoughtful religionist

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and reformer, dissatisfied with the present, hopeful of a better future, and not forgetful that it was in anger God gave the Israelites a king.

Meanwhile the Roman Catholics had not been idle. Their devoted missionaries, solicitous to occupy other regions which should more than supply the deficiency occasioned by the Protestant defection, and confident of the final triumph of a Church, out of whose pale they believed could be no salvation, had scattered themselves over the continent, and with marvellous energy and self-sacrifice, were extending their influence among the natives. No boundaries can be placed to the visions of the enthusiastic religionist. His strength is the strength of God. No wonder, then, that the Roman Catholic priest should cherish hopes of rescuing the entire new world from heresy, which he considered worse than heathenism, and should enlist all his energies in so grand a cause. It is almost certain that extensive plans were formed for the accomplishment of this object.

Such were the elements which the seething caldron of the old world threw out upon the new. A part only of the materials furnished by these elements have I used in framing this tale. It is an attempt to elucidate the manners and credence of quite an early period, and to explain with the license accorded to a romancer, some passages in American history.

Thus much have I thought proper to premise. It is

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impossible to judge correctly of the men of any age, without taking into consideration the circumstances in which they were placed, and the opinions that prevailed in their time. To apply the standard of this year of grace, 1856, to the religious enlightenment of more than two hundred years ago, would be like measuring one of Gulliver's Lilliputians by Gulliver himself. I trust that the world has since improved, and that of whatever passing follies we may be guilty, we shall never retrograde to the old narrow views of truth. If mankind are capable of being taught any lesson, surely this is one—that persecution or dislike for opinion sake is a folly and an evil, and that we best perform the will of Him to whom we are commanded to be like, not by contracting our affections into the narrow sphere of those whose opinions harmonize with ours, but by diffusing our love over His creation who pronounced it all "very good."

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THE

KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN MELICE.

CHAPTER I.

Come on, Sir! now you set your foot on shore,
In novo orbe.

BEN JONSON'S *Alchemist.*

OUR tale begins within a few years after the end of the first quarter of the 17th century, at Boston, in Massachusetts, then in the infancy of its settlement.

On an evening in the month of May, were assembled some seven or eight men around a table, in a long, low room, the sides only of which were plastered, the rough beams and joists overhead being exposed to view; the windows were small, and the floor without a carpet; and the furniture consisted of the table, over which was spread a black cloth, whereupon stood several lighted candles in brass candlesticks, of a dozen chairs, covered with russet-colored leather, and of some wooden benches, ranged against the walls, and which were occupied by various persons. At one end of the apartment the floor was raised a few inches, and the chair standing on this elevation differed from the others in having arms at the sides, and in being of ampler proportions,

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as if by its appearance to vindicate a claim to superior position. But unpretending as was the room, it was a place of no little importance, being no less than the Court Hall and Council Chamber of the "Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay, in New England." At the moment of which we are speaking, it was appropriated to a meeting of the Court of Assistants of the Colony.

The person occupying the arm-chair, on the platform, was a man of not unpleasing appearance, somewhat less than fifty years of age, and dressed with considerable precision in the style prevailing among gentlemen of distinction at that day. His face was rather long, and surmounted by a high and well developed forehead, from the top of which, dark, parted hair fell in curls down the temples over a white ruff, fringed with costly lace, that encircled his neck. His eyes were blue; his eye-brows highly arched; his nose large; beard covered the upper lip and chin; and so far as an opinion could be formed, from his sitting posture, he was tall and well-made. The expression of his countenance was gentle, and there was an air of introspection and abstraction about it as if he were much in the habit of communing with his own thoughts. The upper part of his person, which only was visible, the rest being hid by the table and depending cloth, was clothed in a black coat or doublet, without ornament or even the appearance of a button, and at his side he wore a rapier, evidently more as a badge of his rank than for use.

Seated at his right hand, and below the platform, was a man a dozen years at least his elder, whose stout look and fiery glances indicated that if time had grizzled his thick and close cut hair, it had not quenched the heat of his spirit. Like the gentleman first described, he was dressed in sad-colored garments, differing but little from them, except that instead of a ruff, he wore a plain white band, falling upon his breast, cut somewhat

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like those worn by clergymen at the present day, but longer, and passing round the neck and covering the collar of the coat. Although the oldest of the company, he seemed to have himself the least under control, continually moving in his chair, drawing forward and pushing away the sheets of paper that lay before him, and now and then darting an impatient glance at the person in the arm-chair, from whom it would wander over his companions, and then fasten on the door.

The third and last gentleman whom we think proper to describe, was a man of about the age of the first, but utterly unlike him. His head was covered with a black skull cap, (probably to protect his baldness,) beneath which, rose ears more prominent than ornamental, being very little relieved by the hair, which was cropped short. His complexion was florid, and the parts of the face, about the chin and jaws, full and heavy, giving an appearance of great roundness to the countenance. His features were regular, the mouth small and compressed, and on the upper lip he wore a moustache, parted in the centre, and brushed out horizontally, balanced by a tuft on the chin, four or five inches long. An adventurous spirit gazed out of his clear steady eyes, and altogether he looked like a man of determined temper, and one who, having once formed a resolution, would find it difficult to relinquish it. Around his neck he also had a broad band, divided in the middle, and falling half way down his breast. The remainder of the persons around the table bore the same general resemblance to these three, in dress, that one gentleman ordinarily does to another, and all were engaged in conversation.

Presently the gentleman in the arm-chair, who was evidently the President, took up a small bell that was placed before him, and sounding it, the summons was replied to by the entrance of a man from a side-door. He was the servitor or beadle of the Court, and moving to the end of the table opposite the President, he stood facing him and waiting his commands.

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"Bring in the prisoner," said the President, in a low tone, but so distinct that it was heard all over the room.

The beadle noiselessly glided out, and in a few moments returned, leading a man, whose wrists were fastened with gyves, whom he conducted to the end of the table he had just left, and placed so as to confront the President.

"Take off the irons," said the same, low, musical voice.

The man, thus unpleasantly introduced, was in the prime of life, certainly not more than thirty-five or six years of age, and from his bold and erect carriage, seemed (as was the fact) to have been bred a soldier. Upon the order to take off the shackles being complied with, he cast a look of acknowledgment toward the speaker.

"Master Nowell," said the President, "read the accusation."

The person addressed, who was the Clerk or Secretary, rose hereupon from his seat near the centre of the table, and read "the information," which it is unnecessary to give at length, charging the prisoner with using most foul, scandalous, indecent, defamatory, and unseemly invectives, reproaches, and passionate speeches, toward and against the worshipful magistrates and godly ministers of the colony, thereby contriving and designing to bring into contempt, all law, order, religion, and good government, &c., and to subvert the authority of the magistrates and undermine the wholesome influence of the godly ministers, &c., to the disgrace and ruin of the colony and scandal of true religion, &c.

When the paper had been read, the President demanded—"Are you guilty or not?"

"I am as innocent as the worshipful Governor himself, and whoever wrote those lies, is a villain and a foresworn knave," replied the prisoner.

"Enter that the prisoner says he is not guilty," said the President, addressing the Secretary; "and do thou, Philip Joy, re-

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member where thou art, and express thyself in a manner more becoming this presence."

"It is hard to be tied up like a mad dog and not get angry," replied the accused.

"Sirrah!" cried the gentleman, whose appearance was described next after the President, "dost thou bring a contumacious spirit here to bandy words with the right worshipful Governor? Silence, and answer peremptorily to the questions of thy betters."

"Nay, worthy Deputy Governor Dudley, the poor man is, I doubt not, already sensible of his error, and sinned more out of ignorance than design," observed the President.

"The honored Governor," spoke an assistant from near the bottom of the table, "is, I fear, disposed to be too lenient in respect of these foul-mouthed carrion."

"Our law condemns no man unheard, nor will I be more stern," answered the mild Governor Winthrop, (for it was he). "It seems to me to be the part of a judge to allow no harsh suspicions to enter his mind, lest they throw baleful shadows over his decisions. Philip Joy," he added, turning to the prisoner, "thou hast declared thyself innocent; wilt thou be tried by a jury, or art content to trust thy cause to the judgment of the honorable Court of Assistants?"

"I care not who tries me," replied Joy. "I am a true man; and, though I don't belong to the congregation, am as honest as a great many who do, and he is a horrid villain, who—"

"Enough," interrupted the Governor, "a quick tongue often prejudices, while a slow one seldom doth. Do I understand that it is thy desire to be tried by the Assistants?"

"It is not my desire to be tried by any one," said Joy; "but, sith I am to be put on my deliverance, I think that I shall stand a better chance in the hands of honorable gentlemen, some of whom have been soldiers, than in the dirty paws of tinkers, and cobblers, and mere mechanicals."

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No smile mantled over the faces of his grave judges, but it was obvious, from the twinkling of eyes and glances shot by one to another, that the speech of Joy had done him no harm with those who, even thus early, began to feel annoyed at the approach of the clouted shoe.

"Art thou prepared for thy trial?" inquired the President.

"At any moment, and the sooner the better, your worship. I had rather mount guard, for a week, in steel helmet and corselet, with breast, back, culet, gorget, tasses, sword, musket and bandoliers, in the hottest sun that ever roasted a blackamoor, or stand up to my knees, six months, in snow, without my mandilion, than lie a day longer in that acc— I mean that kennel of a lock-up."

"It, meseems, thou art in a hurry to have justice done thee, good fellow," said, with a grim smile, the gentleman who was the third one described, stroking, with his embroidered glove, the tuft of hair that hung below his chin.

"You are a soldier, Captain Endicott, and can look a man straight in the eyes," said Joy; "and, though people give you credit for a hot temper, I will trust you."

Endicott elevated his eye-brows at this ambiguous compliment, and for a moment seemed at a loss how to take it, especially as he remarked a peculiar expression on the faces of his colleagues.

"Being a soldier thyself," he replied, fastening his eyes sternly on the face of the prisoner, "thou art bound to know that it becomes not one in the ranks to prattle."

Joy made no answer, but returned a cool and unabashed look to the gaze of the other.

"If the witnesses have been called, let them appear," said the President.

Two men, of a rather mean appearance, now stepped forward; an oath by the uplifted hand was administered, and one commenced his testimony.

The substance of his story was, that Joy, on a certain occa-

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sion, and, at a certain place, in his presence and hearing, had declared, with a profane exclamation, that there were men in the colony, wiser, and more learned, than either the magistrates or ministers; and that, between them both, what with their long prayers and intermeddling in every body's affairs, they were like to ruin the plantation.

Upon the conclusion of the testimony, the witness was sharply cross-questioned by Governor Winthrop, and some inquires were made by various Assistants, but nothing further was elicited. As for Joy, he disdained to ask a question, declaring that his accuser, Timpson, had already been in the stocks for leasing; and, besides, had been cudgelled by himself for stealing.

Hezekiah Timpson, a villainous, lean, crop-haired fellow, with a hang-dog look, and sanctimonious air, upon hearing himself charged with delinquencies, which were notorious to the whole Court, raised to heaven his eyes, which, until now, he had kept fastened on the floor, and, sighing deeply, exclaimed:

"I do confess my iniquities and my sins are ever before me. Verily, was I then given over to Satan to be buffeted but by free-grace have I been snatched, as a brand from the burning, even as I yet hope to see thee, Philip."

"Canting rogue. I want none of thy hopes, good or bad," said Joy.

"Cease thy reviling," cried Dudley, starting from his seat. "What! are we to sit here to listen to malapert railings against men of godly life and conversation?" he added, addressing himself to Winthrop. But before the Governor could reply, one of the Assistants interposed.

"Let the poor man unbosom himself freely," he said, "that the whole truth may come to light."

"Our worshipful brother Spikeman," answered the Deputy Governor, with a sneer, (which he did not attempt to suppress,) "was not always ready to allow such free-speech, as witness the

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case of Martin Wrexham, banished for speaking to his disparagement."

"I trust that I shall be able to give the worshipful Deputy Governor such reasons for my conduct, as will satisfy him," said Spikeman.

Dudley threw himself back into his chair, as if not half satisfied; and Winthrop, who had calmly listened to the colloquy, took advantage of the pause that ensued, to direct the other witness to testify.

From the examination, it appeared that he had been present at the conversation referred to by Timpson, that, indeed, it was between Joy and himself, and that the former had not been aware of the presence of the informer, until on turning round, when Timpson was standing at his elbow. He recollected nothing said by Joy about the ministers, except that he had, any day, rather listen to one of Corporal Joly's songs, than Mr. Cotton's long sermons; nor respecting the magistrates, but that there were better judges in England.

The testimony being concluded, the prisoner was asked what he had to say for himself, to which he replied:

"Only that Hezekiah Timpson was an eves-dropping, lying villain, and that the other witness had told the truth. He meant no harm by anything he had said."

"Dost think it advisable to retract anything?" inquired Spikeman.

"I know not why I should deny the truth," answered Joy.

"Remand the prisoner, and clear the court-room," cried the President; and Joy was accordingly led out, followed by the spectators.

As soon as the members of the Court were left to themselves, Winthrop began to collect the opinions of the Assistants, commencing with the youngest, who were placed most remote from him. At first, a considerable diversity of sentiment prevailed,

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several seeming disposed to discredit Timpson, and to acquit Joy. They pronounced their opinions shortly and pithily, giving their reasons in a few words, until it came to Spikeman's turn, who spoke more at length.

"The vice," he said, "of backbiting godly ministers, and maligning magistrates, had risen, in consequence of the mistaken leniency of the Court, to an alarming height, so as to threaten the very foundations of their government. There was not a Satan-instigated railing Rabsheka, who did not now have his daily fling at the servants of the Lord, engaged in much tribulation in planting his vineyard, and there were many saints who were already calling out, O Lord, how long! They had themselves just been witnesses of the audacity, wherewith, in the very presence of the right worshipful Governor, and the worshipful Assistants, the prisoner had assumed to sit in judgment upon a member of the congregation, and to foul him with abuse. Never had he dared to exhibit such topping insolence, had he not supposed himself supported by a mutinous spirit from without. It was a dangerous spirit which, if inflamed by indulgence, would become a deadly boil to poison the whole body politic. Prick therefore the imposthume at once, and, like wise surgeons, let out the offensive matter. He was not surprised at the indignation of the worthy Deputy. It was a zeal unto godliness, and devoutly did he wish, that himself, and all, were more inspired with it. When he had asked that the prisoner might be permitted to speak freely, it was that every Assistant might be convinced by his own ears of the boldness wherewith rebellion to constituted authority, impudently bursting from the bottomless pit, ventured to obtrude into a court of justice, and to boast of its misdeeds. Was a child of the covenant of grace, and our brother in Christ, to be reproached with the sins which he had committed when in the gall of bitterness and bonds of iniquity, and which had been washed out by the blood of the New-Testament? Nay, then, give a

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universal license to every lewd fellow, to rake up the sins of your youth, and let him send to England--that England which spewed us out of her mouth, as if we were not the children of her bowels —to obtain the proofs. Had there been no word of evidence, the bare conduct of the prisoner before them was enough to satisfy them of his dangerous character, and he should feel his conscience accusing him of failure in his obligations to the Church and the Colony, were he not to advise exemplary punishment, whereof banishment would be a necessary but the slightest part.

The speech of Spikeman was evidently acceptable to a majority of the Assistants. It appealed to the fanaticism of some, and to the fears of others; but there were some on whom it produced no such effect. Captain Endicott, fierce zealot as he was, found in it something disagreeable. As his manner was, he stroked with his hand the long tuft on his chin, before he commenced speaking:

"There are things," he said, "in the speech of the worshipful brother whereof I approve, and others, again, whereunto I may not give my assent. Though it may savor of worldly pride, and be proof of the old Adam lingering in me, I will say, that however guilty in the sight of God, before whom I acknowledge myself the chief of sinners, I challenge before man an examination of my life, and fear no evil report from England or elsewhere. But for this self-boasting, I crave the pardon and prayers of my brethren. Touching the prisoner, which is the matter in hand, I find him somewhat bold, and not altogether in other respects what I desire, but yet not worthy of severe punishment, or likely to be a dangerous person in the Commonwealth. Where need requires, I trust, with preventing grace, never to be deficient in prompt and energetic action, but no necessity therefor hath, in my judgment, at present arisen. For, as for this young man, ye are to recollect that he is a soldier, and that a stout one, and may yet do the Commonwealth service in her

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defence, whereunto I doubt not his willingness, and that his free speech doth proceed rather from the license of camps than from malignity of temper. Moreover, I find not the rule of Scripture whereby we are bound that by the mouth of two or three witnesses every word shall be established altogether complied with, meaning not, thereby, to impugn the statement of our brother of the congregation, worthy good man Timpson, but only that his words are not confirmed as our law requires."

Thus spoke Endicott, who was afterwards so notorious for his severities against dissidents; but these sentiments found no echo in the mind of the Deputy Governor.

"I thank God," he said, "that however gross and innumerable my errors and backslidings, I am no libertine." (Here Endicott's eyes flashed, but he contented himself with stroking, in a musing manner, the long tuft of hair on his chin.) "The evil we are called upon by the united voice of the suffering saints in this wilderness to suppress," continued Dudley, "demands, I trow, sharper practice than has hitherto been applied, and I do admire at the milk-and-water temper of the worthy Assistant at this present. Not thus is he wont to speak, but in the common is zealous even unto slaying. What incantation or witch of Endor hath blinded him, I know not."

The blood mounted into the face of Endicott, for he, as well as the others present, understood the remark to refer to the young and gentle wife of the ex-Governor of Salem, and who was supposed to exert a great influence in soothing the fierceness of his disposition, (alas, if it were so, how short a time that influence lasted!) and many were the smiles that circled the table, but Winthrop, apprehensive of a storm, interposed.

"My worthy friend," he said, "can surely intend no disrespect toward one of the stoutest champions of our Israel. Doubtless he will be able so to explain his words, as to make their meaning innocent."

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"I complain not," burst forth Endicott. "If it were lawful to try conclusions in the manner of the Gentiles, and he a fit man for me to deal with, his lips should never repeat such vituperations;" and as he concluded, he threw one of his embroidered gloves violently on the table before Dudley, who sat opposite.

"Peace, gentlemen," cried Winthrop, rising with dignity, and looking alternately at one and the other. "Forget not that ye are brethren, and that upon your harmony depends the prosperity of our Zion. If ye who are of the household of faith permit idle bickerings to divide your hearts, how can ye expect the blessing of Heaven on your labors? If the cement to hold together the stones of the temple be untempered mortar, must not the fabric fall, and bury the worshippers in its ruins? If you love me, Captain Endicott, my brave and generous, but hasty friend, take up your glove; if you have respect for the high station you so worthily fill, noble Dudley, extend your hand in token of amity, and assure our brother that no offence was designed."

The time occupied by the governor had afforded opportunity for the passions of the two gentlemen to cool, and for them to become sensible of the unbecoming parts they were playing. As if they had at the same instant arrived at a like conclusion, Endicott reached forward to pick up his gauntlet, while Dudley stretched out his open palm. It was grasped by the other, and the two men wrung each other's hand as if whatever might be their private quarrels, they were resolved to stand by one another against the rest of the world.

"I crave forgiveness," said Dudley, at the same time resuming his seat and speech, "of the honorable Assistants in general, and of my excellent brother Endicott in particular, and beseech them to ascribe the vehemency of my speech to no want of respect for them, but to my zeal in the common service, and to a

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natural impetuosity. I solemnly protest that my observation pointed at nothing offensive, and that come whence it might, I would resent a wrong to my honored brother as quickly as to myself. Yet I will say, that I marvel that one so familiar with the nature of wounds as my honorable and dear friend, the worthy founder of our infant commonwealth, (and this is an ancient and increasing evil,) should not know that old wounds require rather vinegar than oil, the cautery instead of unguents. As a member of the persecuted Church, I will not allow the declarations of a brother of that holy and mystical body to be overborne and set at naught by an ill liver like this Philip Joy. I say that men have become too free in uttering their licentious imaginations about those who are placed by God's Providence above them for their soul's good and bodies' health, and that an example should be made to repress the gossip of light tongues and evil thinkers. In punishing this Joy, (who might more properly be called mourning,) we exalt the honor of the congregation, one of whose sons, even in your presence, and with intent to dishonor you, he has abused with perverse epithets, while at the same time we strike a wholesome terror into others in like case to offend."

He ceased, and looked around as if to gather the suffrages of his associates, but since the little interruption to their harmony, the wary Assistants were too politic, by word or sign, to betray a bias, so that he beheld only downcast eyes, and countenances purposely vacant, in order to conceal the thoughts of their owners.

It was now the turn of the Governor to express his opinion, and as he opened his lips, all eyes were fastened on him. His manner was grave, yet soft and persuasive, and a desire was manifest to pursue a course which should offend none, but reconcile differences by yielding something to all.

"*Tumultuosa libertas,*" (he said, commencing his remarks with

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a Latin quotation,) "*tranquilitati probroæ anteponenda est*, and in the lively observations we have heard, I mark not the signs of dissension, but of free thought, having in view the honor of God and the welfare of his little flock scattered abroad in a strange land. But the good shepherd will yet gather the dispersed into his arms, and gently lead them through green pastures and by still waters. Our Israel owes you thanks, brethren, for the vigilance wherewith ye watch the walls of Jerusalem, and are quick to spy the lurking wolf and ravening bear. If the watchmen sleep, what shall become of the city? But her strong towers of defence and bulwarks are ye, emulous only to show your love.

"It hath been said—to come more immediately to the matter in hand—that the vice of evil speaking of dignities had greatly increased, and needed to be repressed. It is so, and cannot be denied; and I would thereupon note a caution to my brethren, and that is, the necessity of rather discouraging that democratical spirit which is threatening to sweep away all distinctions, and to strip the Assistants themselves of necessary power. It is an insubordination, whereof foul breaths, licentious imaginations, and undisciplined tongues, are the inciters and fomenters. Now, if one can legitimately be proved guilty of the offence, I would be forward as well for the salutary discipline of the offender as highest weal of the state, to visit him with a due measure of punishment. But it behooves the court to see that the charge is proved.

"In the present case, even although the testimony of the principal witness were thrown out, which, howbeit, cannot be done, he standing unimpeached before us, yet there remains sufficient from the testimony of the second, the truth of which is not denied by the prisoner, to convince us that something light and trivial has been uttered reflecting upon the godly Mr. Cotton, whose edifying discourses were degraded beneath the value of a song. This is

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in a manner to impeach the sanctity of religion, by making light of the character of her ministers. As for what the prisoner said touching the magistrates, I trust that it is true, and am disposed to connect no evil intent therewith. My judgment is to pronounce him guilty of using indecorous language respecting a minister of the gospel, and to condemn him therefor in a light fine, to help replenish our lean treasury."

"Did not the right worshipful Governor remark the profane exclamation of the prisoner even in this presence?" inquired Spikeman.

"None, Master Spikeman," answered Winthrop. "I did indeed observe that the prisoner, in one instance, commenced what I supposed was the word 'accursed,' but checked himself in mid utterance as if sensible that it was unmeet to be spoken, which rather savors of respect than of the contrary."

But the Assistant shook his head. "I have seldom seen," he said, "a more stiff-necked and perverse offender, and one more deserving of many stripes."

Hereupon followed a discussion of some length, which terminated favorably to the opinions of the Deputy Governor and of the Assistant Spikeman, and it was finally agreed that Joy should be found guilty, generally, and condemned to be confined for the space of one month, in irons, to a fine of £5, and to banishment from the colony. This result was not attained without strong resistance from Winthrop, who strove to mitigate the punishment to a fine, and from Endicott, who endeavored to obtain remission of the banishment; but in vain—the vehemence of Dudley, and the insinuations of Spikeman, overbore all opposition.

Upon the conclusion being arrived at, Joy was placed again before the Governor, who, with a grieved look, pronounced sentence, and immediately dismissed the Court.

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CHAPTER II.

A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine.
SPENCER.

On the morning of a fine day, a fortnight after the occurrences above narrated, a horseman was riding over the neck, or narrow strip of marshy ground, which connects the peninsula on which Boston is situated with the main land. The rider was a tall, handsome man, of apparently some thirty-five years of age, who sat on his steed and handled the reins with a practiced grace, as if the saddle and himself were familiar acquaintances. Under a broad-brimmed, slouched hat, fell curls of dark hair, down the sides of an oval though rather thin face, embrowned by exposure to the weather. The nose was curved like the beak of an eagle, the eyes bright and wild as those of the royal bird, and a close beard curled over the face, including the upper lip, the bold yet sweet expression of which it did not conceal.

The dress of the cavalier was in the fashion of the times, though sobered down, either for the purpose of attracting less attention, or out of deference to the customs of the people he was among. A close fitting doublet or jerkin, of black velvet, over which was thrown a light cloak of the same color, but of different material, and a falling collar, shaped somewhat like those in Vandyke's portraits, edged with a narrow peccadillo or fringe of lace, ornamented the upper part of his person; his hands and wrists were protected by long gloves or gauntlets, reaching half way up to the elbow, and opening wide at the top;

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russet-colored boots expanded at the aperture and garnished with spurs reached high up the legs, and a small cut and thrust sword, suspended by a belt, which was also russet-colored, hung at his side. The handle of the sword was exquisitely beautiful, worthy of being the work of Cellini himself. It was mostly of massive gold, the hilt smooth and shining, and the guard embossed with a variety of elegant devices. But the part which first arrested attention and attracted the most admiration was the head, whereupon was sculptured a gigantic honey-bee, with wings expanded, as if about to fly from its perch; the eyes were sparkling diamonds, the body was composed of different colored metals, in imitation of life—and the whole so cunningly wrought, that it seemed a living bee about to mount into the air. The man rode and looked as if not anticipating, and incapable of fearing, danger, carelessly glancing round, while the noble animal he bestrode, as if he had caught the spirit of his rider, stepped high and gallantly along. But in truth there was little or no danger, the white settlers being, at the time, at peace with the neighboring Indian tribes.

It was a mere bridle-path the horseman was following, which wound about in various directions, in order to avoid marshy ground, or trunks of trees, or other obstacles, and appeared to be perfectly familiar to the horse, who trotted on without any guidance from his rider. As for the latter, as if to beguile the tediousness of the way, he would pat at one moment the neck of his dumb companion, and address a few words to him, and at the next, break out into snatches of song. Thus he proceeded until he emerged from the woods, and an open space, the site of the future city of Boston, once the cornfields of warlike tribes, mysteriously removed by pestilence, in order as to the excited imaginations of the early settlers it seemed, to make room for the fugitives, lay spread before him.

The rider stopped his horse, and for some moments sat in

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silence gazing on the scene. From the eminence, to whose top he had ridden, declined before him the sloping hills, on whose sides open cultivated spaces were interspersed with woods. On the waters' edge, for the most part, were scattered the houses of the colonists, the majority of them rude huts, made of unhewn logs, with here and there a frame building, or a brick or stone house of less humble pretensions, while beyond, rolled the sparkling waves of the bay, sprinkled with "a great company of islands, whose high cliffs shoulder out the boisterous seas," as the old chronicler Wood expresses it, and rocking a few small vessels lying at anchor. He who viewed the region that morning, must have had a brilliant imagination to dream of the magnificent cities destined to stud those coasts, and of the millions to fill those extensive forests within two hundred years. Westward, indeed, the star of Empire had taken its way, and the wise men of the East were following its heavenly guidance; but who knew it then?

At last, excited by the view and his thoughts, the rider rose in his stirrups, and stretching out his arms, gave expression, in a low voice, to his feelings—

"Well may these men, who hope to found a new dynasty, be proud of the lovely land which they have chosen for a refuge! If iron resolution, scorn of delights and contempt of death could do it, they would accomplish the emprise—*mais l'homme propose et Dieu dispose.* Without the directing mind and sustaining arm of the source of all wisdom and power, in vain is the labor of man. Ruin and disgrace shall overwhelm all undertakings not founded on the Rock of Ages. With what great events teems the bosom of futurity? O, that my eyes could pierce the misty distance; that my dim presaging soul could behold the stately advance of the coming centuries, whose sounding feet I fancy that I can hear! Bear they in their hands weal or woe to humanity? Hath the creative energy set a limit, beyond which

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the tide of human accomplishment, like the hidden power in yonder heaving ocean, may not rise; but, having reached its destined apex, must, with hoarse murmurs, recoil back upon itself in disordered fragments?—or in these later times, when men were ripe for the blessing, revealed to the world these virgin regions, separated from the vices of Europe and of the East by a mighty sea, here to recommence that experiment which hath partially failed elsewhere, and imparted sufficient measure of His spirit to chosen instruments to work out the problem of human happiness, and to conduct mankind to heights of felicity, beginning here and never ending?—the bare contemplation whereof causes my flesh to quiver with delight."

As he uttered these words, forgetful of his situation, he stuck the spurs into his horse's flanks, and the astonished animal started with a bound. It was then the consummate address wherewith the stranger sat, his horse specially exhibited itself. As if the feeling of the startled steed were instantly communicated to himself, and one spirit animated both, his body bent gently forward in the saddle, catching at once the motion, and accommodating itself thereto, so that the rider appeared as firmly fastened, and as much at his ease, as though he were a part of the animal. After half a dozen plunges, and some soothing words, the excited horse having expressed his displeasure by snorts, frequent and loud at first, but gradually decreasing in rapidity and loudness, yielded to the strong arm of his master, and reduced his pace to the long trot at which he had before proceeded.

"My noble Mourad," said the rider, patting the steed's neck, and addressing him as if capable of understanding language—"I wonder not at thine astonishment; but when these thoughts possess me, I am oblivious of everything else. I will be more heedful henceforth, nor allow splendid imaginations to prick thine innocent sides."

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The flexible ears of Mourad moved backward and forward while his rider was speaking, his dilated eyes glanced repeatedly back at him, and he shook his head as if not half satisfied with the apology.

And now the stranger, leisurely advancing, soon reached the little collection of houses. Guiding his horse carefully through the unpaved streets, and avoiding the stumps of trees which were occasionally to be met, he stopped at a house of somewhat more imposing appearance than the rest. It was of wood, like most of the other dwellings, and differed from them principally in being larger. It could not be said to belong to any order or style of architecture, but bore a general resemblance to buildings erected in England at the time. It stood with its gable-ends, three in number, to the street, the roof rising up steeply, and making a considerable garret, the side of the gable-ends projecting over the second story, as did also that over the first. The windows were of a square form, with small diamond-shaped panes, opening by hinges at the sides, and there was but one entrance in front, to protect which a small verandah or porch was thrown across the building. Two men, in the ordinary dress and equipments of soldiers of the period, their clumsy muskets leaning against the side, were seated on a bench near the entrance, and by their presence indicated the residence of Governor Winthrop.

"Is the right worshipful Governor at home so that he may be seen?" inquired the stranger, as he dismounted from the horse, whose bridle was held by one of the soldiers.

"He is at home, and may be seen, Sir Christopher," replied one of the men. "I will conduct you to his presence."

So saying, the soldier opened the door, and preceding the visitor, ushered him into a hall some ten feet wide, and thence into a small ante-room, or room of reception, where he was entreated to be seated, while his arrival should be announced. It required but a moment, which was the whole time of the sol-

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dier's absence, for the stranger to take a survey of the room wherein he sat.

It was not more than twelve or fifteen feet square, and destitute of paper or hangings, and the floor, like that of the hall, was bare, and made of coarsely-planed boards. It had two doors, one opening into the hall and another into an adjoining room, and was lighted by a single window. Its furniture consisted of only a few wooden chairs and benches.

"The right worshipful Governor directs me to invite you to him," said the messenger, throwing open the second door above mentioned.

The stranger rose, and crossing with a stately step the antechamber, followed the soldier into the adjoining apartment.

"Welcome, Sir Christopher," exclaimed the Governor, rising from a desk, at which he had been writing, and advancing with extended hand to his visitor, "I am honored in seeing you again in my poor house."

"He may deem himself a minion of fortune," courteously replied the stranger addressed as Sir Christopher, grasping the offered hand, "who either in this far wilderness or in the proud streets of London, is privileged to exchange salutations of friendship with so worthy and every way accomplished a gentleman as the honored chief magistrate of this colony."

"Alas! I fear," rejoined Winthrop, taking a seat, after first formally seating the other, "alas! I fear that my shoulders are too weak for so great a burden. Were it not for the prize of the high calling set before me, and the sweet refreshment sometimes breathed into me by the Spirit, I should faint beneath its weight."

"We are commanded neither to faint nor to be weary of well-doing," said Sir Christopher, "with comfortable assurances that as is our need, so shall our strength be. But, honored sir, I much mistake the nobility of your mind, if you would be willing

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to exchange your high place for a meaner lot. I thank God that you are placed upon an eminence to be a tower of strength to those who do well, and a terror to the evil."

"Better," replied Winthrop, "is the humble cottage than the lordly structure whereunto your poetical and extravagant politeness hath likened me. Remember," he added, with a smile, wherein there was some bitterness mingled with its melancholy, for he had of late been annoyed by the rougher nature of Dudley, and the jealousy of some of the Assistants, "*altæ turres cadunt dum humiles casæ stant.*"

"Noble sir," said Sir Christopher, "be not cast down. The foundations of your house are built upon a basis too broad and firm to be blown down by the disorderly breaths of lackeys and trencher-scrapers. Pardon me, if in my zeal I apply ignominious terms to your enemies."

"There be those to be ranked in that category who yet in no wise deserve such epithets," answered the generous Governor. "Were opposition to come only from so base a quarter, little should I heed, and rather consider it an incitement to keener action; but there are also choice spirits, elect vessels, pillars of the congregation, men inspired with godly zeal, who are persuaded themselves, and would persuade others, that I am lukewarm in the cause, and bear the sword in vain."

"If the peevish captiousness of these persons is greatly to influence, I will not say over-awe you, noble sir," said Sir Christopher, "I tremble lest the errand of mercy whereon I come should fail of its purpose."

"Ever true to the principle of the Μέλισσα," said the Governor, smiling "what can the Knight of the Golden Melice crave which John Winthrop can deny?"

The Knight of the Golden Μέλισσα, or Melice, as he was commonly called, meaning thereby the Knight of the Golden Honey-Bee, and who, by wearing conspicuously about his person

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the device or badge adopted when he received the order of knighthood, only complied with the fantastic notions of the times, gazed a moment at the figure of the bee on the handle of his sword, before replying:

"The golden bee does indeed remind me," he said, "that even as he, in the summer of his days, collects the yellow treasure which is to sustain him in the death of winter, so should I, while the day is mine, be busy to perform the will of Him who hath called me to a post in his creation, that I be not ashamed in the grave. I came to ask a favor in behalf of the soldier Philip Joy."

The eyes of Winthrop, which, while the knight was speaking, had been fastened on his face, fell upon the rich Turkey carpet that, with its intricate figures and varied dies, covered, in place of a modern cloth, the table supporting the desk whereat he had been writing.

"The soldier," he said, at last, slowly, "is enduring the punishment awarded to him by the Court of Assistants."

"A harsh and cruel sentence," said the knight, "and one at the infliction whereof I know your noble nature relucted."

"I may not, without censure of my own conscience, hear those who are associated with me in the government blamed."

"I would not trespass on the bounds of courteous license, but cannot believe that your gentle temper approves of proceedings at once severe and impolitic."

"It becomes me not," said Winthrop, modestly, "to set up my sentiments against the opinion of a majority. This is not the government of one man, and I am, as I may say, it being properly understood, only *primus inter pares*."

"Then avouch yourself to some purpose to be truly primus, and by your kingly mercy not only put to silence the unruly tongues of men complaining of harshness not without reason, but also take away the occasion for reproach."

"Hitherto," said Winthrop, "you have spoken in riddles,

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though they are not hard to be guessed; but, nevertheless, let me entreat you to explicate, in plainer phrase, your meaning, and reveal your full desire."

"I came, then," answered the knight, "to solicit the full pardon of Joy."

"It may not be. Though the right to pardon would seem inherent in him to whose hands is entrusted the power to punish, that the sorrow of inflicting pain might be balanced by the joy of conferring pleasure, and so his office be not wholly converted into that of an executioner, yet were I ever so much disposed, I could not, in the present case, grant your request. It would raise a storm which, however little to be regarded for its consequences to myself, might be seriously injurious to the budding interests of our infant state."

"I pray you to consider," said the knight, "the good character of the man accused, ever approving himself brave and faithful in all trusts confided to him; no drone, but an active honey-bee, laying up store in your hive, with no fault charged but speaking too freely, and if that be true, only imitating therein his betters. Next reflect upon the opposite reputation of his accusers, and I venture to say maligners, though in truth there is but one, not sustained by the other. Men are murmuring at your sentence, and holding your justice for naught, a sure presage of troublous times; and be assured, that a commonwealth not founded in righteousness cannot stand, for on it rests not the blessing of Heaven."

"Sir Christopher Gardiner," said Winthrop, "you have spoken boldly, and but that I believe in your honesty, and am assured of your friendship, I should be offended. But you belong not to the congregation, your notions differing from our faith; the light which illuminates the minds of the chosen remnant which Providence hath planted in this far off land, this ultissima Thule, not yet having penetrated your understanding. Your freedom

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of speech, therefore, because in favor of mercy, shall not prejudice, though it might injure you were it to reach the ears of some of whom we wot. But know, Sir Christopher, that your zeal makes you unjust, and that you have defamed a God fearing Commonwealth, and one in covenant with God. Not without His guidance did we trust ourselves to a raging sea, calmed for our sake by His breath; and not without His inspiration are we building up a State, after His own divine model, which shall be the admiration of the world. The kings of the earth may rise up, and the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing; but know, Sir Christopher, that the gates of hell shall not prevail against us."

As the usually calm Winthrop concluded his prophecy, he smote the table with his hand, as if to give emphasis to his words.

"My wise, and prudent, and most valued friend," said Sir Christopher, rising and approaching the Governor, "pardon me, if with sacrilegious, though unwitting hand, I have touched the sacred ark of your faith. But I were meaner than a stock or a stone; I were duller than an insensible clod; I were worse than an idolatrous heathen or a beast, if I were unwilling to encounter any danger, even to the hazard of losing your friendship, for the sake of a man, who, at the risk of his own life, saved mine."

"I heard not of your debt before," said Winthrop.

"It was in Moldavia, on the bloody field of Choczim, where the Poles defeated the Turks. I was then but a stripling, and the impetuosity of youth, or the fiery temper of my horse, had borne me in advance of my friends, when I was surrounded by the infidels and hard bested, and my life beyond peradventure had paid the penalty of my rashness, and my bones been left cleaned by the wolf's teeth to whiten on the sand, but for this valiant soldier. Disregarding danger, he leaped among the foe, and so

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lustily plied his blows, that together we bore the turbans down, until his bridle-hand was struck. Then was it time to fall back, for verily we had need of both hands, with the one to guide our horses, and with the other to defend our heads. I seized his rein, and with our flashing swords, side by side, we fought our way through the throng. Judge, then, if I were not an ingrate to forget the service."

"It is a pity, for the sake of the prisoner," said Winthrop, "that either Standish or Endicott is not in my place: a tale of daring were sure to win their ears, and upon its recital, the cause were as good as gained; but much as I admire the valor of the soldier and respect your feelings, I, who was bred a lawyer, and not a warrior, see not therein a motive to grant your request."

"If friendship for me, and personal merit in the man, avail not to move you, at least listen to the voice of humanity. You intend not surely to murder him."

"What?" exclaimed Winthrop. "Speak plainer, Sir Christopher."

"I say, honored sir, that the treatment of this Joy, for an offence which can rank as a crime only by reason of some peculiarity in your situation, justifying extraordinary severity, is unworthy of you as the Vicegerent of his Majesty in this colony.

"Methinks," said Winthrop, coldly and formally, "you have already, in other phrase, said the same thing."

"But I aver now that this hapless, and, but for me, unfriended man, (alas that my influence in his behalf is less than nought,) is likely to escape the greater part of his sentence, by perishing on your hands, if not soon released from confinement."

"Is he ill?"

"Ill unto death, I fear. Surely you cannot be acquainted with the cruelties practised upon him. I have not beholden them with mine own eyes; but my knowledge is this—as soon as I

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heard of Philip's misfortune, in whom, why I feel an interest you now know, I hastened to his prison, and there, with some difficulty learned, that not only is he manacled, and his ancles chained, but also is confined by a band of iron around his body, to a post erected in the centre of his dungeon, so as to be unable to lie down, under a pretext of the desperation of the man and the weakness of his dungeon."

"Believe me, Sir Christopher, I knew not this; but the thing shall be looked into, and if there be no error in your information, I will venture to brave the resentment of my colleagues and the rest, and release this Joy for the present, taking such order in other respects that the remaining sentence of the Court shall not remain a nullity."

"I pray you, excellent sir, of your bounty, to be speedy in the inquiry into this matter," urged the knight, "being well assured that you will find my information verified."

"Rest satisfied with my peremptory promise," replied Winthrop. "And now, Sir Christopher, that this business which you have so much at heart is in a fair train to arrive at a result to content you, tell me something of your doings at the Mount of Promise, as it is your pleasure to call your retirement. How fares it with your kinswoman, the lady Geraldine? Time, I trust, doth blunt the edge of her melancholy."

"Alas, no! she still continues to grieve with an unreasonable grief. Time brings no balm."

"It should not be so. The sooner we become reconciled to the afflictive dispensations of Providence (under which I understand she suffers,) the better for both soul's and body's health."

"There are some natures, whereupon, when an impression is once made, it is not readily effaced, and the lady Geraldine's is such. Yet do I not despair of her restoration to tranquillity."

"I must request godly Mr. Eliot to visit her. There is no

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soother so effectual as the soft voice of the Gospel. But for yourself, Sir Christopher, tire you not of the monotony of your forest life?"

"So far therefrom, I love it hourly more. My early days were wild and stormy, of some particulars whereof I have possessed you; and although I have not reached my meridian, yet am I satiated with vanity. I am like a ship, whose tempest-beaten sides rest sweetly in a haven. As contentedly she hears the winds howling without, so I listen from afar to the uproar of the world, and pleased, contrast my calm therewith."

"Man was not made for inaction," said Winthrop.

"I shun no honorable labor. Instruct me how to be useful to the little State which enjoys the happiness to call you father and ruler, and no toil or danger but shall be welcome."

"You know there is but one difficulty that stands in your way to occupy the position due to both your rank and merit."

A shadow passed over the face of the knight.

"We will not speak thereof," he said. "When I offered to join the congregation, who would have thought that so trifling a difference could close your bosoms against me?"

"Call not the difference slight, nor our bosoms closed," answered Winthrop; "but I trust that further reflection, your spirit being lighted by beams of grace, will convince you that in our exposition we erred not."

At this moment a slight rustling was heard at the other end of the apartment, and the knight turning, beheld a man having the appearance of a servant advancing.

"How now, sirrah," cried Winthrop, "what means this intrusion?"

"I thought I heard the Governor call," said the man.

"I called not," said Winthrop; "but being here, bring refreshments. His presence opportunely reminds me," he added, turning to the knight, "of my breach of hospitality, occasioned by my interest in the conversation."

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In a short time the servant returned bearing a silver salver, on which were placed wine and a venison pasty, (for the robuster appetites of our ancestors would have scorned more delicate viands,) which he placed on a sideboard.

Before the knight addressed himself to the pasty, which he soon did, with an appetite sharpened by his morning ride, he filled two goblets with wine, and presenting one to his host, begged to pledge him in a health to the prosperity of the infant Commonwealth.

"The building up of our Zion lies nearest my heart, and unceasingly do my prayers ascend on her behalf," answered Winthrop; "but—think me not discourteous—I may not, without sin, comply with your request in the drinking of healths."

"How!" exclaimed the knight, "is there any forbidding thereof in Holy Scripture?"

"Nay, I find no interdiction therein, but manifold cause in the reason of the thing itself for the suppressing of a vain custom. Thus do I argue: Every empty and ineffectual representation of serious things is a way of vanity. But this custom is such; for it is intended to hold forth love and wishes of health, which are serious things, by drinking, which neither in the nature nor use it is able to effect, for it is looked at as a mere compliment, and is not taken as an argument of love, which ought to be unfeigned. Or the same proposition may be proved diversely, as thus: To employ the custom, out of its natural use, without warrant of authority, necessity or conveniency, is a way of vanity. But this custom doth. Or, again; such a resolution as frees a man from frequent and needless temptations, to dissemble love, *et cetera*, (quatenus it doth so,) is a wholesome resolution. But this resolution doth. *Ergo*, Sir Christopher, pray have me (with protestation of no discourtesy) excused."

"Although your scruples appear strange, yet will I respect them, my honored host, as it becomes me to, any opinion enter-

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tained by you," replied the knight; "but if the tongue be tied, the spirit, at least, is free to indulge in wishes for your welfare."

So saying, he raised the goblet to his lips, and drained it of its contents. Nor did the Governor, though refusing to join in the idle custom of drinking healths, which, by his influence, had been pretty generally banished from the tables of the principal inhabitants, decline a draught, therein bearing in mind the advice of Paul to Timothy, and considering it an allowable solace and strengthener to enable him the better to bear the cares of state. Upon the conclusion of the interview, the knight courteously took leave, after thanking the Governor for his promise in behalt of the imprisoned soldier, and, mounting his horse, returned the way he came.

When he was gone, Winthrop fell into a fit of musing.

"What am I to think of this man?" (such was the tenor of his reflections.) "Is he what he appears? Doth the garniture of his spirit conform to the polished and attractive surface? Is he, as sometimes from his language might be surmised, one who, though young in years, is old in experience, and hath already discovered how unsatisfactory are the vanities of the world? There be such men in these strange days. And yet, how wonderfully hath he preserved his cheerfulness, and though chastened, is not cast down! That he hath been a cavalier, I plainly see, and he doth admit; that he is fit at present to be one of us, I doubt; that he will be, I hope. The jealous Dudley, the suspicious Endicott, and the subtle Spikeman, are disposed to regard him as one who, under the mask of an angel of light, doth conceal dangerous designs; as a plotter of mischief; some cunning tool of our enemies, who have sent him hither to creep into our confidence, that he may the better detect our weakness and confound our plans. I cannot harbor these latter notions. There is that about the knight which gives the lie to suspicion. Who can look upon his noble countenance and listen to the tones of his sincere voice, and not

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be satisfied of his truth? Did he not, on his arrival, communicate to me his views, which, however romantic, are consistent both with the training of his previous life and the change which hath been effected in his feelings? And doubtful myself, lest the gracious impression he made upon me might pervert my judgment, did I not set a watch upon his motions, and find them all to harmonize with his frank and gallant bearing? I see no cause to alter my conduct or withdraw my confidence. Yet will I be guarded in our intercourse. If I err, it shall be on the side of prudence; but this matter whereunto he hath called my attention, shall forthwith be searched. It were shame if the cruelty whereof he complains has been practised. Ah me, the eye of the ruler cannot be everywhere! There be those who already term our justice tyranny, and who would be glad to be furnished with another occasion of complaint. Nor can I conceal from myself that the sentence of the soldier is harsh. It was against both my feeling and my judgment. How often am I compelled to practise a severity over which my softer, and perhaps weaker nature, mourns!"

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CHAPTER III.

"I am sorry one so learned and so wise,
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appeared,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood
And lack of tempered judgment afterward."

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

EARLY in the afternoon of the same day, a man whom we recognize as the servant we saw at the Governor's house, entered a building which stood not far from the margin of the bay. It belonged to the Assistant Spikeman, and it was he whom the man sought. The Assistant was found sitting before his ledger, whose pages were open, and surrounded by the articles of his traffic, for he was a merchant, largely engaged in the purchase and sale of the products of the country, from which he had drawn substantial gains. Quintals of dried fish were piled up in one part of the store-room, in another, bundles of furs procured from the Indians, in a third, casks and barrels containing spirituous liquors, and elsewhere were stored cloths of various descriptions, and hardware, and staves and hoops, and, in short, almost everything necessary to prosecute a trade between the old country and the new.

The Assistant raised his head at the noise made by the entrance of the man, and passing his fingers through the short, thick red hair that garnished his head, demanded, "What new thing bringest thou, Ephraim?"

"There has been," answered the man, "him whom they call the Knight of the Golden Melice, though I know not what it

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means, with the Governor this morning, and according to your wishes, I have come to acquaint you therewith."

"Thou hast well done, and thy zeal in the service of the Commonwealth and of the congregation merits and shall have reward. What passages passed between them?"

"I heard only part of the conversation, but enough to make me believe that the Governor, at the prayer of the strange knight, means to release the soldier Philip Joy."

"Verily!" exclaimed Spikeman. "Art sure you heard aright? Rehearse to me what was said."

The spy employed by the Assistant to be a watch upon the conduct of Winthrop, here went into a detail of his discoveries, to all which the other listened with fixed attention.

When the man had concluded his narration, which was interlarded with protestations of pious zeal, the Assistant said:

"I do commend thee greatly, Ephraim, for thy sagacity, and the promptitude wherewith thou hast made me acquainted with these matters. Not that thou or I have any more interest in this thing than other godly men who have fled from the persecution of the priests of Baal, to worship the God of our fathers in the wilderness according to the promptings of our own conscience, but it doth become every one to keep his lamp trimmed and burning, and to watch, lest the lion leap into the fold. I misdoubt me much, that this same Sir Christopher Gardiner, as he calls himself, or this Knight of the Golden Melice, as some have it, meaning thereby, doubtless, malice, is no better than some emissary of Satan, unto which opinion his interposing for this blaspheming Joy doth strongly incline me. Therefore, good Ephraim, keep thou thine eyes upon him, and shouldest thou be the instrument elected by Providence to bring his wicked devices to light, great will be thy praise and reward."

Having thus spoken, Spikeman waved his hand and turned

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away, to intimate that the conference was at an end, but the man remained standing.

"Wherefore do you delay? You may retire," said Spikeman. "I bethink me that but a little time remains for preparation for the afternoon lecture."

"Is not the laborer worthy of his hire?" inquired Ephraim. "Shall they who work in the Lord's vineyard receive no wage?"

"My mind ran not on the perishable riches of this world," answered the Assistant, pulling out, with a very ill grace, a well filled leathern purse, and taking from it a silver piece, which he offered to the servant, but the fellow had caught sight of gold, and was not so easily to be satisfied.

"Is thy servant a dog?" he demanded. "The princely Governor would give me gold for information of less value."

"Take two," replied Spikeman, holding out another, "and be content. Reflect that you are one of the congregation, and have an equal part in this inheritance with myself."

"I think not," said Ephraim, looking around the well-filled store-house. "Is that a proper wage, your worship," he added, glancing disdainfully at the money, "to offer one, who, on your account, risks the slitting of his nose, and cutting off of his ears? Make the white yellow and it will not be too much."

"Would that I had the treasures of Ophir for thy sake," exclaimed Spikeman; "but I am a ruined man if thou require so much, Ephraim Pike. But there, take the Carolus, and let it be an incentive to godly action."

Ephraim received the gold piece, and his features relaxed into something like a smile.

"Truly," said he, "did David, the man after God's heart, speak by inspiration when he declared—"Never saw I the right eous forsaken, or his seed begging bread."

Spikeman made no reply, and the man having attained his

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object, and observing the other's desire to be rid of him, withdrew.

The countenance of the Assistant expressed chagrin and displeasure as he looked after the retiring form of the serving-man; but presently he buried his face in his hands, leaning his elbows on the tall writing-table that stood before him. In this attitude he remained some little time, and when he removed them, the expression of his face was changed, and his mind evidently filled with other thoughts. The look of vexation had been succeeded by one it is difficult to describe—a kind of smile played around his lips, his eyes sparkled, his color was heightened, and a slight moisture exuded from the corners of his mouth—he was uglier and more repulsive than before. He bent over, and on a piece of paper which lay before him, wrote with a hand that trembled a little—"How fair and how pleasant art thou O love, for delights." This sentence he scrawled several times, and then taking up the piece of paper, he tore it into small fragments, and scattered them on the floor, after which, composing his face into an austere seeming, he placed his high steeple-crowned hat on his head, and, leaving the building, proceeded in the direction of his dwelling-house. As he advanced leisurely along, he soon heard the sound of a drum beaten through the streets, to summon the people to one of those weekly lectures, in which spiritual instruction was not unfrequently leavened with worldly wisdom and directions for political conduct.

Meetings for religious lectures, on week days, were exceedingly common, and held in high favor; indeed, so attractive were they, that in the language of an old historian, an actor on the spot—"Many poor persons would usually resort to two or three in the week, to the great neglect of their affairs and the damage of the public." To these, the people were summoned by beat of drum, the martial roll of which instrument called them also to muster for defence, upon a hostile alarm, a different

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tattoo being adopted for the latter purpose. An attempt was at one time made by the magistrates to diminish the frequency of these meetings, as a serious inroad upon the industry of the colony; but the effort was resisted, and that successfully, by the elders, "alleging their tenderness of the church's liberty, as if such a precedent might enthrall them to the civil power, and as if it would cast a blemish upon the elders, which would remain to posterity; that they should need to be regulated by the civil magistrate, and also raise an ill savor of the people's coldness, that would complain of much preaching, &c., whereas liberty for the ordinances was the main end professed of our coming hither." They were social beings, and loved stimulus like the rest of mankind, and had no public amusements. These causes are sufficient to account for the fondness for the weekly lecture; but if to them be superadded the peculiarity of their civil and religious polity, which inculcated an extraordinary affection for each other as God's chosen people destined to communion, not here only, but forever; and the isolation of their situation, cutting them off from participation in the stirring events to which they had been accustomed, we should wonder if they had not met frequently together. The elders, jealous of their influence, showed in this instance, as they did in others, a knowledge of human nature, superior to that of the magistrates, and the latter were glad to retreat from the position they had taken, "lest the people should break their bonds through abuse of liberty," if the wholesome restraint exerted by the elders, by means of the lectures, in order to retain the people in subjection to the civil power, should be withdrawn.

As the Assistant walked on, he began to meet persons coming out of their houses, in obedience to the invitation. There was the staid citizen, whose sobriety bordered on sternness, with hair closely cropped to avoid the "unloveliness of love-locks," covered with a large flapped peaked hat, and arrayed in broad white band and

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sad-colored garments, on whose arm leaned his wife, or walked independently at his side, bearing on her head a hat of similar shape to her husband's, or else having it protected with hood, or cap, or coif; a white vandyke neckerchief falling over the shoulders, and rising high in the neck; long-waisted bodice of velvet or silk, open in front, and laced down to a point, on which was placed a rosette, with voluminous fardingale of like material, gathered up in folds behind, and supplying, though with more modesty and less bad taste, the place of the more modern "bishop," now happily banished these regions. Behind came the sons and daughters, attired like their parents, and imitating them in gravity of demeanor. There were also some indented apprentices and serving men and serving women, whom either the zeal of their masters and mistresses required, or their own tastes or ideas of duty induced to be present, while here and there, at the corners of the streets, might be seen an occasional Indian, with bow in hand, listening with admiration to the marvellous music of the blood-stirring instrument, and gazing with feelings compounded of fear and envy at the strange people gathering together to a talk with the Great Spirit.

The Assistant Spikeman, as he passed the wayfarers, returned their demure salutations with solemn dignity, as became one in high station, and in whose ears was sounding a call to a meeting of the congregation. Thus exchanging greetings, he proceeded to his house, where, entering the room used by the family as a sitting apartment, he hung up his hat and took a seat. But his agitation did not permit him to remain still, and almost immediately he arose and began to pace the floor. Hearing presently advancing footsteps, he dropped into a chair, and leaning back and shutting his eyes, assumed an expression of pain and lassitude. In a moment the door of the room was opened, and a comely woman of middle age entered, dressed for the "meeting."

"Dear heart," she exclaimed, "here have Eveline and I been

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waiting for thee this quarter of an hour. You must not, if you are so late, complain of me hereafter, when the lacet of my bodice troubles me, or the plaits of my hair refuse to keep their place, and so I delay thee unreasonably, as thou sayest, though it is all to honor thee; for would it not be unbeseeming for the help-meet of a worshipful Assistant to appear like a common mechanic's wife? But art thou ill?" she added, observing his air of dejection, and instantly changing the tone that had in it something of reproach into one of anxiety; "then will I remain at home to comfort thee."

"No, dame," said her husband, "there is no cause to detain thee from the sanctuary. The godly Mr. Cotton holds forth to-day, and it would be a sinful neglect of privileges. I feel not well myself, and must, therefore, for thy sake, as well as my own, deny myself the refreshment of the good man's counsel. Thou shalt go, to edify me on thy return with what thou mayest remember of his discourse."

But the kind heart of dame Spikeman was not so easily to be diverted from its purpose, and she persisted, with some pertinacity, in a determination to remain, until her husband laid his commands upon her to attend the lecture.

"I will obey," she then said, "sithence it is thy wish; and is it not written, Adam was first made, and then Eve; and I will pray for thee, dear heart, in the congregation, that He will keep thee in all thy ways, nor let the enemy approach to harm or to tempt thee."

Spikeman winced, and perhaps his conscience pricked him at the moment, but he betrayed no confusion as he replied:

"I thank thee, sweet duck, and may the Lord recompense thy love a thousand fold. But hasten, now, for it would ill-become the wife of my bosom to lag in attendance on the lecture. Meanwhile, I will meditate on the holy volume, and comfort myself as a Christian man may."

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Dame Spikeman's ample fardingale swept the sides of the doorway as she turned to take a last look at her husband over her shoulder—a look that contained as much of suspicion as of affection. He must be, indeed, a paragon of hypocrisy who can conceal himself from his wife, however dull she may be, and the faculties of the dame were as sharp as those of most of her sex.

Presently she was heard calling, "Eveline; why, Eveline, art not ready yet?" to which a sweet voice responded, "here am I, dame," succeeded by the pattering of quick, light feet, and a young woman, veiled, glided to her side, and they left the house together, accompanied by a servant. Spikeman gazed after them through the window, which, as belonging to a house of the better class, was made of glass instead of oiled paper, which supplied its place in the humbler tenements, till they were out of sight. The drum had some time before ceased its sonorous rattle, indicating thereby that the services had commenced, and the streets were bare of the last loiterer. Spikeman then resumed his seat, listening and glancing occasionally at the door, as if he was expecting some one to enter. At last, as if tired of waiting, he rose, and going to the door, called softly, "Prudence." No answer was returned, and in tones a little raised he called again. This time a voice replied, "I am coming, your worship," and the Assistant returned to his seat. Perhaps five minutes longer passed, and he was becoming more impatient, and had risen from his chair, when a young woman in the dress of an upper domestic, or lady's maid, entered the room. She was apparently twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, large and plump, and glowing with health, and altogether of a most attractive appearance. Her complexion was brilliant, brighter on account of the contrast with the white tunic which fell over her peach-blossom colored fustian skirt, and her eyes, which were cast down when she came into the room, disclosed hazel pupils as she raised them, and looked red, as if she had been weeping.

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"I have remained behind, according to thy desire," said the Assistant, advancing toward her, "for there is nothing I would not do to pleasure thee, Prudence."

"I know not that I requested you to tarry," answered the girl, "but an I remember right, you said you had some tidings of Philip Joy which you did wish to communicate to my private ear."

"Something have I to tell thee of the poor varlet," said Spikeman; "but first would I rather speak of one who doth interest me more. But say, why is thy mind so careworn about this soldier?"

"He is a friend of mine," said Prudence, blushing; "that is, we were neighbors, and acquainted in dear old England—a cousin," she added, telling naturally a little fib, "and so I am sorry to hear of his misfortune."

"I hope that you do not long after the flesh-pots of Egypt," said Spikeman, attempting to take her hand, which, however, she coyishly withdrew. What have we to do with England or her cramping ordinances, which we have turned our backs upon forever? Was it not because of the yoke she sought to put upon our necks that we abandoned her, here to enjoy a wider liberty? Believe me, beautiful Prudence, there are delights scattered all over the world, if there be only boldness and wisdom to find them; nor is their enjoyment inconsistent with the joys promised hereafter, whereof, indeed, they are the foretaste."

"O, sir," exclaimed the girl, "can you tell me anything about Philip? Have you entreated the Governor, as you promised, to let him out of that dreadful dungeon?"

"It is a horrid place," said Spikeman, "and men live not long who are confined therein. If the soldier be imprisoned there a few days longer, he is no better than a dead man. Vain has been my intercession, though I despair not."

He paused to watch the effect of what he had said upon the

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girl. She turned deadly pale, and seemed about to sink upon the floor. Spikeman took her hand, which she no longer withdrew, but yielded passively, as if in a state of stupefaction, and pressing it within his own, led her to a sofa.

"Lovely Prudence," he said, "thou hast found favor in my eyes. Let not the distance betwixt us overawe thee. These worldly distinctions are but the inventions of men to suit a purpose, and there are times when they are more easily torn away than the withes of the Philistines on the hands of Samson. Dost thou comprehend me?"

Prudence raised her eyes, and fixed them with a bewildered stare upon his face. She was so terrified at the thought of the danger to which the soldier was exposed, and her mind so confused by the unusual language of her master, that she was as much in a dreaming as a waking state. Her lips quivered as she attempted to reply, but they made no sound, and tears began to steal down.

"Would that I could stop the current of these tears, more precious than orient pearls," sighed Spikeman. "Ask of me any other favor, and I will move heaven and earth but it shall be granted."

"O, sir, said Prudence," sliding off from the sofa in spite of his efforts to prevent her, and kneeling at his feet, "I have no other favor to ask; but if you are truly willing to show kindness to a poor girl like me, take Philip out of prison."

"But is it so light a thing to be done, sweet Prudence?" replied Spikeman, raising her in his arms, and straining her to his bosom before he replaced her on the sofa. "Nay, kneel not again," he added, seeing that she was about to resume her attitude of supplication; "that were a posture as fitting for me as for thee."

"O, sir," cried poor Prudence, "you are a great man, and can do whatever you please. If you speak to the Governor

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again, he will let Philip out. I am sure he meant nothing wrong. I am certain they told wicked lies about him."

"Truly will I remonstrate again," said Spikeman. "So great is my regard for thee, I will risk losing his favor for thy sake. But for all the sacrifices I make, what shall be thy return to me?"

"I will pray night and day for you; I will be your slave; I will worship the ground on which you tread."

"Sweet maiden," said Spikeman, passing his arm around her waist, "I ask not so much. I ask thee only to be happy with me. Thy prayers, though rising like morning incense, I need not. I would rather be thy slave than have thee mine, and I worship thee already. Turn not away thy cheek, but let me greet thee with the kiss of charity."

The girl averted not her glowing cheek, whereon, with these words, he imprinted a passionate kiss, which he attempted to repeat, but Prudence drew a little back, and removed his arm. His lips burned like fire. She felt as if they had left behind a mark to betray her, and she shuddered with aversion; but she believed the fate of the soldier to be in his hands, and dared not to offend him. Besides, she was no delicate lady, but strong and full of confidence, and feared no danger to herself. As she marked his heightened color and kindling eyes, and he made another attempt to salute her, she said, with half a disposition to cry and half to laugh:

"Is not kissing and toying forbid by the elders and worshipful magistrates?"

"They are forbid to them outside of the congregation, and who have no Christian liberty," answered Spikeman—"to them who make a display of what should be concealed, to avoid the scandal of the wicked; but not to the elect and discreet, who can use their liberty as not abusing it. Therefore, let me kiss thee with the kisses of my mouth, for thy love is better than wine. Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair,"

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he continued, pressing upon her; "thou hast dove's eyes within thy locks. Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet."

"Hark!" cried Prudence, pushing him back, "I hear a noise."

"I hear no sound," said Spikeman, after listening for a moment, "save the voice of my beloved. O, speak, and say unto me, 'rise up, my love, and come away, for lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.'"

So saying, he caught her in his arms, and giving license to his fiery passions, stamped repeated kisses upon her lips and bosom, in spite of her struggles. But the sounds which the quick ears of Prudence had detected became more and more distinct, and persons on foot and on horseback were seen in the street returning from the lecture. Without difficulty she broke from the now yielding arms of Spikeman, and had just time to compose her disordered hair and tunic, when the voice of the dame at the door was heard demanding admission.

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CHAPTER IV.

"Oh, give me liberty!
For were even Paradise my prison,
Still I should long to leap the crystal walls."
DRYDEN.

THE motives which animated Spikeman to play the part which he did in the court that condemned the soldier, will now be better understood. He had cast eyes of licentious desire upon the blooming Prudence, who was, at the same time, beloved by Philip, and was solicitous to remove him out of the way. Bold in all his plans, neither honoring God nor fearing man, unscrupulous in regard to the means to effect a purpose, and esteeming the gratification of his evil wishes the highest happiness, it was yet necessary to the achievement of his objects that a specious outside at least should be preserved, and this he had succeeded in doing up to the present time. In pursuance of his cunning policy, he was unwilling that even Joy should suspect him of unfriendliness, and for that reason had, in the course of the examination, excited the temporary vexation of Deputy Governor Dudley, by an observation which, to the unsuspecting Deputy, seemed indicative of a desire to screen Joy from punishment, and to Joy himself the interference of a friend; while, in fact, it was intended to entrap the prisoner into rash speeches, which would be prejudicial to his cause. How effectually he undeceived Dudley, after Joy had been removed, we have seen.

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The Assistant had attained his object. Philip was in the first place to be imprisoned and fined, and afterwards banished, and the field was henceforth to be left free to himself. With his rival out of the way, he did not doubt of succeeding with the girl by means of such arguments and temptations as it would be in his power to employ. How he had begun by endeavoring to use the very affection of Prudence for her lover to make her betray herself, has been told; but thus far her simplicity and good fortune had been quite a match for his craft. In the hope to obtain some advantage for Philip, she had granted the Assistant the interview which we have just witnessed, and wherein he disclosed his character in a manner he had never done to her before. She now understood his designs thoroughly, but the knowledge was a secret which her fears suggested that she had better lock up in her own heart. What chance would a poor unprotected girl have in a contest with the rich and powerful Assistant? Who would take her word in opposition to his? Spikeman well appreciated his advantage, and calculating with absolute certainty upon her silence, was, in consequence, the more audacious.

When the spy of the Assistant found him at his store-house, he was meditating upon the approaching interview with Prudence, the contemplation of which it unpleasantly interrupted. The prospect of the soldier's liberation was exceeding disagreeable. It would interfere with, and perhaps defeat plans, which in blind passion he hugged to his heart. But engrossed by his unworthy madness, he could not then mature any scheme not connected with its immediate gratification. Machinations for the further accomplishment of his designs must be postponed for a calmer moment. It came after the interruption occasioned by the arrival of his wife, and soon his active brain had shaped his ideas into definiteness.

Accordingly in the evening, as soon as it became so dark that

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features were not readily distinguishable in the streets, the Assistant took his way to the prison in which the soldier was confined. It stood on the edge of the settlement, and was a low, one-story building, strongly made of unhewn logs, within a few feet of which was the dwelling of the jailer, but little differing from it in exterior. In those days a very strong jail was not so important as at present. If one had committed a crime so heinous that he was unfit to live, he was forthwith put beyond the power of doing mischief; but if the offence were of a less atrocious character, modes of punishment were usually resorted to which did not involve the necessity of supporting him at public charge—such, for instance, as whipping, cutting off the ears, slitting the nose, and like improvements of the human form divine. If through defect of the prison, or from any other cause, the offender escaped, it was pretty certain that he would not make his appearance in a hurry, lest some worse thing might befall him, and so there was one malcontent the less, and one disturber of the peace gone, even though the ends of punishment were not perfectly attained.

Spikeman, on reaching the house of the jailer, was about to knock at the door, when his attention was arrested by sounds which made him pause. The weather being warm, the window was open, and he was able to hear distinctly what was said within. Motives of delicacy or honor weighed not much in the mind of a man like him, and he scrupled not to appropriate any advantage to be derived from eaves-dropping.

"What made you, Sam Bars, take all the ornaments off Philip but the bracelets, without saying anything to me?" inquired a voice, which Spikeman recognized as belonging to the jailer's wife.

"Why, Margery, to confess, I forgot to tell you," answered her husband; "but," added he, laughing, "I had no fear on thy account, for thou art a match for a man any day."

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"When I took him in his supper," said the woman, "there was poor Philip rubbing his ankles to get the swelling out. Truly I pitied him, for he is a proper young man."

"Oh! goody, the women always pity proper young men. I warrant me now if it had been a grizzled old wolf like me, you would not have thought so much of his ankles."

"Say not so, Sam," replied the woman, affectionately, "nor liken thyself to a wolf. O, how they used to howl every night when we first came to this wilderness; but the Lord protected his people. I dare say now, it was thy kind heart made thee take off the irons."

"That it was not, wife. They were put on by order of one I am bound to obey; nor durst I take them off but by command of a higher authority."

"Why do you talk as though you were giving me riddles to guess? Am I not bone of thy bone?"

"A big heap of bones we make together," muttered Sam, glancing at the large frame of his wife, not much excelled by his own, "but she's a good soul, amiss only in her tongue at whiles; howbeit, saith not Paul, it is an unruly member? Well, Margery, an thou must know, it was by order of the Governor's own mouth to me they were taken off, and what is more, I am to let Philip go free in the morning."

"Bless his sweet face," cried the woman, "I always said the worshipful Governor was the sweetest and virtuousest and excellentest man in the whole country."

"There be them among the elders and magistrates who be of a different opinion. Beshrew me! (may the Lord forgive me," he added, looking round in alarm. "I hope no one hears me,) but, according to my thinking, it is only because Master Winthrop asks for no pay, and spends so much out of his own purse for other folk, that they choose him Governor."

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"What can anybody have against so sweet-tempered and liberal a gentleman?" inquired Margery.

"Well, then, the elders complain that he is not so zealous, even unto slaying, as becomes a leader of the Lord's host, which he is, like Moses and Joshua; and some of the deputies pretend that he takes too much state on him, and means to make himself a king, or least-wise, a lord."

"And I trow, good man, I know no reason why, when the Commonwealth, as they call it, gets big enough, we should not have a king as well as the folk on the other side of the water. It was always a pleasure to see his Majesty in the streets of London, with the grand lords and ladies all in their silks and satins, and jewels and feathers. It will be long, I am afraid," sighed the good woman, "before we shall see such fine sights in these woods."

"Hush, goody," said Sam, "take care your tongue do not get you into trouble. Speak lower, an you will talk about things you know nothing about. You love kings and lords better than some folk," he concluded, with a laugh.

"Take care of your own tongue, Sam Bars; I warrant you mine will take care of itself. But wherefore should I not love the king? Is it not written—touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm? And I will let you know, Sam Bars, that I will say what I please about him, God bless him! Marry, come up, a fine time of day truly, if a woman may not speak her mind! I should like to see the man or woman either, forsooth, to stop me. My tongue and ten commandments (stretching out her fingers) know how to take care of one another, I can tell you. My tongue get me into trouble! O, Sam, why do you aggravate me so? Me, the quietest and peaceablest and silentest wife in the world! Why dost not speak? Art as dumb as the bench your heavy carcass almost breaks down? Speak, I say, Sam, speak, or I shall go crazy."

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But her husband, whom long experience had taught the best mode of weathering such storms, only shook his head in silence, until the good woman, after a variety of ejaculations and expletives, finding that she made no more impression on him than children's pop-guns on a sand-bank, concluded to cool down, when she asked what the Governor said to him.

Sam, glad that the current had taken another direction, answered readily "a mountain of questions about Philip. And he wanted to know why I put so many irons on him—how he found it out, the Lord only knows, unless"—here Bars sunk his voice, so that the words were inaudible to the listener, and he lost a sentence or two—"and when he dismissed me, he ordered that I should never do it again without his consent, and then sent me into the kitchen, where I had a pottle of sack."

"A whole pottle of sack!" exclaimed his wife, in a tone of disappointment; "and here was I at home, as dry in this outlandish hot weather as the children of Israel at Rephidim, when they did chide Moses because there was no water to drink. "You might have brought your own Margery a taste," she added, reproachfully.

"Did I say I had a whole pottle? If I did, I spoke only in a figure, as one may say; for there was Ephraim Pike to help me make away with it, and you know his gullet is like a London sewer. Love your bright eyes, Margery, a quart of sack stands no more chance with Ephraim, when his nose once gets scent of the liquor, or his lips touch the edge of the mug, than a mouse among a dozen cats."

"Or than it has with you, Sam. But men be all alike; they be always guzzling; they never think of their poor wives. Here am I, Margery Bars, thine own help-meet, never away from home; never running about streets and going to Governor's houses to swill sack; never"—but here the voice of the discontented woman, who, in her excitement, had risen from her seat

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and walked away, was lost in the pantry, or rather subdued into an inarticulate grumble; and Spikeman, after waiting awhile, and finding it improbable that the conversation would be resumed, knocked in a peculiar manner on the door, which was almost immediately opened by Bars himself.

"Hath the order for the soldier's release arrived from the Governor?" inquired the Assistant.

"It hath, worshipful sir; he is to be dismissed in the morning," answer the jailer.

"Hast said anything about it to Joy, as I requested thee not?"

"He knows no more concerning it than the logs of his dungeon," said Bars.

"Then get the keys, and means to strike a light."

Without replying, as one accustomed to obey such orders, the jailer provided himself in a few moments with the articles required. He placed an unlighted candle in the lantern, and the two proceeded to the door of the jail.

"He is your only prisoner, I believe?" said Spikeman.

"None other," answered Bars.

"Remain outside by the door. I would speak a moment with him."

The jailer, in silence, put one key into the lock and opened the door, and gave another to Spikeman, and then stationed himself as directed, outside.

Spikeman entered, and closed the door after him; then striking a light, advanced like one well acquainted with the place. The space wherein he found himself was an entry or passage-way, some four feet wide, running along the four sides of the prison, and enclosing the cells in the middle. The security of the prisoners was greatly promoted by this arrangement, two walls being necessary to be broken in order to effect escape, and communication with persons without being thus made more difficult.

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The Assistant advanced, until he came to the door of a cell which was closed, and which he knew from that circumstance was occupied, and unlocking it, stepped within. He stopped, and throwing around the light from the lantern, beheld the form of the soldier extended on some straw spread in a corner, and apparently asleep. Philip was indeed in a profound slumber. Relieved from the painful incumbrance of the irons which had prevented his lying down, and kept him consequently in a constrained posture, he was enjoying a luxury hard to be realized except by one in a condition as wretched as his own. Spikeman threw the light full upon his face, but it failed to awaken him. He only smiled, and muttering something indistinctly, turned upon his pallet, the irons on his wrists clanking as he moved. The Assistant stood looking at him awhile, and then pronounced his name, at first in a low tone, and afterwards louder. Even this did not banish sleep, and Spikeman was obliged to shake him by the shoulder before he could be aroused. It was then the soldier, without opening his eyes, demanded, drowsily, what was the matter. "You waked me, Bars," he said, "from such a grand dream. I wish you would let me alone."

"Arouse thyself and look up," said the Assistant. "It is not the jailer, but a friend, who desires thy good."

"It is Master Spikeman," said the soldier, sitting up and rubbing his eyes, "but I wish you had not disturbed my dream. I thought I was free again."

"I came to restore to thee that liberty whereof thou wert only dreaming."

The soldier, now thoroughly awake, got upon his feet as quickly as his swollen ankles and the manacles on his wrists would permit.

"Then," said Philip, "all the world hath not deserted me."

"Strange that such a thought could enter thy mind. Who was it, at thy trial, when the fierce Dudley would have silenced

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thee, demanded that thou shouldst be heard? To whom thinkest thou is owing thy release from thy heaviest chains?"

"I was blind," said the soldier, apologetically, "and this weary prison must have weakened my brain. But you came to free me. Let us leave this dismal place."

"I wish it were possible to take thee with me, but that cannot be. Yet will I so order things that thou mayest be far away and in safety before the dawn."

"Show me the way; undo these handcuffs, and I will be your bondman forever. But wherefore," inquired Joy, as if some sudden suspicion sprung up in his mind, "do you take this trouble and risk on my account?"

"Do I not know that the villains, thine accusers, lied? Should I not feel an interest in a brave man unjustly condemned by the artful Winthrop? Have no suspicion of me, Philip," said Spikeman, in a tone as if he were grieved at the thought.

"I entreat your pardon, and will allow of none," answered the soldier, and his frank face abundantly confirmed the truth of his declaration. "But how am I to escape?"

"I have considered many plans," replied Spikeman, "but only one doth seem capable of execution. Yet I fear me much thy courage will fail, even when thou hast but to extend thy hand to grasp thy freedom. The thing is not unattended with peril."

"Doubt not my courage, nor talk of peril to a man confined in a place like this, when the chance of freeing himself is offered. Try me, and see whether heart or hand fail."

"These are brave words, Philip, yet have I seen them who talked as boldly, and yet flinched at the decisive moment."

"Who ever dared to call Philip Joy a coward?" cried the soldier, impatiently. "Methinks it is so long since I struck a blow worthy of a man, that I long to be doing, if only to keep my hand in practice."

"Then listen," said Spikeman, lowering his voice, and sup-

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posing that he had got the soldier sufficiently worked up and committed by his language. With this key"—taking one from his pocket—" will I unfasten thy manacles, and under pretext of unwittingly leaving open the door of thy cell, direct the jailer to enter and lock it, when thou, being a strong and active man, may, on his entrance, overpower him, and grant thyself free passage, and with five minutes' start, who is there could find thee in the woods ?"

But Joy hesitated. " Liberty is sweet," he said, " yet would I be loth to do aught to harm Bars."

" What favor owe you him ?" demanded Spikeman. " Has he not evil entreated thee, and loaded thee with unnecessary and cruel bands of iron, till compelled by me to remove them ?"

" I do suppose he was acting by order of his superiors. In all other matters, Sam has been kind to me, and he did almost weep when he placed the iron bands around my body. Nay, but to lay hand on him, goes mightily against my stomach."

" Then remain to rot, if you like it better, in spite of all your boastful speeches, for the darkness and damp seem to have sucked all manhood out of thee ; or shouldst thou survive a month, to have thine ears cropped and thy back scourged, and after that—"

" By all the devils in hell," interrupted Joy, " that shall never be. Unlock my irons. I will do the part of a man."

The tempter applied the key, and unlocking the gyves, removed them, and placed them on the ground.

" They are heavy," he said. " A well-directed blow on the head would confuse a man's thoughts. It is time to depart. When thou art free, Philip, as, if possessing courage, thou art sure soon to be, forget not the friend who helped thee to thy liberty."

With these words, the Assistant took up the lantern, and leaving the door ajar as he had proposed, proceeded to the outer entrance. Here he found the jailer waiting, who, after locking

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up, attended him at his request a short distance on his way homeward.

"This Philip Joy," said the Assistant, as they walked together, "is a malignant and desperate villain. I did but visit him in order to get to the bottom of certain plots which I am well advised are hatching against our Commonwealth, whereunto he is privy, and which, indeed, he doth partly confess. Have thou him in strict charge, Bars. May the Lord forgive me," he cried, suddenly stopping, "if I have not, in my amazement at his venomous audacity, left open the door of his cell. Hasten, good Bars, lest by means of some confederate he escape in thine absence."

The jailer turned instantly, as Spikeman had anticipated, and rapidly retraced his steps. As for the Assistant himself, deeming his presence no longer necessary or convenient, he pursued his way, leaving further events to themselves.

When Bars returned, he found the door of the cell open. He looked in, and by the help of his lantern, seeing Joy extended on his straw, was about to close it without speaking, when the soldier called, and he stepped into the dungeon.

"Sam Bars," inquired Joy, "wherefore did you at first load me with irons, and afterwards take them off?"

"It was by order."

"And it was not of thine own head?"

"Truly," said Sam, "I would not of my own will lay a feather on thee, Philip."

"These be feathers, Sam, heavier than a loon's," said the soldier, rising and approaching his keeper. "And being a friend, doubtless it would please thee to see me at liberty?"

"Assuredly, and that you will soon be."

"Thou art a prophet," cried Joy, springing upon the jailer; and seizing him with a powerful grasp, he hurled him to the ground, letting fall at the same time the manacles which he had

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loosely put on to deceive. "Make no noise," he added, "and I will not hurt thee, but to-night the words of thy prophecy must be fulfilled; so give me thy key."

The man thus treated made no resistance, nor attempted to cry out, nor did he seem desirous to speak.

"What art in amaze about?" said the soldier. "Hast lost thy wits with fright? I tell thee I would not hurt thee, for all thy iron feathers."

"I am pondering," answered Bars, composedly, "whether it were better to allow thee to reap the fruit of thy folly, or to give thee good counsel."

"Speak quick, man," said Joy, "I have no time to spend in long talks like sermons."

"Be not profane, Philip; but there is that in the pocket of my doublet, and which, if my arms were loose, I would give thee, might make thee willing to abide till morning."

"A dagger, perhaps. Nay, I will search before I trust thee." So saying, the soldier proceeded to investigate the other's pockets, but he found nothing in them or about his person except his keys and a strip of paper.

"I see nothing," he said, "but thine arms and a worthless bit of paper."

"And that is an order for thy release on the morrow. Read and satisfy thyself."

Philip retreated a few steps, and still keeping his attention on the jailer, read the writing with some difficulty by the aid of the dim light.

"Why told you me not this before?" he demanded.

"Because it would have broke your sleep, and for another reason. And now, Philip, will you ruin yourself and me, or will you remain?"

"Good Sam," said Philip, extending his hand and raising the other up, "let thou and I be sworn friends. There is some

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mystery behind this matter which it behooves us both to have cleared up. Answer me a question. Did Master Spikeman know of that paper?"

"Surely he did. He inquired of me concerning it."

"Umph!" grunted Philip. "Now tell again, what is that other reason why thou didst say nothing of the paper to me before?"

"Answer for answer; tickle me and I will scratch thee. I will answer that question if you will me another."

"There is reason in thee. I promise."

"Because Master Spikeman commanded me not."

"And canst tell why he wanted to speak to me alone?"

"To get to the bottom of sundry plots wherewith you were acquainted, and which you had partly confessed. And now it is my turn to ask questions, so tell me how gattest thou rid of the irons?"

"Master Spikeman unfastened them."

"I might have guessed as much before," said Bars, scratching his head.

"Hark ye, Sam, that same canon-ball of thine which thou seemest to take so great delight in digging with thy fingers, would have been a bloody coxcomb had I followed the advice of our friend Master Spikeman."

"How!" exclaimed the jailer, did he counsel injury to me?"

"Thou hast said. At any rate, to my thinking, there was not much difference from that."

"The accursed Judas!" burst out the excited jailer; "the blood-thirsty Joab, who would have had me smitten under the fifth rib. Profane Korah, Dathan and Abiram, whom the earth swallowed up for their bitterness against Moses, were children of light compared with this horrid Philistine."

"I suppose she was sick at the stomach, and so gulped them down for bitters, just as my good mother used to give me worm-wood when I was weakly in the spring," said Philip, laughing.

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At any other time this speech would have drawn down a serious remonstrance for its impiety, but at the present moment Sam was too much engaged with the treachery of Spikeman to bestow upon it any attention.

"Philip," he said, "I accept thy offer to be sworn friends. This Satan, this Pharaoh, this platter with the inside unwashed, shall not have another chance to set on honest men to murder one another. Hearken, and thou shalt have another secret. It was this hell incarnate who commanded me to load thee with irons, and to starve thee besides, but that I could not do."

One revelation led to another, until the whole wickedness of the Assistant was laid bare. Philip also learned in addition that it was Bars himself who had communicated a knowledge of his condition to the knight, by whom directions had been left to have him come to the Mount of Promise as soon as he should be liberated. Prudence, too, he was told, had been at the prison to inquire after him, but the instructions to the jailer forbade the carrying or delivering of messages, for which reason Philip had hitherto remained ignorant of the interest betrayed by her.

With the discovery of the villainy of Spikeman there was mixed up some comfort for the soldier in reflecting on the affection of Prudence and the friendship of the knight; but for the jailer there was no such solace. He dwelt resentfully on the exposure of his person and the loss of office which would probably have been the consequence had Philip escaped, and meditated schemes of revenge.

When the jailer took leave, the soldier stretched himself again on the straw, and in spite of the prospect of liberty and the scenes he had just passed through, was soon asleep.

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CHAPTER V.

"Wherefore adew, my owne Herte true,
None other red I can;
For I must to the greene Wode goe,
Alone, a banishyd man."

THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

THE uppermost desire in the heart of Philip Joy upon being liberated in the morning by the order which, while it opened his prison door, exonerated him from no other part of his sentence, was to see Prudence; but his late experience of the wiles of Spikeman, although he could think of no motive for his hostility, had taught him caution, and he determined to advance warily to gratify his wishes.

The occupation of Philip was that of a blacksmith and armorer, in which capacities he had been of some utility to the colony. Between whiles, also, whenever any desperate service was required in order to strike terror into the savages, he had been employed in his military character, and always with credit to himself. In consequence of his skill in his handicraft and bravery, he had at first been a man of no little consideration, but as the population of the settlement increased, and fears of the Indians diminished, and blacksmiths and armorers became more numerous, the importance of the stout soldier gradually waned. To this result contributed, in no small de-

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gree, the fact that he had never joined the congregation, and sometimes indulged in a freedom of speech on interdicted topics, which was unpalatable to those around him. Hence it happened that slight offences, which were at first overlooked in consideration of his usefulness, were no longer passed by when that usefulness was no longer prized, and there were even some who were disposed to visit him with punishment for transgressions of the kind, of years previous. Spikeman, who by his wealth and cunning, had lately succeeded in getting himself for the first time elevated to the dignity of an Assistant, had always appeared to be a friend, and indeed had truly been so, until he sought to pluck the apple of discord, the too fascinating Prudence, out of the soldier's hand. So deep was the impression of the Assistant's good-will to him, and so long had he been in the habit of regarding the magistrate as a patron, that without exactly disbelieving, he found it difficult to give full credence to the jailer's representations. His mind was so confused that he hardly knew what to do. He wanted to see Prudence before he departed for the knight's residence, and yet, with a vague dread of Spikeman's power for mischief, wished to avoid him.

Meditating upon these embarrassments, Philip mechanically took his way in the direction of the Assistant's house, unconsciously obeying the hope that some kind chance would enable him to see his mistress without being discovered. With this view, and as if believing that she would be able to see through a disguise impenetrable to others, and with some sense of shame at having been confined in a dungeon, Philip drew his slouched hat over his eyes, and muffling his face in the folds of his short cloak, walked in front of the dwelling, casting frequent glances at the windows. It was in vain, however; and fearful of attracting an attention which he desired to shun, he started at last for the forest, through which he was obliged to pass on his way to the knight's place. Wearily he dragged his steps

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along, for the confinement he had suffered, and the irons he had worn, had diminished his strength and chafed his limbs. Pondering sadly his unfortunate fate, he was slowly advancing, and had only just entered the wood, when he was saluted by a well-known voice, that made him start with a joyful surprise. It was that of Prudence, who was following him. She had seen him whom it would have been difficult to disguise from her, pass the house, and had allowed him to suppose himself undiscovered, and then pursued, in order to enjoy, undisturbed, a meeting which she desired as much as he. She was so overjoyed and confused at seeing him again, that somehow she stumbled as she came near, and would have fallen had not Philip caught her in his arms—for which benevolent deed he rewarded himself with a couple of smacks like the report of a pistol.

"Fie, for shame, Philip," cried Prudence, all in a glow, and looking wonderfully, as if she wanted the offence repeated; at any rate the soldier so understood it, and clasping her again in his arms, refused to release her till her lips had paid the penalty of their sweetness. "Oh, fie," said she, once more; "what would folk say if they saw thee?"

"There's only birds or a chance deer to see us," said Philip, "and it can do them no harm to take a lesson," and he attempted to renew his demonstrations of affection.

"Be quiet now," said Prudence, pushing him away. "I must soon hurry back, or I shall be missed, and I want, first, to hear all about thee, and then I have something to say on my part."

Thus rebuked, Philip seated himself, with the maiden by his side, on the trunk of a fallen tree, and narrated the circumstances of his trial and condemnation, and the occurrences at the prison. Some tears pretty Prudence let fall over parts of his story, while at others her hazel eyes flashed with indignation,

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and upon its conclusion she disclosed in turn the conduct of Spikeman to herself.

"I tell thee all, Philip," said Prudence, "because thou dost still seem to doubt about the wickedness of this bad man, who is trying to ruin us both." She stopped, and hid her face in her hands.

Great was the rage of the soldier at what he had heard.

"By the head of king Charles," he swore, "I will drive my dagger into his black heart."

He rose in anger, as if about immediately to put his threat into execution, but the girl threw her arms around him and drew him down.

"That would be certain death to thee, Philip," she said. "We must find other means to punish him. Besides, I must keep thee safe to serve my young mistress."

"Thou art right, Prudence, and I am hot and hasty; but does not the villain deserve the warmest place in Beelzebub's dominions who would harm thee? Prudence, thou shalt not remain in his house."

"That will I," replied the girl. "Why, who is to wait on my mistress, and take care of her but me? If mistress Eveline were to hear thy speech, she would not be over obliged to thee, Master Philip, for wishing me to desert her."

"You misunderstand me, and that is not my desire. But art not afraid of the old villain?"

"Me afraid!" exclaimed Prudence, contemptuously, curling her lips; "I am not half as much afraid of him as I am of thee." And as she uttered the words, she drew herself a little back from him on the log where they sat.

"But tell me, my brave robin red-breast," said Philip, casting a look at the gay cloak which she had thrown around her person, and not seeming to pay much regard to the latter part of her answer, "how am I to serve mistress Eveline?"

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"O, I know not, yet I dare say we shall be able to turn thee to some good purpose; men are sometimes so useful!"

"I will recollect thy speech," said the soldier, laughing, "and promise to teach thee, on a future occasion, how maidens also may be useful. But hast never a message from mistress Eveline to Master Arundel, should I chance to see him, for he is often at the place of the Knight of the Golden Melice, and it is my purpose to go thither to-day?"

"Young ladies affect not to send messages to thy over bold sex," said Prudence, tossing her head, "but an' thou dost see the gentleman, thou mayest tell him, as from me, that she is well, and desires his prosperity."

"A cold message, truly, and it is well the weather is warm, else would poor Master Arundel be in danger of being frozen into an icicle."

"A hundred such messages would not, I fear, cool thy hot blood; but Master Miles is gentle born, and less presumptuous than thou; thou mayest therefore say, rather than hurt his feelings, that my mistress would have no objection to seeing him."

"What a buttermilk kind of a message is that!" said the soldier. Dost think that a man of any spirit is going to be satisfied with an errand that runs like a stream of cold water down one's back? Come, Prudence, perk thy red lips into more reasonable and comforting words."

"Thou art thyself unreasonable, Philip. Dost suppose it becomes a young woman to let her gallant know all she thinks about him? He ought to be ravished to believe that she does not hate him like the rest of them who wear beards; at any rate, thou wilt get nothing else from me."

"I must perforce, then, be content," said Philip, "since it may not be otherwise; and the less unwillingly because having had some experience in the nature of women, I know they mean

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more than they say. So I will even translate thy words into thy mistress' intention, and say she is dying of melancholy till she sees him."

"Thou wilt be a false varlet an' thou dost, and I will never trust thee with message more. Such leasing will only harm thee, for Master Miles knows there is not in America nor in dear old Devonshire a modester or properer young lady. O dear, how glad I should be just to step into the grand cathedral in sweet Exeter, and see the brave knights who died so long ago all lying cross-legged, so decent on their marble tombs by the sides of their ladies."

"Take care, my little Puritan," said Philip, "this is no fitting country for such talk. The reverend elders have long ears, and for aught I know, there may be one in the tree overhead listening."

Prudence jumped hastily from her seat, and cast a frightened glance at these words into the tree, while Philip burst into a laugh.

"Why, how you scared me," said the girl, recovering from her trepidation. "This is the way you treat me, you vile man, for putting myself to all this trouble on your account. But I would have you to know that I am no more a Puritan, Philip Joy, than thyself, if I do wear a close-fitting cap, which is none of the most becoming either. If I do give into their ways, it is for the sake of my mistress, whom no Geneva cloak, nor bishop's sleeves, for that matter, shall make me desert."

"Bravo, bravissimo, as the outlandish fellows say," exclaimed the soldier; "thou art of the genuine game breed, Prudence, and were it not that thy pretty person might come to harm, I would desire no better front rank man than thee. But this is a dangerous litany, and I beseech thee, dear Prudence, to remember how thou art named."

He said this in a tone of emotion, which, if anything were

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wanting, would have been sufficient to convince the girl of the interest he felt for her; but she needed no such supplementary proof. It had the effect, however, of making the conversation assume a more serious aspect, and the girl more gravely replied:

"I will be careful, Philip, for my mistress' sake and mine own, and—"

"And for mine, too," interrupted the soldier.

"And for the sake of all them," continued Prudence, "who find anything in me to take an interest in. O, Philip, I tremble lest you should do or say something again that these dreadful solemn folk, who look sour enough to curdle milk, and hate you because you laugh, may get hold of to do you an injury. O, Philip, pray be prudent about laughing."

"Nay, Prudence," said he, drawing his illustration from what he happened to see at the moment, "you might as well bid yon squirrel not to jump from bough to bough. It is our nature, and you cannot change a squirrel into an owl, or a man into a block. But," he continued, taking her hand, "I have not told thee all. I know not when I shall see thee again, for I am a banished man."

"Banished!" repeated Prudence, turning pale; "I thought they had already wronged thee enough for a few innocent words—and now banished! What will become of thee, Philip, and of me?"

"Never fear, sweetheart; we will turn their flank yet. I have been thinking, as I came wandering along, that this Master Spikeman, who keeps mistress Eveline as a sort of prisoner on parole, has an object in getting me out of his way, so as better to carry on his wicked plans. My jealous pate at first could think only of thee; but now I begin to fancy he may have designs upon pretty mistress Eveline as well as upon thyself. Nay, never bite your sweet lips till they bleed, nor dart the sparks out of thine eyes, or you may singe my doublet. I do suspect this from

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the equal desire he hath shown to remove Master Miles Arundel from the colony. He did threaten him, as I have heard, with some law they have here forbidding a man to pay his court to a maid without license from the worshipful magistrates."

"Did ever mortal hear the like!" exclaimed Prudence. "O, the weary magistrates and elders! what is the world coming to?"

"To nothing but Indians in these parts, if they go on in this way, and not let young folk court, unless they keep sending people from England to replenish the stock, and they will get tired of coming when they hear how things are going on. But, Prudence, banish or no banish, law or no law, they shall not, if thou art agreed, prevent my seeing thee."

The girl looked affectionately at her lover, and gently returned the pressure of his hand.

"I will hie me to the knight," continued Philip. "I happened once to be of use to him, and he is not a man to forget a favor, though he is somewhat changed since the time I first saw him. He was then a fiery youth, for all he can look so grave at times now. He hath some credit, for it was by his intercession with the Governor that my imprisonment was shortened. I will hie me to him, and hear what he advises, more especially as he hath sent for me. And I bethink me, Prudence, it were no bad thing, if he can do so much, to get him to speak a word for mistress Eveline."

"An' thou couldest, it were a good deed, and heaven will reward thee therefor."

"I will look to thee, instead of heaven, for my reward," said the soldier. "Meanwhile do thou have thine eyes like those in a peacock's tail, all around thee, for this Master Spikeman is cunninger than all the foxes whose tails Samson tied together."

"Trust me, Philip, and be thou discreet. And now must I be going back, for I would not abuse the liberty the kind heart of dame Spikeman gives me by loitering too long; so good-bye."

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"And is this the way you take leave, when perhaps you may not see me again for a month? Not one salute?"

"Methinks thou hast been firing salutes enough already to welcome a ship from England. Be content, Sir Malapert, with their discharges;" and Prudence began tripping it away.

"I'll not be content with such a discharge," muttered the soldier; then raising his voice, he called after her, "Prudence, Prudence, hasten not away so fast; there is one thing I forgot."

The girl at the sound of his voice retraced her steps a little, and met Philip.

"Harkee in thine ear," said he, "for I must speak low. I did omit to put my seal to our covenant;" and before Prudence was aware, he had imprinted a smack upon her cheek.

"And there is mine," cried Prudence, hitting him a box upon the ear, "and I warrant it will be as red as thine," and with that she bounded like a deer away.

"The foul fiend fly away with me, an' I love not the girl dearly," exclaimed the soldier, looking after her with admiring eyes, as like a red-winged butterfly she flew through the green bushes. "If I ever have the luck to get her, I shall have a dame strong enough to carry her part of our bundle. Well, go thy ways, Prudence Rix, for as comely, and as sweet-breathed, and as kind a lass, notwithstanding the weight of thy hand, as ever milked a cow in the old country."

The frame of mind in which the soldier now pursued his walk was very different from that in which it had commenced. The dampness of the prison which had begun to affect his health was forgotten, as the genial sun gradually dried the clamminess out of his clothing, and he inspired the reviving morning air. It seemed to him he could not drink deep enough draughts of the woodland scents, which flowed so deliciously through his lungs, as almost to compensate for the suffering which he had endured. His unexpected interview with Prudence, after he had given up

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all expectation of it, conduced also to impart vivacity to his spirits, and he advanced, not with a rapid pace, for of that his treatment in the jail had made him incapable, but cheerfully and resolutely.

It was perhaps an hour afterwards, when Philip, as he was walking slowly on, heard the sounds of a person coming after him, and looking round, he beheld the man whom of all the world he least desired to see. The whole temper of his spirit was at once changed. The peace which, like a stream of perfumes, had been flowing into his soul, was checked, and the atmosphere became hot and suffocating around him. It was Spikeman approaching, who was on his way to a plantation he had in the neighborhood, for there were few things promising profit to which the adventurous speculator had not directed his attention.

Philip strove to keep the horns of the rising devil out of his heart, and averting his head, stepped on one side to allow the other to pass. Spikeman noticed the desire,—for it was too marked not to be observed; and in a new country, even strangers are not in the habit of passing one another without greeting,—but he paid no attention to it; and as he came up, laid his hand on Philip's shoulder, and bade him a good morning.

The soldier started as though pierced by a thorn, and shaking off the hand roughly, requested the Assistant to go on his way and leave him to himself.

"How now," exclaimed Spikeman. "Methinks this is cold welcome for a friend."

"Pass on thy way," said the soldier. "I desire not thy company."

"Verily, am I amazed," said Spikeman. "Surely, to confer a favor on the unthankful, is like pouring water on sand."

"I do advise thee, Master Spikeman," said Philip, "to cease thine abuse. I am no longer a fool stumbling along with his eyes blinded."

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The curiosity of the Assistant had been aroused at the beginning, and he determined to ascertain how far Philip's knowledge of his conduct extended, for his guilty conscience whispered that some discovery of the soldier occasioned the changed behavior. It might be caused only by suspicion, and if so, he trusted by his ingenuity to dispel it; but if he had been betrayed, it was important that he should know it. The Assistant, moreover, was curious to learn from the soldier himself, why he had not broken jail as advised. He concluded that the soldier had not; for had he done so, the escape would probably have been known by morning; yet was Spikeman confident that Philip at the time of their interview in the jail had no knowledge of the order for his release. Perhaps Bars had overcome in the struggle, and disregarded it. With doubts like these floating through his mind, he began to probe Philip.

"What ails thee?" he inquired. "It would seem as if you took me for an enemy, and yet have I not always approved myself thy friend, even jeopardizing my position as a magistrate no longer ago than yesternight to release thee from jail?"

"Master Spikeman," answered Philip, "thou dost well know, I doubt not, that I am at liberty, not because I did by thy advice knock out the brains of harmless Sam Bars, but by the grace of the Governor's order."

"I counselled no more violence than was necessary to effect thy purpose; but who moved the Governor in thy case?"

"Not thou, as I am well advised, but the noble Knight of the Golden Melice, a man as much superior to thee, as I am to an Indian."

"Thou art mad and vituperative, Philip, and were it not so early, I should think thou hadst been indulging too liberally in drafts of aqua vitæ. It is a vile habit. But as the Archangel Michael returned not a railing accusation, but said, the Lord rebuke thee, Satan, so say I unto thee. Truly, I comprehend

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thy game. Thou art weary of thy old friends, and being desirous to propitiate new, dost seek a quarrel to mask thine ingratitude. But see whether this famous knight prove not a broken reed."

The soldier, in spite of his conviction of the villainy of the other, was touched at the taunt, and hastened to defend himself.

"It is false, Master Spikeman," he cried. "If thou wert truly a friend, wherefore advise me to break jail, and thus expose myself to be hunted as a malefactor, when I had but to wait till morning for deliverance?"

"It is much, Philip Joy, for one in my condition to condescend to explain, especially after thy rudeness of speech; yet will I do it, that no fancied cause may be left for thy base suspicions. Shortly, then, I knew not of Gov. Winthrop's intention, for when I did entreat him in thy behalf, he spake in such ambiguous phrase as effectually to cloak his thoughts. I doubt not, now, that it was to make the surprise the more agreeable."

This was said with such an appearance of innocence, that the simplicity of the soldier was confounded, and he began to doubt more and more the truth of his suspicions. But the communication of Prudence rankled in his mind, and though disposed to acquit the Assistant of treachery against himself, he could not forgive the treatment of the girl. He did not doubt her word, and yet desired to hear the Assistant's excuse, if he had any. He shrunk from the subject, and yet was drawn to it, like a moth fascinated by a light.

"There is another thing I like not," he said, hesitatingly.

"And pray, what may thy wisdom have discovered now?"

"That it is not becoming in a grave magistrate to try to cozen servant girls," burst from the soldier.

"Has Prudence ——?" but here the Assistant, sensible that he had already said too much, suddenly checked himself, while

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his sallow cheek looked still more yellow. But the escape of the girl's name, even without the embarrassment, was a confession of guilt to the soldier, who, with rising passion, exclaimed—

"Away, or I shall be tempted to do that whereof I may repent."

Spikeman marked his agitation, and hesitated whether to come to an open breach, or continue his system of deception. The craft of his nature preponderated, and he determined to adopt the latter course.

"Gently, Philip," he said. "Thy prison hath strangely affected thee; but because I pity, I will not be angry. At least let me finish the sentence which I begun. I did desire to know whether Prudence, whom, that thou dost affect, I have for some time known, (nay, never blush; I have been young myself,) whether Prudence, I say, gained access to thy prison to tell thee of my exertions in thy behalf?"

"Thou exert thyself for me! Go to, thou wert more busy for thyself."

"I understand thee not; yet hearken, for the whole truth must be revealed. I say that I have done all that man could do, and as the event proves, not in vain. As for Prudence, I will confess to one impropriety, if it be thy pleasure to call it so, though I meant it not, and whereof thou art in some sense the cause. Knowing thy regard for her, I did speak one day of my hopes for thee, whereat the tears did stand in her eyes, and I was so moved thereat, that I did salute her cheek, but only as a father might caress a child."

The soldier was more bewildered than ever. He was incapable of conceiving of such falsehood as the other's. It seemed to him now that Prudence might be mistaken, and have converted a mere compliment into an insult, so contrary appeared the intimations which she had made to what was to be expected

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from the years and gravity of the Assistant. The freedom with which Spikeman spoke of kissing the girl confirmed the idea, and Philip fancied that he had been harsh.

"Master Spikeman," he said at length, "if I have unjustly suspected thee, I crave pardon. There may be something in what you said, that the prison hath clouded my mind."

"Think no more of it, Philip, though doubtless it is so. I have known many a one who, by confinement, hath irretrievably lost his wits. Therefore will it be wise in thee not to be arrested again."

"Wherefore arrested, since I have an order of release?

"Alas, thou dost forget thy banishment. If thou art taken within the forbidden boundaries, severe will be thy punishment. Attempt not for Prudence's sake, or any cause, to return without apprising me thereof, when I will endeavor to provide for thy safety."

The soldier extended his hand.

"This is kind," he said, "and be assured, Master Spikeman, that I will not soon conceive suspicion of thee again." These women be notional things, he murmured to himself.

Spikeman took the hand.

"Now this is like thyself, Philip," he said—"a brave soldier—true as a Toledo blade—one who loves his friend, and hates his enemy, although this latter part should not be so. Thou art journeying, I see, to the knight's place. Mayst thou find in him a patron, but it will do no harm to say—be on thy guard; one old friend is better than a dozen new."

He turned away, and the soldier, as he looked after him, said—

"There is truth in thy words, but thou art ignorant that the knight and I were friends long before I knew thee."

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CHAPTER VI.

Nature I court in her sequestered haunts,
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove or cell,
Where the poised lark his evening ditty chaunts,
And Health, and Peace, and Contemplation dwell.

SMOLLETT.

SO LONG had the soldier been delayed by his interviews with Prudence and the Assistant, that it was not until past noon that he reached the knight's residence. It was a large, irregularly built log-cabin, or cottage, covered with thatch, resembling somewhat, except in the last particular, and in being larger, the log-cabins one meets in the new settlements of the West, with a sort of piazza or porch, which seemed to have been lately built, running across the front. Such was the rude exterior; though the interior, as we shall presently see, when we enter the building, was furnished in a style indicating both wealth and refinement.

The house stood near the bottom of a hill, upon a piece of cleared land of perhaps half a dozen acres, upon which not the vestige of a stump was to be seen. The ground sloped gently away from the building to the southeast, until it met a small stream, which meandered at the base of the hill, and running in an easterly direction, was lost to sight in the forest. In front of the house, at the distance of a rod, bubbled up a bright spring, which, dashing down the declivity, fell into the first-

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mentioned stream. Except this cultivated spot, which had been an old corn-field of the natives, selected by them for the fertility of the soil, its advantage of water, and the favorable slope of the land, which enabled it to engross more than a common share of the genial heat of the sun, and expedite the maturing of its harvests, all was one unbroken extent of forest. In the soft autumnal days, when the maize leaves rustled yellow on their stalks, it must have looked to the soaring eagle, gazing from his "pride of place," like a vast nest in a green leafy frame.

Around this building, at some little distance, viz., at the edge of the encircling forest, were scattered some four or five wigwams, or Indian lodges, made of the bark of trees, from some of which smoke curled lazily up into the blue sky, imparting assurance thereby of their being inhabited, though the presence of some naked children near the entrances, who were shooting with little bows at marks, and amusing themselves in other ways, made any such indication unnecessary.

As the soldier drew near, he heard more and more distinctly musical sounds, and presently could distinguish the tinkling of a guitar, accompanied by a female voice. He stopped and listened. The air was slow and solemn, the notes were soft and clear, and the words sweet, but not English. There was a rich luxuriance, yet pathos in the music, like the utterances of a spirit whose hopes were mingled with reminiscences of joys which it had lost. How long Philip listened, he knew not, so entranced was he by the sounds. It was a long time since he had heard such delicious strains, and the effect upon him was therefore the greater. Suddenly they ceased, as if his approach had been discovered, and immediately thereafter, a man stepped out upon the piazza. Philip recognized him at once as the young man to whom Prudence had sent a message, and whom he himself had called Master Arundel.

He was a fair-haired youth of some twenty-three or four

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years, with that clear, bright complexion so common among the English, and which they owe to their foggy climate and habit of exercise in the open air. Dark blue eyes looked out joyously from a handsome face, which would have been effeminate, so delicate were the features and rosy the tint of the cheeks, but for a brown moustache, which shaded the lip, and redeemed it from the imputation. His doublet and hose were of a dark green cloth, as was also the cap he held in his hand, and he wore boots made of yellow leather, reaching above the knee, and full at the top. Around his neck was a white band, like those worn by the wealthier colonists. This young gentleman first spoke.

"Ha! Achilles, or Cœur de Lion from captivity," or to fashion my speech more into the humor of this new world, "O, Daniel from the lion's den, greatly doth my heart rejoice at thy deliverance." "Welcome, good Philip," he added, in a more natural tone, betraying some sympathy, and taking him at the same time by the hand; "welcome to your friends."

The tired soldier sank down upon a bench before he was able to speak.

"Thy tongue is dry, and moves slowly, and, now that I regard thee more closely, art pale. We must cheer up thy drooping spirit."

"Having thus spoken, the young man entered the house, and presently returned with a flagon and drinking cups.

"Drink, man," said Arundel, filling a cup with wine, "and wash all sorrow out of thine heart. The suns that ripened the grapes out of which this juice was crushed, were bright and joyous. May they impart their own happiness and vigor unto thee."

The soldier put the cup to his lips, nor withdrew it until the contents were drained.

"I feel," he said, "the good wine tingling through all my veins, and am a new man again."

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"Fill once more," said the young man, suiting the action to the word; "one shower is not enough for so thirsty a soil."

The soldier did not refuse, and having drank a second time, he felt refreshed.

"Pleasant enough quarters, Master Arundel," he said, looking around; "and I see ye have some red-skins camped near by."

"They are the knight's particular friends, whose society it seems to be his sovereign pleasure to cultivate. He has persuaded them to gather round him, forming what may be called his body-guard."

"Or outposts of the main garrison. Well, for runners or scouts they may answer, but for hand-to-hand action, they are naught. But where is Sir Christopher?"

"He started on a hunt this morning, our larder having run low. Hark!" he added, as suddenly the blast of a bugle was heard echoing through the forest, "that is the sound wherewith he is accustomed to announce his approach, and you will presently see him coming out of the wood."

Sure enough, in a few moments the tall form of the knight, arrayed in a deer-skin hunting-shirt, with leggins of the same material, and "a piece" in his hand, was seen emerging into the open space. He was followed by a couple of Indians, each of whom bore on his shoulders a deer.

"Quecheco," the two white men heard him say, as he came out of the bushes, "carry thou thy deer to my lodge, and do thou, Pococke, divide thine with thy brother Quecheco." After speaking these words, he advanced toward them.

"So, ho, Philip," cried Sir Christopher, "again under my banner. Fate hath decreed us I think for buenas camaradas, and for my part I heartily rejoice thereat. A braver heart than thine never beat under steel corselet, or truer hand wielded a sharp sword."

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"I thank you, Sir Christopher, for your good opinion," said the soldier, "but I have seen little service since we parted among the Turbans, of whom somehow your wine sets me a thinking, at all to my mind. As for fighting these naked savages, who have nothing but children's bows and stone hatchets, while our men-at-arms are clad in bullet-proof steel from head to heel, methinks there is little manhood required therefor, and for what I have done in that way, I confess myself somewhat ashamed."

"It doth please me to hear thee speak thus, Philip," replied the knight. True valor is ever joined with generosity, and despises to take advantage of superior strength to crush the weaker. But fear not that I have any service of the kind for thee. I came not among these innocent natives to bring a sword, but the olive branch of peace. I would see them peaceful, and united, and happy, not broken into hostile clans, and delighting in murdering one another."

"I spoke not," said the soldier, "as desiring to make terms with you, Sir Christopher, well knowing that you would ask nothing which an honest man would be unwilling to perform, and am only too happy to enter your service."

"So be it, Philip," said the knight. "Henceforth be here thy home."

"Truly," exclaimed the soldier, stretching out his legs with a sigh of relief, "there is some difference between lying in a prison, or even talking with Master Spikeman in the bushes, as I did but just now, and being with good wine and noble gentlemen."

"Didst meet on thy way that most puritanical of Puritans, the praying, cheating, canting, hypocritical, long-faced Master Spikeman?" cried Arundel. "I wonder what new mischief he hath now on foot, for it is his meat?"

"Master Miles Arundel," said the knight, "thy language is too intemperate to be excused even by thy youth. Check the bitterness of thine expression, and know that he who rules his own spirit is greater than he who wins a kingdom."

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A flash of haughty resentment lighted up the eyes of the young man at the reproof, but as he saw that no offence was designed, he answered:

"I expect never to win a kingdom, but as for this villain—"

"Peace, I entreat thee, my young friend," interrupted Sir Christopher. "I am curious to hear of Philip's treatment in his confinement, if he will favor us with an account thereof?"

Hereupon the soldier recounted to them all that had passed in his prison, including his interview with Spikeman, and attack on the jailer, and also the conversation in the wood, except those parts which had relation to Prudence.

"I see not," said Arundel, upon the conclusion of the narrative, "why the wily Assistant should be thine enemy, but he clearly is. Thou art honored in this respect as well as I."

"My mind doth misgive me that you are right," said Philip. "Away from him. He seems an arch villain, though in his presence the feeling changes, for he hath a tongue to wile a bird from the bough."

"Be sure I am not mistaken. See now whether Sir Christopher be not of the same opinion."

Thus appealed to, the knight answered:

"I fear that your judgment, Master Arundel, is correct, though caring not to enter into the reasons which have forced me to this conclusion. But we will endeavor to use such caution that any mischievous designs of his shall be defeated. Happily my homestead is not comprised within the limits of the colony, and the sentence of banishment is complied with, Philip being here."

Hereupon Sir Christopher rose and entered the house, and the soldier took advantage of his absence to deliver the message of Prudence, which, as he had threatened, he colored a little. With all his efforts he was unable to conceal the interest which he felt for the girl, but the young man good naturedly allowed

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him to suppose it unnoticed. In a short time the knight re-appeared, and invited them in to dinner.

The apartment which they entered opened immediately upon the porch, and was a room some twenty feet square, constituting somewhat more than a quarter of the building. The walls were merely unhewn logs, divested of the bark, and filled in with a tenacious clay resembling mortar. Against them were nailed, or supported by wooden pegs, in divers places, branching horns of the moose and deer, over which were hung hunting-shirts and skins of various wild animals, tanned with the hair on. The antlers also, in many instances, supported guns, and swords, and hunting pouches, and powder-horns, and, in short, whatever might be necessary for attack or defence in war, and success in the chase. In the centre of the room a table for four or five persons was set, and a squaw was busy near a fire preparing the meal.

It was not long before the simple dinner, consisting principally of venison steaks and bread made of Indian corn, was placed by the squaw on the board, and the three men drew up, Philip manifesting some modest reluctance, until pressed thereto by the knight.

"The vain distinctions of the world," said Sir Christopher, "are out of place here. My soul sickens at the servile respect paid to stars and garters. The jewel of the spirit is to be prized, not by the setting, but by the degree of its own splendor it darts around."

Nor simple though the dinner was, were there wanting draughts of wine like that of which the soldier had drank upon his arrival. Of the three, he drank the most freely; Arundel moderately, and the knight almost abstemiously. As the last regarded the pale face of Philip, and marked the kindling lustre of his eyes, he pardoned the poor fellow, in consideration of what he had endured, the freedom of his libations.

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At the conclusion of the meal, Arundel, turning to the knight, said:

"Philip has brought me word, Sir Christopher, which will necessitate the abridgment of a visit I did intend should be longer. My purpose is to return to Boston in the morning."

"May a friend inquire after the cause of your sudden departure?" asked the knight.

"It hath some connection," answered the young man, slightly blushing, "with a matter wherewith you are already acquainted. I know not why I should hesitate to aver before yourself and Philip that it hath reference to mistress Eveline Dunning."

"Fear not to speak the honest impulses of thine heart, Master Arundel," said the knight, "nor deem that I can take amiss thy preference of the starry eyes of pretty mistress Eveline to a hermitage in the wood."

"She desires to see me," returned the young man, "and I hold it a sacred duty to watch over her, for she is a lamb in the jaws of a lion."

"My opinion of the worshipful Master Spikeman," said the knight, "is not much more favorable than thine own, though mine eyes be not blinded by the deceitful mists of passion. Be wary, however, else mayest thou incur an enmity which it were well to avoid."

"What wouldest have me do, Sir Christopher?" demanded the young man, rising with some impatience. "Detains he not my affianced bride? Refuses he not even to allow me to see her, and must not our meetings be stolen? Does he not deny the solemn obligation he took upon himself by the death-bed of his too confiding friend, to unite Eveline with me in marriage, and is he not thereby a perjured wretch, regardless alike of his vow to God and of duty to the dead and living? I care not for his enmity, but prefer it to his friendship, nor will I tamely permit him to triumph in his villainy."

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"Calm thyself, Master Arundel," said the knight; "truly I counselled no such thing. My heart is with thee, and my hand at thy service in this matter, for I esteem thee wronged, but neither violence of speech nor precipitancy in action will avail to right thee. All means of persuasion are not exhausted. Why not endeavor to interest Governor Winthrop in thy behalf?"

"To what purpose? Suppose you he would take my word in opposition to that of a fellow saint and magistrate?"

"Unjust! Master Arundel; degrade not the noble Winthrop, a pattern of many Christian virtues, and some knightly qualities, by such association. But to thy word would be superadded that of the young lady. He must believe her."

"Nay, Sir Christopher, your eagle glance at once detects falsehood wherewith it has no affinity, and you judge of others according to the standard of your own nobleness, but I am persuaded the attempt would be in vain. The case stands thus: there is really but witness against witness, for what know I of what occurred at the death-bed of Eveline's father, except what she herself has told me? Kind though may be the heart of the Governor, and sound his judgment, the false asseveration of the Assistant would outweigh the declaration of Eveline; and, did it not, and were he ever so favorably disposed, no court in this New Canaan, as they call it, would decide against one of the congregation in favor of an orphan girl not protected by their magic covenant, and whose hand is sought by an intruder into their fold."

"I deny not the force of thine argument," replied the knight, "and yet have I remarked an omnipotence in truth, that doth make me insist on having recourse to Governor Winthrop. As is the God-like sun, animating and vivifying all things, searching into dark recesses and driving out bats and impure vermin by his intolerable presence, and unveiling ugliness and hatefulness,

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so is Truth. Withersoever she turns her shining mirror there Error may not abide, but like a dastardly coward, flies from the glory. Believe, Master Arundel, that He who is uncreated, Truth will magnify that wherein He delights."

"To pleasure thee, Sir Christopher, there is nothing which I would not undertake, convinced though I am of its inefficacy."

"So please you then, represent your grievance in the highest quarter, before you further proceed. And now, I propose to present Philip to Lady Geraldine, if her leisure serve. You will accompany us."

Passing through a vestibule, which separated the two rooms, the knight threw open a door, and admitted them into an apartmant of smaller dimensions than the first, but fitted up with far more regard to comfort, and with even some pretension to elegance. The floor was covered with matting made by the Indian women, on which strange figures were drawn, stained with brilliant dyes; the sides of the room also were hung with matting, over which fell folds of scarlet cloth reaching to within a couple of feet of the floor, imparting an air of gayety, while overhead was tightly drawn and fastened to the rafters a light blue cloth, approaching in color the hue of the sky. Some chairs were scattered around, and on a table lay a guitar, on the top of a book. No person was in the apartment at the moment of their entrance, and, upon the invitation of the knight, they took seats to await the arrival of the lady.

They had been seated but a short time when another door opened, and a comely gentlewoman entered, ushered by a little Indian girl. The age of the lady appeared to be about the same as that of the knight, and, to judge from her complexion, she was not of English extraction. Her features, though not regular, were handsome; the eyes large and black, with hair of the same color, confined by a white cap; her figure was tall and slender, and her carriage dignified and noble. Her dress consisted merely

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of a black gown, without ornament, and rising high into the neck, and as she approached she looked like one oppressed with sadness.

Her little swarthy attendant seemed to be a pet which she took delight in adorning, and truly, the little girl was not unconscious that her childish beauty was enhanced by richness of attire. A crimson satin tunic, like a basque, was fastened around her waist by a golden band, beneath which fell a blue silk skirt as far as the knees, while high upon the ankles were laced deer-skin buskins, profusely bedecked with shining beads and colored porcupine quills. Around her arms, above the elbows, were strings of colored beads, her wrists were clasped by bracelets of the same description, and about her neck was twined a gold chain.

As the lady thus attended advanced, all rose to pay the respect due to her sex and station.

"Behold, Lady Geraldine," said the knight, presenting to her the soldier, "the valiant man to whom I once owed my life."

"He is very welcome," replied the lady, in an accent just foreign enough to impart a strange interest to her speech. "The savior of my cousin's life is very welcome."

The embarrassed soldier, confounded at the presence of one who looked to him like a superior being, could find no words to return to her greeting, and only bowed low to conceal his confusion.

"I have heard, Sir Christopher," she continued, "speak of the daring feat of arms whereby he was rescued from the foe, and longed to behold his valorous deliverer to return my soul-felt thanks. Be seated, most welcome gentlemen. And thou, Master Arundel, I trust, hast received intelligence from Boston which will chase away the cloud that sometimes gathers on thy brow."

"Honored madam," answered the young man, in the inflated style of gallantry which the custom of high-bred society not only permitted but enjoined, "when the beautiful majesty of the heav-

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enly sun appears, clouds have no place above the horizon, but fly away, chased by his golden shafts."

"Would that I had the power," said the lady, "as the beneficent sun dispels the clouds, so to drive away all sorrow and disappointment. There is no grief-laden heart that should not be cheered."

"Recount now, Philip, to Lady Geraldine, the adventure which causes the colony to lose a valiant soldier, and me to gain for our solitude an old friend and companion in arms," said the knight.

The soldier, upon being thus addressed, found his voice, and narrated to the lady the circumstances of his enforced departure from Boston. She listened with an appearance of interest, and upon its conclusion spoke a few words expressive of her sorrow for his imprisonment, and of congratulation for the knight, to whom she hoped he would be for the future attached.

"I do begin to consider my banishment as no misfortune," said the soldier, whose confidence in himself was now restored. "The labor of my forge and exposure of life for folk who know not how to excuse a hasty word or two, are well exchanged for the service of so noble a master and mistress."

"Be sure, thou shalt not rust like a sheathed sword," said the knight, "and it shall go hard, but I will find for thee employment to content an undegenerate spirit. But, Lady Geraldine, while we gain one to our company, we lose (only for a short time, I hope) another. Master Arundel purposes to leave our solitude to-morrow."

The lady looked inquiringly at the young man, who answered with a blush:

"A message brought by Philip doth constrain my departure."

"A sweet constraint," said the knight, smiling. "Fear not, Master Arundel, that Lady Geraldine will blame thee for obeying an impulse as natural as the love of a bee for a flower. The diamond eyes of Mistress Eveline would furnish apology for a deeper crime."

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"I trust all is well with sweet Mistress Eveline," said the lady.

"All well, may it please you, madam, save for the injurious durance which, in despite of his promise, and regardless of all honor as a man, the villain Spikeman, who calls himself her guardian, imposes on her."

"He will relent," said the lady. "It may be he desires only to try the strength of thy devotion. The flame of thy love will burn the brighter for the trial."

"I have no hope of such result," said Arundel. "He is so closely wedded to evil, that to do a good action would be to him a pain."

"Nay," said the lady, "it cannot be there is a creature who loves evil for its own sake. That were quite to extinguish the heavenly spark. Judge not unhappy Master Spikeman so harshly. Commend me to the love of Mistress Eveline," she added, rising, "when you see her, and say that I wear her sweet image in my heart."

So saying, she bowed and left the apartment, preceded by the little girl, the others rising, and remaining standing as long as she was in sight.

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CHAPTER VII.

Thinkest thou that I could bear to part
From thee and learn to halve my heart?
Years have not seen, time shall not see,
The hour that tears my soul from thee.

BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

IT was early on the morning of the next day when Arundel started on his way to Boston, whither the message delivered by the soldier had somewhat hastened his return. There was, indeed, to one not in love, nothing in it to require such haste, and the explanation of his departure is to be found only in the natural desire of a lover to be near his mistress. Something might happen; he would seek an occasion to see her; perhaps a plan might be devised; at least, his wishes could not be promoted by keeping himself at a distance. While the young man, musing on sweet hopes and vague unformed designs, is threading his way through the forest, we will take advantage of the opportunity to explain in a few words what the reader, as yet, only imperfectly suspects.

Two years previous to the time when our story commences, Edmund Dunning, a landholder and gentleman of consideration, in the county of Devon, in England, having recently adopted the creed and practice of the Puritans, (as a sect dissenting from the Church of England, somewhat in doctrine, and wholly in outward observances, was called; from asserting, as it was thought, pre-

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tentions to superior purity of belief and strictness of living,) left the shores of his native island with an only child, a daughter, then between seventeen and eighteen years of age, to seek that freedom for his faith in the new world, which, as he conceived, was denied him in the old. His whole family consisted of this daughter, Eveline, his wife having deceased several years previously. His departure was hastened by a circumstance which had for some time occasioned him no little uneasiness, and the evil consequences of which he could think of no other means so effectually to avoid. This circumstance was an intimacy between the beautiful Eveline and a young gentleman in the neighboring town more tender than the father approved, who looked upon the hopes of the suitor as presumptuous, and was, besides, opposed to an union, on account of a diversity of religious sentiment betwixt himself and the aspirant.

This young man was Miles Arundel. A year before Master Dunning and his daughter left England, he had come to the town of Exeter, near to which the Dunnings lived on their estate, and opened a studio as a landscape painter. It was not, however, until a month after his arrival, that he seemed at all decided as to his intentions, the time being spent in wandering over the beautiful country, and making occasionally a sketch; nor after he had offered his services to the public in a professional capacity did he work very diligently. Yet was it remarked that he was never in want of money; and the citizens of Exeter thought that he must get high prices for his pictures in London to warrant his expenditure.

Among the families to which he was introduced as an artist, was that of Edmund Dunning. Eveline was no indifferent sketcher herself, and accompanied her father one day on a visit to the rooms of Master Arundel. It is said that the young people blushed at the meeting, but however that may be, the blush was unobserved by Master Dunning.

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So agreeable did the young artist make himself, that one visit led on to another, and he was invited to the house of Dunning, and soon found himself, he hardly knew how, on a familiar footing in his family, and giving lessons in painting to his daughter. Edmund Dunning had no intentions that any other lessons should be given, and it accordingly grieved him when he discovered the terms on which the young people stood to one another, and which their ingenuousness could not conceal. With this relation he had made himself acquainted as soon as he suspected it, by inquiring of Eveline, who frankly told him the whole truth. Arundel loved her, but dared not, on account of the distance that separated him from her father, make known his feelings. The father demanded of his child why she did not, at the beginning, check such aspiring thoughts, and whether it was proper to allow of the continuance of such a state of things. Poor Eveline could only reply with tears, and that she could not prevent Miles loving her, but confessed that she had done wrong, and promised to break off the intimacy.

"I am unacquainted with his family, which is probably obscure," said Edmund Dunning; "but were the blood of Alfred in his veins, he should have no daughter of mine so long as he favors the persecuting Church of England, which I know he does, notwithstanding his constant attendance at the meetings of the congregation, the reason whereof I now understand."

The promise which Eveline made to her father she kept, nor from that moment would she consent to see Arundel. He pleaded hard for a single interview, if only to take leave, and though her heart strongly took his part, she replied that she would not increase the reproaches of her conscience by advancing a step further in an intimacy which she had wrongly concealed from her father, and was disapproved by him. All intercourse between the lovers ceased from this time, and shortly after Arundel disappeared from the neighborhood.

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But it was at the risk of her health that Eveline obeyed her parent. The rounded form began to become thin; the cheeks, in which red roses were accustomed to bloom, faded, and the lovely blue eyes lost their lustre. The anxious father noticed these signs with apprehension, and in the hope that new scenes and a change of climate might improve his daughter's health, hastened their departure.

Almost immediately on his arrival in the new world he formed an acquaintance with Spikeman, who used every effort to ingratiate himself into his confidence. So successful was Spikeman, that he persuaded Master Dunning to embark a considerable portion of his property in the business wherein Spikeman was engaged, and on the death of Dunning, which happened only six months thereafter, to appoint him the guardian of Eveline. But as the shadows of this world were settling on the eyelids of the dying man, the light of another and a better dawned upon his mind. The differences of opinion which had separated him from the friends of his youth and manhood, and the distinctions of rank, assumed less and less importance. He regarded with pity the sadness of his daughter, and determined that he would be no obstacle in the way of her happiness. He called her and his friend to his bed-side, and after kissing her pale cheek, gave his full consent to her union with Arundel, and made Spikeman promise to favor her wishes in all things. Having thus settled his worldly affairs, Edmund Dunning turned his face to the wall and gave up the ghost.

The tears of Eveline, left an orphan far away from the only spot which she considered her home, flowed bitterly at the loss of her father. He had been a gentle and sweet-tempered man, and an indulgent parent, and she thought of him with a grief and yearning affection, the pain of which the removal of the interdiction to her marriage with one whom she loved, served at first, but in a slight degree, to mitigate. But time had its usual

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effect. The swollen eyes of poor Eveline at last resumed their brightness; the color returned to her cheeks; her step became lighter, and she looked forward wish pleasure to the time when she should give her hand to one who already had her heart.

But Spikeman was far from sympathizing with her views, nor had he any intention to keep his promise. At the time when he inveigled Edmund Dunning into entrusting property to his hands, his affairs were in an embarrassed condition, and he needed then and now the funds to save him from ruin. And again, hypocrite though he was in some respects, he was not altogether so. A man of violent passions, and unscrupulous in their gratification, deluding himself with the idea that having once tasted the sweets of justification, (as he fancied,) his condition was one of safety, and that the sins which reigned in the members of his body could not reach his soul, he was yet zealous for the faith which he had adopted, and devoted to the interests of the colony. It was to this devotion mainly that he owed his dignity of Assistant. As a Puritan, he was, or at least believed himself to be, opposed to a marriage between Eveline and Arundel on the same principle which had at first influenced her father, and been corrected only by the dawning light of eternity. Shortly before the decease of his friend, Spikeman had frequently, though never in the presence of Eveline, combated Dunning's resolution with which he had been made acquainted, but in vain. Had he dared, he would have resorted to one or more of the elders to exert their potent influence, but this would have been to betray the secret, and in case of their failure, might have placed himself in an unpleasant predicament. He concluded it was better to lock it up in his own breast, and so remain master of his actions and of her destiny, at least till her majority, which lacked two years before attainment. During that time, his circumstances might change—she might decease—no one knew what was in the future.

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It is not, therefore, surprising that the Assistant did not write to England to inform Edmund Dunning's relatives of his death; much less that he did not inform Arundel of the fact. Months slowly dragged by, and yet the expecting girl received no word from home. At first Spikeman accounted for it by the length of time required to make the passage between the countries; afterwards by the supposition that the letters might have failed, or intimating that Arundel had probably changed his mind. A cold pang, as if she had been stabbed by an icicle, pierced the bosom of Eveline at this cruel suggestion, and she felt utterly desolate. What, however, frightened and depressed her spirit, only roused the indignation of Prudence Rix, her attendant from England, who even then had a sharper insight into the character of the Assistant than her mistress.

"Hey-day!" she exclaimed; "to think that Master Miles, the handsomest and darlingest young gentleman in Devonshire, and who, if he was only a painter, looked grander and gave away more gold pieces than many a lord she'd known, and who worshipped Mistress Eveline like some pagans she'd heard of did the sun, should think of forgetting her! It was precious nonsense. For her part, if she was Mistress Eveline, she would write to him herself, without letting old vinegar-face know anything about it."

The advice was not thrown away on the young lady, though with an instinctive delicacy she did not follow it literally. Instead of addressing Arundel directly, she wrote to a female friend, and communicated the change in her circumstances, and the relenting of her deceased father, rightly judging that the information would not long remain unknown to her lover. She did this without the knowledge of Spikeman, else it is probable that the letter would never have reached its destination. The event answered her expectations, and with the arrival of the first ship after her epistle was received, she had the gratification of greeting

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Arundel. But what was her astonishment, when, upon the demand of the young man that her guardian should carry into effect the wishes of his deceased friend, Spikeman denied that any obligation was imposed upon him. He would not admit that there had been any change of opinion in the dying man, but insisted, on the contrary, that he had remained steadfast in his purpose to the last. He affected surprise at the declarations of Eveline, and while not pretending to say what might have taken place in his absence, persisted in asserting that nothing of the kind had occurred in his presence. The young lady was surely in error. The bewilderment occasioned by excessive grief on account of her father's condition, and partiality for her lover, had caused her to mistake the meaning of the former. He could not, however much desirous to please his ward, violate the instructions of his deceased friend.

The remonstrances of Arundel, and gentle expostulations and entreaties of Eveline, were without effect; and when once the young man, in a moment of anger, threatened Spikeman with an appeal to justice and punishment by the government in England, the latter grimly sneered at his threats, and bade him beware lest he himself might be sent, as a malcontent, out of the country. It was, indeed, far more probable that such would be the result of Arundel's persistency, than that he should succeed in carrying off his mistress; and, blinded as he was by love, he could not conceal from himself the danger. To this was to be added another peril, which the Assistant, in one of their conversations, had hinted at, and of which we have also made mention, viz: that he might incur the punishment provided for those who paid court to maidens without the consent of the guardian or magistrate.

But the young couple had, besides Prudence, a powerful friend, whose kind heart pitied their misfortunes, and by whose means, assisted by the faithful serving-maid, they had many stolen meetings, unknown to their persecutor, and this was no other than

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dame Spikeman herself. Destitute of children, she had been early attracted by the beautiful orphan, for whom she soon learned to feel the affection of a mother. Into her tender bosom the unprotected girl poured her griefs, and always met with sympathy and good counsel. At first, the good dame attempted to alter the determination of her husband, but finding her efforts in vain, she finally abandoned them, and contented herself with favoring the lovers by every means in her power, without his knowledge, trusting to the chapter of accidents for the result. Perhaps a few pieces of coin, distributed by Arundel now and then among the servants, contributed to preserve the knowledge of their meetings from the Assistant, who, whatever he might suspect, found it difficult, engaged in his business, to detect them.

While we have been making this tedious but necessary explanation, the young man has had time to reach the thickest part of the forest, lying midway betwixt the residence of the knight and his place of destination. He followed a narrow path made originally by the Indians, as they traversed the woods in the manner peculiar to themselves, known by the name of Indian file, now skirting the edge of a morass, now penetrating through a thick undergrowth, and now walking in more open spaces and under the shade of enormous trees.

Arundel, as he walked along with his piece in his hand, had kept watchfully looking round to discern any game within range, when, as he reached one of these open spaces, his eyes fell upon a dark object crouched upon a lower limb of a tree immediately over the path before him, and he instantly recognised the animal as the cougar or American panther. It is the habit of the creature thus to conceal itself in trees, waiting till its prey passes along, when, with one bound, it springs upon its back, and quickly succeeds, by its own weight, and by tearing the veins and arteries of the neck, in bringing it to the ground.

The youth stopped, and gazed upon the motionless beast, whose

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half-shut eyes he could see winking at him. He lay extended upon the limb, his forward feet spread out at full length, on which rested his small round head, with little ears falling back almost flat, his hind legs drawn up under his body, and his flexible tail hanging a short distance beneath the bough. The dark reddish color of the hair of his skin, dashed with blackish tints, harmonized and blended well with the hue of the bark, so that at a distance, to an unpracticed eye, he appeared like a huge excrescence on the tree, or a large butt of a branch that had lodged in its fall.

The young man did not hesitate what to do. He had come prepared for meeting with wild animals, and felt too much confidence in himself to fear the encounter. He approached so as to be just without reach of the spring of the creature, and levelling his piece, while he could see the cougar shut its eyes and cling closer to the limb, fired. The sound of the gun rang through the ancient forest, and in an instant the beast, jumping from the limb, fell at his feet. So sudden was this, that Arundel had hardly time to withdraw the weapon from his shoulder, before the animal had made the spring. The first impulse of the youth on finding the ferocious brute thus near, was to club his gun and strike it on the head; and now he discovered that it was wounded in one of the forward legs, which hung helplessly down. But the wound, instead of disabling or intimidating, only inflamed the ferocity of the creature. It made repeated attempts to jump upon its foe, which, in spite of the crippled condition of its leg and the loss of blood, Arundel found it difficult to elude. Active as he was, and though he succeeded occasionally in inflicting with his hunting-knife a wound upon the beast, he soon began to suspect that, notwithstanding he had thus far escaped with some inconsiderable scratches, the powers of endurance of the formidable forest denizen were likely to exceed his own. The combat had lasted some time, when, as the young man endeavored to avoid

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the leap of the panther by jumping to one side, his feet struck against some obstacle and he fell upon his back. In an instant the enraged beast, bleeding from its many wounds, was upon his prostrate person, and his destruction appeared inevitable. With a desperate effort, he struck with the hunting-knife at the panther, who caught it in its mouth, the blade passing between its jaws and inflicting a slight wound at the sides, so slight as not to be felt, and stood with its unhurt paw upon his breast, powerless to do mischief with the other, and glaring with eyes of flame upon its victim. At the instant when the panther, shaking the knife out of its mouth, was about to gripe, with open jaws, the throat of the young man, it suddenly bounded with a cry into the air, almost crushing the breath out of the body of its antagonist, and giving him an opportunity to rise. When Arundel stood upon his feet, he beheld the panther in the agonies of death—an arrow sticking in one eye and an Indian striking it with a tomahawk upon the head, for which great agility and quickness were necessary in order to avoid the paw and teeth of the creature in its dying struggles. These soon became less violent, until, with a shudder, the limbs relaxed, and it lay motionless and harmless.

Arundel now advanced to thank for his timely succor the Indian, who stood quite still looking at him. He was apparently less than thirty years of age, tall and well formed, with a countenance expressive of nobleness and generosity. His attire consisted only of breech-cloth and leggins, with no covering for the upper part of his person—a garb offering fewest obstructions to his movements through the forest. In his hand he held a bow; a quiver full of arrows was slung across his back; the tomahawk was returned to the girdle around his loins, and a knife hung by a deer-sinew from his neck.

"The arrow was well aimed," said Arundel, "that saved my life. How can I thank my brother?"

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"Waqua is satisfied," replied the Indian, in very imperfect English, which we shall not attempt to imitate.

"You are my preserver," said Arundel, "and shall not find the white man ungrateful."

"Enough," answered the Indian. "Let wild beasts find some other food than men."

"It was a strong hand as well as true aim that sent this arrow," said the young man, drawing the shaft out of the animal's brain, in which the barbed point, coming off, remained behind, "and I must furnish you at least another arrow."

"Waqua has plenty of arrows in his quiver, and can get more."

"Thou art an independent fellow," exclaimed Arundel; "but there is one thing I have to offer thee which thou must accept—that is, my hand, and it is a sign that I will be thy brother."

There was something in the action and expression of Arundel's face that was irresistibly attractive to the Indian. He took the offered hand into both of his and replied,

"Waqua gives his two hands to the white man. He loves the white man, and the Great Spirit sent Waqua to protect his brother."

"Thou hast established a claim to my friendship stronger than often exists. Be sure we will be friends. My brother is on a hunting path. What success has he?"

"A deer," replied Waqua, stepping into a bush, returning with the carcass on his shoulder, and throwing it upon the ground.

"Is my brother's lodge distant?"

"It would not tire a new born fawn to run the distance. My white brother shall see the wigwam of Waqua, and rest his limbs, and then Waqua will go with him to the lodges of the white men at Shawmut."

It was yet early in the day. There was no need of hurry, and

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the wish of the Indian of itself was enough. It would have been indeed ungracious to deny acquiescence to one who had just saved his life, and Arundel therefore at once signified his assent. But before they started, the Indian with the knife which he took from his neck, despoiled the panther of its skin. Throwing it then across his shoulders on top of the deer's carcass, he led the way out of the path in a direction different from that in which Arundel had been travelling.

It was truly as Waqua had said, and a few moments sufficed to reach his habitation. It stood by itself, near the margin of the Charles river, which empties into Massachusetts Bay, and was merely a rough hunting lodge, made of bark, yet so constructed as effectually to answer the purpose for which it was designed during the milder months. Doubtless in winter it was deserted for the more comfortable wigwam in the village.

Arrived at his dwelling, Waqua took down some skins suspended on one side, and spreading them upon the ground, courteously invited his companion to a seat. Arundel was glad to rest after his late violent conflict, and availed himself of the opportunity to brush off the dirt, and re-arrange his torn and disordered dress. Meanwhile, Waqua kindled a fire, and cutting off some bear steaks, threw them on the glowing coals. The exercise and danger of Arundel had given him an appetite, and with no little interest he watched the process. The meal was soon ready, and justice done to it by both; and upon its conclusion, it became apparent that it was not on its account only that Waqua had desired to return to his wigwam. It was also to make some alteration in his toilette, therein betraying that fondness for ornament which is equally active in the savage and in the civilized exquisite. For the garments he had worn, others were substituted of finer quality, and more showy appearance. Over his shoulders was thrown a robe of beaver skins; in his hair were stuck some red feathers, and from his ears hung pen-

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dants carved out of bone, into a rude imitation of birds. Belts of wampompeag encircled the arms above the elbow, and fell over the robe, hanging down the shoulders. The preparation was completed by painting the cheeks and forehead vermillion. Thus decorated, with bow in hand, an ornamented quiver on his back, and tomahawk in girdle, Waqua considered himself fit to be presented at any court in the world.

Nor when he advanced, conscious of the improvement in his appearance, and stepping as though he were lord of the unbounded wilderness, did Arundel attempt to conceal his admiration of the forest Apollo. Waqua remarked it in the other's eyes, and a gleam of satisfaction lighted up his face. Throwing the deer he had killed over his shoulder, and taking a small bundle of skins in his hand, the Indian preceded his companion on their way to the settlement.

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CHAPTER VIII.

"Absit, quoth the doctor."

DON QUIXOTE.

UPON arriving at the little town of Boston, Arundel made the Indian promise to return to him at the ordinary or inn where he had his quarters, after the furs and venison should be disposed of. Waqua was glad to make the promise, and the two separated; the one, directing his steps towards his lodging; and the other, to seek a purchaser for his commodities. Arundel was anxious to express his gratitude, and, besides, was interested by the talk of the child of the forest; while Waqua, on his part, was evidently disposed to meet any advances.

Eleazar Nettles, the worthy host of the Ship-tavern, who stood at the door of the low rambling building, welcomed his lodger with all the cordiality he could throw into a face originally not ill-looking or unpleasing, but which, in consequence of practising an appearance of mortification, (in order to stand well with the grave citizens), which neither belonged to the calling wherein he was engaged, nor by nature to itself, seemed an odd mixture of earthly depravity and of heavenly grace. Not that Eleazar was a bad fellow. Nature had originally enclosed in his dumpy body a good-humoured soul enough, and, in a less austere community,

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where the bent of his disposition might have had fair play, he would have been a rather jolly dog. He was, however, a victim of fate. By what disastrous chance his lot was cast in that grim-visaged region, has never been satisfactorily explained, but being once in it, and a publican by profession, it was necessary to conform to the habits and manners of those about him, unless he desired to see his license taken away, and himself a suspected person, as well as without employment. These prudential considerations contending with Eleazar's nature, had sobered the otherwise mirthful features of his face, and made him present the appearance of a merry and a sad man rolled into one, each striving for the mastery, and each alternately achieving victory, according to circumstances. The merry man was safe in the presence of Arundel, and, therefore, his mouth dissolved into a pleasant chuckle as he welcomed him.

"It is a joy and an honor, Master Arundel," he said, "to see again a discreet young gentleman like yourself, whose spirits—ahem!—are lively as my own ale, and yet chastised by a godly 'havior. You must have had something of a walk this morning. What refreshment may it please you to take?"

While uttering this speech, he had been busy ushering into the tap or common reception room the young man, who, by the time it was finished, was seated.

"Thy guess hits the mark, mine host," he said; "but what is fitting I leave to thy discretion. Thou shalt prescribe like a physician."

"Thou art a sweet-tempered gentleman, and easily satisfied," answered the host, "and I should be no better than a heathen salvage to abuse thy goodness. To begin, I have some of the famosest malt liquor that ever ran down throat with a relish."

"Avaunt, with thy detestable malt liquors. You inveigled me once into tasting the decoction, and methinks that should satisfy thee, if not me. Thou wilt hardly succeed a second

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time. It will never do. Thy cellar contains something better, to my knowledge."

"As you say," replied the landlord, (whose habit was to recommend his ale to those who he knew would not take it, in order, perhaps, to make his wines taste the better, by consideration of the contrast)—"as you say, Master Arundel, my malt liquor, though the best in the country, is not for high-bred gentlemen like yourself. I have Spanish wines, and French wines, and wines from Italy, and from the Canaries, and"—

"Any will do," said Arundel, knowing that a single kind was made to play the part of vintages from all parts of the world; "so be prompt, good man, for my thirst increases."

While the publican, whose business was not sufficiently large to warrant him to employ a tapster, was absent, Arundel looked round the apartment to see what company was present. At no great distance from where he sat were half-a-dozen persons, some of whom, by their dress, seemed to be sailors, and others citizens. As he turned to look at them, two or three, who were his acquaintances, saluted him; and the conversation, which his entrance had a little interrupted, flowed again with a full current.

"A queer bit of a town, good-man Fairweather, the saints have built up for themselves," exclaimed a man in a sailor's jacket. "Do you know what it looks like to me?"

"How should I know, Capt. Sparhawk, how Boston looks to you?" answered the man addressed.

"That depends upon the strength of the liquor, methinks," said a third.

"That answer, Billy Pantry," said the Captain, "for a lubber that knows not the difference between the futtock shrouds and Jacob's ladder, and whose head is so little and his paunch so big, is what my old schoolmaster called a Lucy—Lucy—damn the other part of the name—there I miss stays, by Neptune!—anyhow, it begun with a Nat, but there was more of it."

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"Natwood," suggested Billy Pantry. "I know a Polly Natwood in Suffolk, one of the completest wenches"—

"If she was not completer than thy wit," interrupted the Captain, "her figure-head was left unfinished. But, avast there; we are drifting off soundings. Where was I? Aye; belay, I have it. I was telling you what your beggarly town looks like."

"Aye, but about Lucy," said another, who had not spoken before, and whose perception looked dimly out of his hazy eyes! "I should like to hear first about her. I always liked the women."

"Hear old Wheat," cried the Captain—"the wicked villain. All the knowledge he has of the women, I'll be qualified on the main brace, is what he got from Betty Quickfist when she hit him a cuff on the ear for his impudence, and twisted it out o' shape, as ye may see without taking a quadrant for the observation."

"Why," said Billy Pantry, turning his mess-mate's head about, "his two ears are much alike, and, as you say, Captain, lop damnably; so he must have caught it on both of them, though this one here, away to windward, looks as if it had been cut off and stuck on again."

"Shut up your duff-trap," said Wheat, gruffly, "or I'll send your teeth on a cruise down your throat."

"Come, come," cried the Captain, "I choose to do all the quarreling for this company. How now, my masters, is there to be no discipline when my foot is off the quarter-deck? If another man speaks above his breath, by the beard of father Neptune, I will stop his grog. Where was I? Let me take the latitude once more. Aye, here away bearing up to tell how I liked this prig of a town."

"Blast my tarry top-lights and to'gallant eyebrows. Do you call this a town?" demanded Bill. "Folk does not call a thing like this a town in old Hingland."

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"Aye, old England forever," cried the Captain, standing up. "Boys, fill your cups all round, and we will drink a health to our dear old mammy."

"I should like to pleasure you, Captain," said one of the citizens, "and will drink in all reason till sundown, but there is a law against drinking healths."

"I suppose there will be a law next," exclaimed the Captain, "against eating, and that will finish the job. The rest of you may do as you like, but Jack Sparhawk never yet was afraid of any man, and is not going now to strike his peak to Admiral Winthrop. So here's a toast for ye:

"'Prosperity to England's friends!
Perdition to her foes!
Heaven to herself! to hell she sends
All Spaniards and Crapeaus!'"

Saying this, he drained his cup. "And now, boys, about this little starched old maid of a town ——"

"There you are, in a fog, Captain," interrupted Pantry. "How can it be an old maid, when, on every tack, half a dozen children, like so many porpoises, come across your bows?"

"Any wit but thine own would easily box that compass," answered the Captain. "But talking is thirsty business, and we will have up another bottle. Halloa, old Nettletop, bear a hand with some more of your weak-waters. What do you stand gaping there for, like a chicken with the pip? Off with you. And now, while old Thistle is rummaging the locker, I will give you my mind about this matter of ——"

But, alas! an incident now occurred which has deprived posterity forever of the invaluable opinion of Captain Sparhawk respecting the appearance of Boston in 16—, and of his explanation of the phenomenon suggested by Bill.

Some five or ten minutes before, a grave looking personage, with a long staff in his hand, had stolen quietly into the room,

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unnoticed by any one but Arundel—the landlord being absent at the time—and taken a seat where he could overhear the conversation. Upon mine host's return, and noticing the stranger, he exhibited some embarrassment, and endeavored to catch the attention of the drinking party without attracting that of the new comer. His efforts, however, were in vain, and assuming an air of deep mortification, he waited for what should happen. Upon being required by the Captain to supply more wine, he had shaken his head, which it seems was not taken much notice of by the sailor, and was preparing to reply, when he was anticipated by the stranger. Lifting up his staff, and pointing with it at the table, he said,

"Furnish no more strong liquor, good man Nettles, to these carousers. Methinks they have already had more than enough for their souls' or bodies' health."

"I will not gainsay thee, master Prout," said the host, "and will obey, as becometh a man who respects thee and thine office; but the wine is good and can do no harm, as thou mayest convince thyself by trial. I will pour thee out a cup."

"Nay," said Master Prout, "I need it not. I do stand amazed," he added, bending his brows severely on the host, "that thou, a man professing godliness, and one of the congregation, shouldst administer to the carnal appetite till the graceless sinner is converted into a swine."

"Dear Master Prout, be not so hard on a friend. I knew not the strength of my wine, or that these strangers were so unaccustomed to drinking. The wine hath been but lately bought, being part of the cargo of the Abstemious, and thou knowest I indulge not, else I should have been acquainted with its potency, and regulated things accordingly. But thou seest the six have drunk only so many poor bottles."

"Enough, goodman Nettles," answered Prout. "Remove, now, these incitements to temptation, and after that will I drop a word of friendly advisement into the ears of these offenders."

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During this conversation a profound silence had prevailed at the table—the three citizens recognising in the intruder one whose authority it would be folly to resist, and the sailors apparently confounded at the boldness of the interference, and curious to hear what should pass between the landlord and his dictatorial visitor. But when mine host, in obedience to an order from the latter, began to take away the bottles and cups, Captain Sparhawk, who had sat leaning on his elbow upon the table and eyeing the two, now seemed to think that his dignity required some interference on his part.

"How now, my masters," he exclaimed. "What coil is this? Are we to be boarded in this piratical way, and see all our stores and provisions captured without a blow? Run up the red cross, Wheat. Call all hands to repel boarders, and follow me."

"Cease thy papistical babble; it doth vex my soul more even than thy drunkenness," cried Master Prout.

"Papist in thy teeth and drunkenness to boot," exclaimed the excited captain, at the same time striking at Master Prout, who, however, easily eluded the blow of the intoxicated man.

The other two sailors now manifested some intention of coming to the assistance of their superior, but were held back by the citizens, and restrained, moreover, by a knowledge of the formidable power of Master Prout, who was well known as a sort of censor or guardian of the morals of the place, appointed by the magistrates.

"Keep quiet, man," said Prout, pushing the obstreperous captain back into his seat, "or thy mazzard and my staff may become better acquainted than will be altogether agreeable. Do thou hold him, good man Nettles, as being in some wise accountable for his condition. So shalt thou, also, partake of the savory crumbs of advice which it is my intention to bestow on this man of Belial and his companions."

Master Prout, thereupon drawing a chair, placed it immedi-

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ately in front of the captain, and seated himself, while mine host held the delinquent fast. The functionary paid no attention whatever to the exclamations and ejaculations of the sailor, which, furious at first, gradually died away until they ceased entirely, but went on steadily with his speech.

"Thou art a stranger," he said, "and therefore am I the more disposed to overlook thy transgression, seeing that thou art not acquainted with the manners of the godly town of Boston, and art not yet prepared to realize thy privilege in being permitted to visit it. Moreover, I see by thy garments and speech that thou art one of those who go down to the sea in ships, and who, though they behold the wonders of the deep, are, for the most part, unaffected by the mighty works of Him at whose word the stormy wind ariseth, or at His rebuke chasteneth itself into a calm. But thou art a man having within thee an immortal soul, and my spirit is troubled exceedingly, and my bowels are like to burst within me, when I behold thee given over to folly. Hearken thou, for my lips shall utter judgment, and thine ears shall drink in understanding.

"Behold here, in this Boston, have godly fugitives from oppression, men whose faces are set as steel against all evil, set up their habitations, to be an enduring city unto the Lord; and, within our borders, may no scoffer or profane person, as was Esau, nor riotous liver, abide. But the necessities of our position do in some wise constrain us, for trade and other useful purposes, to allow communication with them who are not of our way of thinking. Therefore do we grant unto them free entrance, for a time, into our Canaan, sobeit they observe the limits of decent moderation, and vex not our souls beyond Christian patience, hoping, moreover, that, seeing our righteous example, they may be converted from their evil ways, and trusting that the Lord will preserve us from defilement. But we hold not ourselves bound to tolerate rioting and drunkenness, which are not convenient,

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but contrariwise, to restrain them by the sword of the magistrate, if need be. Of both these thou art, unhappily, guilty, inasmuch as thou didst forget where thou art, and wert mindful only of the customs of thy heathen companions at home; and were I extreme to mark what is done amiss, surely thy punishment were heavy. But this is thy first offence, and I hope will be thy last; therefore say I unto thee, go and sin no more, especially as thy fault is not of public notoriety, and goodman Nettles and thy friends, for their own sakes and this good youth (turning to Arundel) and myself, to avoid scandal, will keep silence thereupon. I pass over thy rude and silly speeches as proceeding not from thyself, but from the evil spirit of wine that mastered and made a fool of thee. Henceforward, while remembering our mercy, dread our justice, shouldst thou be tempted a second time to offend."

Having thus spoken, Master Prout rose, and deliberately clapping his steeple-crowned hat upon his head, stalked demurely out of the apartment, satisfied that after his rebuke the company would be unable to obtain any more strong potations. In this supposition he was perfectly correct—goodman Nettles too thoroughly understanding his own interest and the character of the man to venture to disobey him; for though Master Prout felt friendly to the publican, as was evident, there were some things he would not overlook, and no offence could be committed more heinous than disregarding his orders. Captain Sparhawk, who, toward the close of the Puritan's address, had been subdued into a most unwilling silence, manifested, as soon as it was finished, a desire to reply; but the host placed his hand on the recusant's mouth, and compelled him to be silent.

"Art mad?" he whispered. "Dost wish to ruin me, and have thine ears nailed to the whipping-post, and perhaps cut off? Remember thou art at Boston, and not in old England. Here, men drink in a godly manner, and use the gifts of Providence as not

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abusing them, and not like blinded papists, or as some say, like them of the Church of England; but I am more liberal, as becomes one of my profession. Be thankful for the clemency of Master Prout, a worthy man, and a considerate, whose advice is like silver nails driven in by the master of assemblies."

Thus continued, in this strain, the astute landlord, until Master Prout had left the house, and was out of hearing, when he released the captain, and allowed him liberty of speech.

If the publican had expected a burst of angry language from the sailor, he was agreeably disappointed. So far from venting his feelings in that way, the worthy captain seemed now to consider all that had happened as a capital joke, and broke out in a hearty laugh.

"Queer country, my men, this," he said, "where a meddlesome tipstaff will not let a true-blooded Englishman pay toll to his Majesty's excise. But old Sour-chops is gone, and we will have 'tother bottle now to drink better manners to him; so bear a hand, Nettle, Thistle, or whatever you call yourself."

"I dare not give you more wine for the present," said the host. "Master Prout's authority is absolute in this matter, and not a drop from spigot or bottle runs on your account. Be reasonable, noble captain," he continued, seeing that the sailor was disposed to insist on his demand, "and consider that in refusing thee, I do in some sort prejudice myself for our mutual benefit."

Here the companions of the captain interfering, and the citizens, in particular, insisting that on no account would they drink more, the refractory Sparhawk, after some growls at the "queer country," was obliged to submit, and soon after, paying the reckoning, took leave with his company.

The scene was not altogether new to Arundel, who had looked on with amused interest. It was not the first time when he had seen the official in the exercise of his somewhat arbitrary au-

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thority, order away, like the physician of Sancho Panza in his famous government of Barrataria, the goblet, just as it was about to be carried to the lips of the expecting guest. He had before laughed at the stare of bewildered disappointment of the astonished toper, and the subdued humor of Master Prout, hardly concealed by his austere exterior, but he felt no disposition to censure the severity of the regulation. It was of the utmost importance, as well for the peace and good order of the colony, as in accordance with the principles of self-denial and virtuous living on which it was founded, that every disorder should be checked in the bud. Considering the variety of adventurers, of all shades of character, from the religious enthusiast, seeking in unknown regions, invested with strange charms by a heated imagination, the kingdom of saints upon earth; which he had vainly hoped to erect in the old world, down to the reckless freebooter, whose life had been passed in wild indulgence, unrestrained by law, human or divine, whom chance or design had thrown upon their coast, it is obvious that a vigilant eye and strong hand were necessary to note and repress every incipient sign of irregularity or turbulence.

Yet did the host sigh as he dropped into a seat at the departure of the company. With one eye fixed upon a heavenly and the other on an earthly treasure, he was counting up in his mind the crowns he had lost by the intrusion of Master Prout, and at the same time lamenting the depravity of men who could bear no more than a bottle of wine apiece.

"Master Arundel," he said at length, "I do admire the wisdom—ahem—of the worshipful magistrates in the care they take of the citizens and visitors of our godly town. By the appointment of Master Prout to the office which he doth sometimes exercise with somewhat of rigor, they do, too, in a manner avouch the value of my calling, and their desire to countenance it, and that in agreement with Scripture, for is it not written

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that He hath given wine to gladden man's heart? Nevertheless, methinks, being one of the congregation, a modicum might be left to mine own judgment in regard to the capacity of my guests. Not that I care about the two or three pieces whereof his interference hath deprived me—ahem—but the feelings of godly men who know best what is good for them, are hurt needlessly oftentimes. The wine is good, as can be proved by our own virtuous citizens, who have not injured themselves by early rioting, and are able, as a reward of their youthful temperance, to drink twice as much as this Captain Sparhawk, who hath probably, in a measure, injured his constitution by indulgence in bad liquors. Man is truly a fallen creature," concluded goodman Nettles, heaving a deep sigh,—"ahem—or such wine could never affect him."

Arundel felt no inclination to discuss the subject, and soon retired to his apartment.

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CHAPTER IX.

"With wild surprise,
As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
A stupid moment motionless."

THOMSON'S SEASONS.

A COUPLE of hours elapsed before Waqua made his appearance, after disposing of his skins and venison. He had exchanged them for such articles as his savage taste fancied, among which Arundel noticed a small mirror, in a brass frame, hung like a medal on his breast, and a red woollen sash tied around his waist. As the Indian, thus bedecked, entered the room, it was with an increase of dignity becoming one possessed of such splendid ornaments, whereat, however, Arundel found it difficult to repress a smile. But it was important to the maintenance of their new friendship that no such levity should be perceived, which might have aroused the resentment of the savage. Suppressing then the feeling, and regarding his tawny friend with a face of welcome, the young man said:

"You look bravely, Sachem; it is a pity the Indian girls do not see you."

"They will see," said the Indian, "when Waqua returns to his village. Look," he continued, presenting the mirror to Arundel, and, unable to conceal his admiration, "it is a still spring in an open plain."

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"You will not be obliged now to leave the wigwam and seek the clear water when you wish to paint your face."

"Waqua thanks the white man," said the Indian, gazing admiringly at himself in the mirror, "for the clear frozen water which he can carry with him wherever he goes. Waqua will never more be alone, for whenever he pleases he may look into the bright frozen water and see a warrior. Let me behold my brother in the wonderful medicine."

He held up the glass to Arundel, and laughed, as he saw the reflection.

"My brother's face is now in the frozen water," he said, "and whenever I look into it, I shall see my brother as well as Waqua."

"And trust me, Waqua, that I will be a true friend unto thee. I do begin to think that the extraordinary liking of the knight for thy race is not misplaced."

"Speaks my brother of Soog-u-gest, of the white chief who lives away from his people in the forest?"

"I speak of the Knight of the Golden Melice, of him whom the Indians call Soog-u-gest, or the eagle. I had left his lodge but a short time when Heaven sent thee to my aid."

"The tall, white chief, men say, is not like other white men. He loves the forest children, and they love him."

"Love begets love, and one noble quality attracts another. But it is my turn, Waqua, to show you hospitality; and to a strong, healthy fellow like you, dinner, methinks, can never come amiss."

The meal which, upon the order of Arundel, was served up, seemed to meet with the unqualified approbation of the Indian. Yet this is an inference derived, not from the manner in which he partook of the repast, but from the quantity which he ate. Although unacquainted with the mode of using a knife and fork, and, therefore, compelled to depend upon the instruments fur-

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nished by nature, there was nothing in his conduct that resembled ill-breeding. He accepted, with a grave courtesy, whatever was offered, eating deliberately, and expressing no preference for one thing over another. His entertainer fancied that, from time to time, he cast a stolen glance, as if watching motions in order to accommodate himself to them. However that may be, the young white man was greatly pleased with the untutored politeness of his red companion, and desirous to please him in all respects, did not deny his guest the stimulus of strong water; taking care, nevertheless, that the wine drunk should be in too small quantities to affect him injuriously. Of this, Waqua partook with peculiar zest, and it is fortunate that he had one more prudent than himself to stop him before temperate indulgence became excess. For so great is the delight which the Indian temperament derives from the use of intoxicating drinks, that it is difficult to regulate the appetite. Brought up without much self-control, if civilization be taken as a standard,—regardless of the past, heedless of the future, and mindful only of the present,—the wild child of nature quaffs with eager joy the fire-water, which seems to bring him inspiration, and to extend the bounds of existence.

"Waqua knows," said the savage, holding up his cup at the end of the meal, "that the Great Spirit loves his white children very much, else never would he have given them the dancing fire-water that streams through me like the sun through morning clouds."

"Beware," said Arundel, "that it be not more like the lightning, which marks its path with destruction. But, Waqua, come thou now with me. I saw no red cloth in thy lodge, and there was but little paint in thy pot, and I know where there is plenty."

"My brother is an open hand, and will make Waqua's wigwam as gay as the breast of the Gues-ques-kes-cha."

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With these words, the Indian followed Arundel into the street, walking in his tracks, and the two pursued their way in the direction of one of the principal store-houses.

The street led directly by the house of the Assistant Spikeman, and, as they passed, the eyes of the young man were busy, as was natural, to discover traces of his mistress. Nor was he doomed to disappointment. As he came opposite, a casement opened, a small white hand was thrust out, and beckoned to him. Thus invited, Arundel stepped within the door, whither he was followed by the savage. In those days, the simple forest children thought there was no harm in asking for a hospitality they were ever ready to grant themselves, and which they considered a duty; nor inasmuch as they never attempted to take away anything by violence, but thankfully accepted whatever was offered to them, were their visits generally discouraged. Indeed, the importance of treating them with indulgence was sedulously inculcated by both elders and magistrates, as being conducive to their own security as well as from higher motives. The expediency of such conduct was so obvious that few were found to disregard it. Hence the Indians, on their visits to the settlement, were accustomed, if they wanted food, or to enter the houses for any other purpose, to step in with the same freedom almost as into their own wigwams. If now and then a circumstance occurred inconsistent with the sacred duty of hospitality, it was not considered as reflecting disgrace upon the whole community, but only on the sordid churl who was the occasion of it, and whose domicile was ever afterwards carefully avoided.

The young man and his dusky companion were met by Prudence, who, while conducting them into a room, whispered:

"Why, Master Miles, who expected to see you? People said you was ever so far away in the woods, living with bears and wolves. Have you got one here?"

"Poh, poh! pretty Prudence, no one hath better reason to

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look for me than thyself, seeing thy message brought me. As for my copper friend, he is the gentlest savage that ever took a scalp. Do not be frightened, and clap thy hand on thy head: he will none of thine. But thy mistress, where is she?"

"I declare, Master Miles, you have scared almost all the breath out of my body. Oh! how my heart beats! Follow me quick, for I want to get out of the way."

"Waqua will wait for his brother here," said the young man, turning to his follower, whose eyes he noticed were fastened on a full length portrait hanging on the wall; "for which reason," he added, "and, during my absence, may make acquaintance with the venerable ancestor of Master Spikeman, who hath followed his descendant's fortunes across the sea."

He waited for no reply, such was his impatience to see his mistress; but, preceded by Prudence, hastily left the apartment, and was ushered into the presence of the young lady.

One who saw Eveline Dunning would never have wondered that her lover had followed her to the new world. She was one of those charming beings who are irresistibly attractive—whom to behold is to love, and whose presence "clothes the meanest thing in light." Her features were regular, her complexion delicate and brilliant, her eyes blue and sparkling, and her hair of a rich brown. Those blue eyes were commonly calm and soft, though there were times when they could kindle up and flash, and the full red lips became compressed, hinting at an energy of character which required only circumstances to call it forth into exercise. Her person was of the ordinary height, and most perfectly formed, and she moved with a grace which only faultless proportions and high breeding can impart.

"My Eveline, my best and my dearest," said Arundel, imprinting a kiss upon the blushing cheek she nevertheless offered him, even before the considerate Prudence had retired, shutting the door after her, "how blessed am I, once more to breathe the air sweetened by thy breath."

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He led her to a seat, and, retaining her hand, sat down by her side.

"And how dearly I love to have thee near me, Miles," she answered; "the perils I make thee encounter for my sake too plainly tell."

"Nay, sweet, the danger is only in thy imagination. Conscious that the right is on our side, we may defy Master Spikeman and all his wicked devices, certain that we shall yet triumph over them."

"Would that I felt thy confidence, but sometimes I am quite sad."

"Dearest Eveline, why thus cast down?" exclaimed Arundel, looking at her anxiously and kissing off a tear. "Has anything happened? What makes thee unhappy? Of what art afraid?"

"Not cast down, not unhappy, not afraid, Miles, but anxious on thy account, and weary of imprisonment. My jailer hath lately dropped some threats respecting thee which have filled me with apprehension, and it was in consequence of my grief thereat, and of something I said, that Prudence, without my knowledge, sent thee a message, as she afterwards told me."

"And I hope thou art not angry with her for being the cause of my present happiness?"

"I feel not like chiding her or any one," answered Eveline, smiling, "but would speak seriously during the few moments we are together. Oh! Miles, I have it from a sure hand, (though thou must not inquire thereafter), that Master Spikeman is endeavoring to poison the minds of the Governor and of the Assistants with false reports against thee, such as that thou art disaffected against the government. Oh! Miles, be prudent; for if anything were to happen to thee it would make me very unhappy."

"The lying varlet! the cozening knave!" exclaimed the young man, indignantly. "So this is the way whereby he designs to ac-

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complish his purpose! But I defy his machinations. I have an advantage over him whereof he knows not."

"What is that, Miles?" inquired Eveline, seeing that he hesitated.

"He, whose the right is, hath every advantage over him in the wrong," answered her lover, rather evasively; "but would that I could persuade thee to cut the Gordian knot and put an end to this torturing suspense, by flying with me, and giving me a lawful right to be thy protector according to the wishes of thy father."

"Cease, Miles, and do not importune me in a matter wherein the impulses of my heart make me but too ready to forget the suggestions of prudence."

"But how long mean you to submit to this unjust violence?"

"I know not. Be assured, however, that nothing but dire necessity shall induce me to take a step, the thought of which burns my cheeks with blushes."

"Do you distrust me, Eveline?" said Arundel, reproachfully.

"No; but it becomes Eveline Dunning; it becomes one whom thou hast thought worthy to be sought for across a stormy ocean; it becomes the descendant of a long line of honorable ancestors; it becomes a woman, whether in the thickly peopled city or in the wilderness, among strangers or with her own kindred, to avoid even the appearance of evil. Much will I endure, and long will I bear my thraldom, before I will allow the thought of such a mode of deliverance to harbor in my mind."

"My judgment tells me thou art right, Eveline, however much my heart rebels; but is there no emergency which can make thee cast off this slavery?"

"None such has arisen, and whatever difficulties may harrass me, I hope to be equal to them."

"And years, long years, may drag along with weary feet, while we are wasting our youth in hopeless sighs over the tyranny of

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a heartless villain, lingering in this dreary land, where a smile is a vanity and a light heart a crime."

"Does it pain thee so much," inquired Eveline, half reproachfully, "to remain in the wilderness?"

"Nay, lovely one, where thou art is no wilderness, but a paradise. Hither I came, attracted by the love that binds my soul to thine, and this land will I never leave alone. A cabin with thee in these wilds were better than a palace ungraced by thy presence."

"I thank thee, Miles, and thy words strengthen my courage. So long as thou feelest thus, I cannot be unhappy. But shouldst thou ever change; shouldst thou weary of the delays and vexations which thy love for Eveline Dunning doth impose, hesitate not to avow it, and thou shalt be free, though my heart break in bidding thee farewell."

"Eveline, dearest Eveline," cried her lover, catching her to his bosom, "how canst thou speak thus? He who hath found heaven will never voluntarily resign it."

But why pursue a discourse which can have but little interest except for the speakers? The reader will suppose the further conversation which would naturally take place between two young persons in their situation. Owing to the vigilance of Spikeman, it was a long time (so at least it seemed to them) since they had met, and the interview was sweeter for that reason. While the precious moments are flitting by them unheeded, let us return to Waqua.

The Indian was so absorbed in the contemplation of the portrait, that he paid no attention to the jesting observation made by Arundel as he left the room, but continued motionless, gazing fixedly upon it. It represented a man of middle age, of a stern and somewhat forbidding countenance, standing with the open palm of the right hand thrown forward, as if he were addressing the spectator. It was exceedingly well done,—so graceful was

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the attitude, so boldly stood out the figure, so admirable was the coloring, so illusive the air of life. It was the first portrait that Waqua had seen, and he very naturally mistook it for a living person.

Seeing, as he supposed, a man with eyes fastened on him, standing in an attitude soliciting attention, and as if only waiting until the conversation between those who entered should cease, to address him, Waqua, with instinctive politeness, had stopped, and looking full at the painting, awaited the speech. He was somewhat surprised and scandalized, under the circumstances, at the garrulity of his companions, and, to confess the truth, Arundel sunk considerably in his estimation. However, he made all allowances for the rude manners of the whites and differences of customs, though hardly restrained by such considerations from uttering a rebuke for the others' want of respect to age, and to the master of the house, for whom he took the picture. As, after Arundel and the girl left the apartment, the figure remained standing, with eyes fastened on Waqua, and his hand continually extended, the Indian, considering it an invitation to be seated, sat down in a chair. He expected now to be addressed, and modestly dropping his eyes waited for what should be said. Thus sat Waqua, until, surprised at the continued silence of the other, he raised his eyes, and beheld him still in the same position, with lips partly open, yet emitting no sound. The situation of the Indian now became more and more embarrassing, and he hesitated what course to pursue. Greatly perplexed, he turned the matter over and over, until finally he reached the conclusion that this was a mode of welcome among the white men, and that the politeness of the other kept him silent, in order that the visitor should first take up the word, in which opinion he was confirmed by the sedate and unmoved expression of the face. With such a notion occupying his mind, he rose from his seat, and throwing the beaver robe a little off the right shoulder to

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allow opportunity for gesticulation, he stood before the picture, and after a moment of grave thought addressed it.

"Waqua," he said, "is a young man, and ashamed to speak first in the presence of his elder; but the customs of the white men are very different from those of their red brethren, and perhaps among his white brothers the young men speak first that their folly may appear. Because he thinks his white brother desires him to speak, he will make a very little speech."

"The silent chief (so he called the picture, not knowing what other name to use) knows that Waqua is a friend, because he sees him in company with the white man who went away with the chief's daughter with the strawberry lips. Waqua only asks the hospitality of the silent chief, and permision to remain in his lodge till his friend returns."

Thus having spoken, Waqua gathered up his robe upon his shoulder, and awaited a reply.

But in vain. Still the figure preserved silence, and maintained the same immovable attitude, gazing on him with eyes from which there was no escaping, and which seemed to pierce into his soul. The uneasiness of Waqua increased. He felt no fear, but a confusion of thought which threatened to obscure entirely his faculties. The idea crossed his mind that the man was dumb, but that accounted only for the silence. Why the immobility? If he were dumb, at least he could walk, for well-formed limbs were visible. But the man was quite still, not even winking, only fastening his eyes steadfastly on his own. To the excited imagination of the Indian, the eyes began to assume a deeper sternness, and he found it more and more difficult to withdraw his own. Suddenly, a thought darted through his mind, which made him shiver all over, and spring from his seat. The idea of fascination caused the start. He had more than once beheld the black snake extended on the ground, charming, with his glittering eyes the anguished bird which, with fainter and fainter screams,

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striving to delay a fate it could not escape, kept flying round and round in constantly diminishing circles, until it fell into the jaws of the destroyer. The same fatal influence he had seen exercised upon rabbits and other small game, the prey of the snake, and he did not doubt that a like fascination was attempted to be practiced on himself, and that the man was a conjurer. The thought threw him into a rage, and he determined to take vengeance for the insult. Drawing, therefore, his tomahawk from his girdle and brandishing it over his head, he exclaimed,

"Waqua is a warrior, and not a bird to be made weak by a white medicine."

But before the enraged Indian could cast the weapon from his hand, he felt his arm suddenly arrested, and, turning, beheld the laughing face of Prudence Rix.

"Stop, stop!" cried the girl, hardly able to speak for merriment; "what are you going to do? It is not a man, but only a painting."

It is not probable that the Indian perfectly comprehended the explanation of Prudence, who, in spite of her affected fears, had been, without his knowledge, an amused spectator of his conduct; but her interposition had the effect to prevent any violence, especially, as upon looking again at the portrait, he felt no longer the awe which had oppressed him, and therefore knew that the charm had lost its power. He lowered the tomahawk to his side, and addressed himself to her.

"What white man ever entered the wigwam of Waqua and was not invited to a seat on his mat? Who can say that Waqua fastened his eyes on him like a snake?"

"But see," said the girl, advancing to the portrait, and passing her hand over its surface; "it is nothing but a cunning painting. Come and satisfy thyself."

Waqua complied, in part, with Prudence's invitation, feeling some contempt for a man who would permit such an indignity;

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and advancing to the picture regarded it with keen and inquisitive glances. He refused, however, to touch the figure, until Prudence, taking his hand in hers, placed it on the canvas. But no sooner did he feel the flat surface, than, uttering a cry of astonishment, he leaped backward, almost overturning Prudence in his haste, keeping his eyes on the picture, and ejaculating twice or thrice the expression, "Ugh!"

"What a simple saivage thou art," exclaimed Prudence. "I tell thee it cannot bite. It can neither hear nor see, and thou art a man to be scared by it!"

The Indian felt the taunt, conveyed quite as much in the tone as in the words, and without replying, but as if to show that he was above the feeling of fear, holding the tomahawk in one hand, he passed the other over the whole surface, as far as he could reach, winding up the achievement with eyes wild with wonder, and snorting out divers astonished "ughs!"

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CHAPTER X.

"Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—'this to me!'—he said."

MARMION.

AT this moment the Assistant Spikeman entered the room. His advance had been so noiseless that it was unobserved by either the girl or the Indian, so entirely were they engrossed by the adventure of the portrait.

"Whom have we here?" he exclaimed. "Methinks, Prudence, there are other parts of the dwelling more fit for such visitors."

"I desired to see," said the girl, evasively, "how a savage would act who never had beholden a painting. There is no great harm in that," she added, pouting.

"And doubtless he mistook it for a live man. Master Vandyke had skill, I trow, to deceive more learned eyes than those of a wild Indian. But, Prudence, thou knowest that I mean not to chide thee. Far different words arise spontaneously to my lips. But go, now, and I will pay the honors to thy red friend."

"He is no more friend of mine than I hope all the world are my friends," answered the girl, glad to get away to acquaint the lovers that Spikeman was in the house.

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"I wish," she muttered, as she closed the door, though not so loud as to be overheard, "that some folk were not so great friends of mine."

"Have my people given my friend anything to eat?" inquired the Assistant, on the departure of the girl.

"Waqua is not hungry," answered the Indian. "His white brother has fed him until he has no place for more."

"What thinks Waqua of the painted man?" asked the Assistant, observing that the eyes of the savage wandered every now and then to the painting.

"It is a great medicine," replied the Indian, noticing with admiration the resemblance between it and the Assistant, (whose father's portrait it was.) "My brother loved his father very much, and so, before he was called to the spirit land, my brother put him on a board, even as white men put faces in frozen water. But my brother is wiser, because he makes his father stay on the board, instead of disappearing like faces in frozen water."

"My brother is right," said the Assistant, not unwilling to avail himself of an opportunity to impress on the mind of the savage the superiority of the whites; "but he has seen little of the wisdom of the white man. It is a light thing to put a man upon a board, though at the same time he may be in the spirit land. It is wonderful to Waqua, but a white child understands it. If Waqua remains the friend of the white man, greater and more wonderful things shall he learn."

"Waqua is an Indian, with an Indian head, and he is afraid it is not big enough to hold all these things. It makes his head ache to think of them."

"My brother's head will grow. But will he follow me now into another part of my dwelling?"

The Indian made a gesture of assent, and the Assistant preceding him, the two went in the direction of the room where were Arundel and Eveline.

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Prudence, when she left Spikeman and Waqua together, had rushed in upon the lovers to apprise them of the Assistant's presence. The proud spirit of the young man revolted somewhat at the idea of stealing out of the house like a felon, and a little time was spent before the expostulations of Prudence and the entreaties of Eveline could prevail. And when he rose to leave, some time longer was consumed in tender leave-takings, which, though they seemed instants to the lovers, were lengthened almost into hours to the anxious waiting-maid. Hence it happened that when the door was opened, Arundel was confronted by the Assistant. Surprise and indignation were both expressed in the countenance of Spikeman, as he demanded to what circumstance he was indebted for the honor of the young man's company.

"Master Spikeman knows," answered Arundel, "without any averment on my part, that I came not to see him."

"It needs no declaration of thine to assure me of that," said Spikeman.

"I do nought," said Arundel, "which I will not avouch by both deeds and words. Plainly, I came to see Mistress Eveline Dunning, and strange indeed would it be, were I in this strange land to avoid her presence."

"Speak out the whole truth," said Spikeman, with rising passion, and avow that like a thief thou didst steal in to corrupt the affections of my ward, and teach her undutifulness to her guardian."

Before the young man could reply, Eveline interposed.

"You do Master Arundel wrong, sir," she said, "to charge him with aught unbecoming. He comes hither in open day, and that by my special invitation."

The eyes of the spirited girl flashed, and her cheeks were crimson, as she made the avowal.

"This from you, Eveline Dunning," exclaimed Spikeman, with

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ill-suppressed rage. "Have you so far forgotten the modesty of your sex as to make this declaration in public? I knew before, that this boy had bewitched you, but dreamed not that he had triumphed over all maidenly reserve."

There was something insufferably insulting, both in the tone and in the insinuation concealed in the language, which was not entirely understood by the pure mind of Eveline, but which was maddening to her lover.

"Only a base ingrate and liar," he cried, "would slander celestial purity. Master Spikeman knows that what he utters is false."

"Ha! darest thou, malapert boy," said Spikeman, advancing to Arundel with his arm raised, as if about to strike; but Waqua stepped between them. He had gravely listened to the heated conversation, and supposed he understood its purport.

"Let not the wise white man," he said, addressing Spikeman, "imitate a mad wolf in his anger. Give to my brother for his wife the girl whose cheeks are like the summer morning, for her heart has hid itself in his bosom."

The fury of Spikeman, thus bearded in his own house, was now directed to the savage. Anger appeared to have completely deprived him of reason, for turning upon the Indian with glaring eyes and exerting his strength to the utmost, he hurled him with irresistible force across the room against the wainscot, where his head struck a post, and he fell bleeding on the floor.

Waqua was instantly on his feet again, and his first motion was to clutch the tomahawk, but Arundel catching his arm, compelled him to desist from his revenge. Holding the savage by the arm, Arundel passed out of the apartment, leaving the Assistant standing as if petrified by his own violence, while Eveline, pale, yet resolute, had sunk upon a seat, and Prudence was hysterically shrieking. As soon as they stood in the street, Arundel said:

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"I am grieved, Waqua, that thou, on my account, shouldst have been the object of the ruffian's rage. Its possibility occurred not to me."

"Let not my brother grieve," said the Indian. "It is nothing; not so much as the scratch of a bear's paw."

"I take blame to myself for this day's unhappy violence, and hope that no further mischief may spring out of it. Will my brother grant me a favor?"

"The ears of Waqua are open," said the savage.

"Promise me, for my sake, to seek no revenge, but to leave it in my hands."

But the Indian looked moodily on the ground. "Waqua," he said, "will kill his enemies himself."

"If," continued the young man, "my brother knew that an attempt to punish the bad white man would bring ruin on the maiden and on me, would he be willing to destroy them too?"

"Waqua will do no harm to his brother."

"Waqua's heart and mine are one, and he has a wise head. He sees that the arms of the English are very long, and their hands strong, and he will not run into them, for they will crush him."

"My brother shall see the inside of Waqua. Let him look up. Behold, the sun shines because he is the sun, and the wind stirs the forest leaves because he is the wind, and water runs, and fire burns, because the Master of Life made them thus; and so the Indian will never forgive, for then would he cease to be an Indian. But Waqua will do nought to injure his brother."

With this unsatisfactory answer the young man was forced to content himself as well as he could, though his mind misgave him as to the possible consequences of the insult. He trusted, however, that Spikeman's knowledge of Indian character would place him sufficiently on his guard to make abortive any attempts against him, and determined to keep a watchful eye upon his

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wild companion for the present, and until time should have blunted sensibility to the injury. For this reason, and in order also to counteract, as far as might be, the effect of the incidents at the house of the Assistant, after purchasing the articles which they came out to procure, he took the savage with him on the visit to the Governor, which he had promised the knight to make. Nor is this a circumstance that should excite surprise; it being the policy of the colonists to cultivate the best understanding with the natives, to accomplish which object the latter were not only admitted into their houses, but sometimes even invited by the principal inhabitants to seats at their tables. They found Winthrop at home, and were admitted to his presence.

"Welcome, young friend," he exclaimed, "with England's red rose still blooming in thy cheeks; and a welcome, too, to my Indian brother."

"This, right worshipful sir," said Arundel, "is Waqua, to whom I owe my life, which he saved this morning from a panther."

"Ah!" said Winthrop, "one of the hazards not uncommon in our wild-beast-infested forest, and young blood is rash. But relate to me thine adventure."

Arundel was obliged to detail the circumstances of his escape, which he did with the greater pleasure, as contributing thereby to recommend his companion to the favorable consideration of so powerful a person as the Governor. At the conclusion of the narrative, Winthrop devoutly said:

"The praise be to Him to whom it justly belongs, and whose unsleeping Providence perpetually watches over us. Yet," he added, turning to the Indian, "be not the instrument forgotten by whom He manifested his favor. The life of a white man is very precious, and Waqua may ask much because he saved it."

"It is a small thing," replied the Indian. "My brother would have killed the beast himself without Waqua's arrow; it only saved him a little trouble."

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"How modest is ever true merit, Master Arundel," said Winthrop, "and that is noticeable in both civilized and savage. This community of feeling doth, as I take it, evidence, in connection with other matters, the truth revealed in the Scripture, (nature herself thereunto bearing witness,) that we are descended from one common parent, of whose qualities all do partake, even to the remotest generations. But, however desert may be disclaimed by thy preserver, it were shame, morally, as also censurable in another view, were I to show myself no sense of the obligation."

So saying, the Governor opened the desk before him, and taking therefrom a medal attached to a glittering chain, presented it to the Indian.

"Take it," he said, "and wear it in testimony that the white chief knows how to estimate thy service, and desires to cultivate thy friendship."

But the Indian held not out his hand to receive the proffered medal.

"Why dost hesitate?" inquired Winthrop, in some amazement, (for never had he known before an ornament, of which the savages are usually so fond, refused.) "Is there aught else that would pleasure thee more? Speak freely thy thoughts."

"Waqua thanks the white chief," replied the savage, softly, "but he wears only one totem, and that is one which cannot be taken from his neck. See!"

So saying, he threw open the folds of the robe of skins that covered his chest, and disclosed upon his naked bosom the picture of a turtle. It was painted upon or pricked into the skin in divers colors, so as to be indelible, and though rudely done, was sufficiently well executed to convey an idea which could not be mistaken of what was intended to be represented.

"Waqua," he continued, "will have but one totem, and it is that of his ancestors; but if the white chief desires to please

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Waqua, let him recollect and teach his people that the same Great Spirit made red men and white men, and wishes them to be brothers."

The sagacity of Winthrop penetrated the motive of the savage, and wonder at the refusal to accept the token was lost in admiration of the other's jealousy of whatever might imply a want of exclusive devotion to his tribe, or a placing of himself in a position inconsistent with perfect independence. He scrutinized the Indian with much more attention than he had at first bestowed upon him, and fancied that in his daring face he read an air of nobleness and command which at first he had not remarked.

"It troubles me, Waqua," he said, "to have thee refuse this badge of my friendship, and which would be a declaration to the world that thou wert my friend, and the friend of the white man, but sith it may not be, receive my promise that I will inculcate the maxim on my people, that we are all descended from the same heavenly father, and bound to love and to practice actions of mutual kindness. I were less, indeed, than Christian man were I to do otherwise."

"And now I have a petition to proffer to your excellency, and which lies very near to my heart, and without the granting whereof the life saved by Waqua will be of little value to me," said Arundel.

"A thing of moment, indeed; and with such a consequence following its rejection, a prayer which I cannot refuse."

"It is your reputation, honored sir, for justice, which emboldens me, who am but a comparative stranger, with no further claim to your consideration than one man has upon his fellow to do him right, to address you, and endeavor to secure your all-powerful interest in my behalf."

Here the eyes of the Governor fell with an inquiring look upon the Indian, and the mute appeal was understood by the young man.

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"I care not," he said, unwilling, by any appearance of a want of confidence, to hazard an interruption of the friendly relations existing between himself and the savage, in whom he already felt a considerable interest—"I care not if Waqua hears my story; he is my brother and may look into my heart."

A gratified expression crossed the countenance of Waqua, but, without a remark, he rose from his seat, and, with a delicacy little to be expected among the wild children of Nature, withdrew to a distant part of the room.

"It is better thus," said the Governor, "if thy complaint, as I partly suspect, touch a member of the Government. The secrets of a family should not be blazoned to the world. Our little Commonwealth is a family, and it becometh each one tenderly to guard the good repute of all."

"I crave your Excellency's pardon," said the young man, casting down his eyes at the rebuke, "for my imprudence; but your sagacity has already divined what forces me to fly to you for succor. It is of the unjustifiable conduct of the Assistant Spikeman I would speak."

"It is as I supposed. Something of this have I heard, but only as flying gossip, which it were unmanly in any one to heed; and which, as such, it were disgraceful in the ruler of a people to regard. But, if the charge come, bearing upon itself an authentic stamp, it is a different matter."

"The words which I shall utter I will avouch with my blood. A great and grievous wrong hath been committed and is continued, against which both Heaven and earth cry out."

"It is a heavy charge, and now to the proof."

Hereupon Arundel entered upon the particulars of the breach of faith on the part of Spikeman, and of the restraint exercised by him over Eveline; to all which Winthrop listened with profound attention, by neither word nor sign interrupting the narrative. Upon its conclusion, however, he began in the spirit of

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the profession wherein he had been educated, to ask questions and urge objections.

"Thou hast truly, Master Arundel," he said, "made out a case of great hardship, if the view taken by thee be correct; and, understand me, I doubt not thine entire sincerity. But what further testimony than that of the young lady hast thou, her representations being contradicted by Master Spikeman?"

"What!" cried the young man, with some warmth, "is not the word of Eveline sufficient to outweigh the prevarications of a thousand tricksters like this Spikeman?"

"This is no proper language," said Winthrop, a little sternly, "but *Amor semper cœcus*," he added, smiling. "This rule I take to be without exception. Am I to understand that thou hast no further proof?"

"There is the asseveration of Eveline Dunning, met only by the denial of the Assistant Spikeman, who would deny every truth, so only it were necessary for his purpose."

"Thou dost prejudice thy cause by want of moderation. It seemeth me, however, that Master Spikeman hath no necessity to join issue with thee on the facts, and that a bare demurrer were all-sufficient to throw thee out of court. Forgive me for inflicting this pain, but I do it not without a motive, which is to possess thee fully of the manner in which this matter is viewed by others."

"There is then no justice in this land," cried the young man.

"I have thus far," Winthrop went on without heeding the exclamation, "considered the case, under the supposition of a denial on the part of Master Spikeman (whom thou dost not deny to be the rightly constituted guardian of Mistress Dunning) of the facts which, in thy opinion, impose on him a duty to give thee his ward in marriage. But suppose, as I have said, he were to demur to thy declaration, that is to say, admit the truth of all thou hast said, but deny that any obligation resulted therefrom

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to comply with thy wishes, would thy condition be thereby bettered?"

"Admitting the facts, I see not how he could do otherwise than hasten to perform the desire of his deceased friend; but this he will never do, forsworn and treacherous that he is."

"Thus may passion speak, but not so the unprejudiced reason concerning thy difference with Master Spikeman. Might he not reply to thy reproaches—that it was only when Master Dunning was weakened by sickness that he did yield to importunity; but that in the days of unclouded health, and when the mind sat like a king upon his throne, he did steadily oppose thy union with his daughter, and then ask thee which he was in duty bound to obey—the settled purpose of his friend, as demonstrated by his daily life and conversation, or a chance word of sickness, perhaps, of delirium? That Edmund Dunning did at first, even till his death-bed, deny thee his daughter, thou dost admit; and this is a weighty argument, hard to be overcome by a dying whisper. The reason thereof will satisfy most, for is it not written, 'Be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers?' Seest thou not that it is only thyself who dost stand in the way of thy happiness? Oh! that the light of Divine truth might penetrate thy mind, and make thee, in all respects, worthy of the lovely lady."

"Eveline Dunning would despise me, were I, even for the sake of her hand, to renounce the faith of my fathers."

"Not for the sake of her hand, (that would be only a collateral blessing,) but for other and worthier motives. Very precious and encouraging is the promise in the Scripture, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, and all other things shall be added unto you.' Doubt it not, and consider also how sweet is the tie that doth bind consenting hearts with one true faith—a faith consoling exceedingly—a faith to lift high above the tempests of adversity—to heal the wounds of earth, and to be crowned with glory and immortality in heaven."

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"Were I even to join the congregation, which, in my present way of thinking, I might not do without guilt, Master Spikeman would, doubtless, find means to make vain my suit."

"Judge him not so harshly. What motive can he have, other than to perform his duty to the living and to the dead? Think, rather, that Providence hath, in its own wonderful way, determined to lead thee by the silken cord of thy affections unto grace. Be not disobedient unto the heavenly impulse."

"I perceive that I have failed in my prayer, and can have no hope of your intercession, honored sir," said Arundel, rising, "and will therefore take my sorrowful leave."

"It pains me," said Winthrop, also rising, "that, under present circumstances, I am compelled to deny it. I may not do aught to contravene a resolution of the deceased Edmund Dunning, which seems to have been inspired by Heaven; but, the cause of that resolution being removed, no one will be happier to promote your purpose. I say this the more cheerfully, because thy happiness is within reach, to be wisely seized or unwisely refused."

"With thanks for your Excellency's good will, and lamenting that it is fruitless, I will now depart."

Hereupon, the young man making a sign to his companion, the Indian approached. The sight of the latter seemed to suggest an idea to Winthrop, for, turning to him, he said:

"On the morrow I expect an embassy from some of your countrymen, Waqua. Will not the chief remain to witness it?"

On the quiet countenance of the Indian only an inquiry was to be read.

"The Taranteens," said the Governor, in answer to the look, "desire to brighten the chain of friendship between the white men and themselves, and it ought to give pleasure to a wise chief to behold it."

"Waqua is a young man," replied the Indian, "and is not

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wise; but he has heard the old men of his tribe say, that no faith was to be placed in the word of a Taranteen."

"Let them beware," said Winthrop, who, from obvious motives of policy, adopted this tone in the Indian's presence, "how they attempt to deceive me. The friendship of the white man is like the blessed sun, which brings life and joy; his enmity, like the storm-clouds, charged with thunders and lightnings."

"Listen!" said the Indian, laying his hand on the arm of the Governor. "The beavers once desired the friendship of the skunk. They admired his black and white hair, and thought his round, bushy tail, which was different from theirs, very beautiful; so they invited him into their lodges; but when he came, his scent was so bad that they were all obliged to abandon them. The Taranteens are the skunk."

"I have no fear that they will drive us away," said Winthrop, with a smile. "They have every reason to conciliate our favor, and we would be at peace, if we are permitted, with all men. We came not into these far off regions to bring a sword, but the blessings of civilization and of the Gospel."

"Waqua will come," said the Indian, "but the Taranteens are a skunk. The white chief will remember the words of Waqua, and will say, before many days, that he spoke the truth."

"We know how to deal with the treacherous," answered the Governor, "but anticipate no evil now."

With these words, and, as if striving by extraordinary courtesy to palliate the pain which he had inflicted on Arundel, he accompanied the two to the door of the apartment, where he dismissed them.

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CHAPTER XI.

Oh! he sits high in all the people's hearts.
SHAKESPEARE.

It was evident that, so far from anything being to be expected from the interposition of the Governor, he was opposed to the marriage of Arundel as long as the latter should remain outside of the charmed circle of the Church—a full communion with which was necessary, even to the exercise of the rights of a citizen. But the young man was incapable of deception. His ingenuous mind turned, displeased, away from the bait the wily Governor had presented; and, dearly as he loved his mistress, he would have preferred to renounce her rather than play the hypocrite to obtain the prize. He was not much cast down, for, having sought the interview, not from the promptings of his own judgment, but out of deference to the wishes of the knight, he was not greatly disappointed. He remained firm in the resolution, whatever might be the risk, to release Eveline from the constraint exercised over her by her guardian. Silent, with the Indian silent following in his footsteps, he returned to his lodgings to brood over his prospects and to devise schemes.

The next day was the time fixed for receiving the Taranteens; and not without interest, notwithstanding the pre-occupation of his mind, did Arundel look forward to the event. Such deputa-

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tions or embassies were, indeed, not uncommon, and the young man had already been present at more than one occasion of the kind; but great consequence was attached to the present, and unusual preparations were made to convert the ceremony into a scene that should be imposing to the imagination of the savages, and forcibly impress them with an idea of the power of the English.

The name Taranteen was given to the natives living on the banks of the river Kennebec, in the present state of Maine, and embraced a number of tribes, among whom were those called by the French Abenakis. They were a fierce and proud race, and had spread the terror of their arms to a wide distance from their hunting grounds. There was a perpetual feud betwixt them and the Aberginians, as the Indians on Massachusetts Bay were styled, who, in consequence of wars with their northern neighbors, as well as of the pestilence which had desolated their wigwams, had become reduced from the condition of a powerful people to comparative insignificance. These Taranteens had, at the beginning of the settlement of the colony, occasionally done some mischief, descending their rivers in canoes in small bands, plundering the cabins of exposed settlers, and sometimes murdering the inmates. As the power of the whites increased, and their name became more terrible, these forays had almost ceased, and in most instances the colonists were able, in one way and another, to obtain satisfaction for the wrongs committed. There was no defined state of hostilities existing betwixt them and the Taranteens, nor could it be said they were strictly at peace with each other; and it was felt that great advantages might result from an interchange of civilities, and a formal establishment of friendly relations. The efforts of Winthrop and of his council had been for some time directed to this object, but hitherto they had been frustrated by the intrigues of the French, who found it for their interest to discourage intercourse between the Taranteens and the colonists, lest

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the lucrative trade with the former, of which they enjoyed the monopoly, might be diverted from them entirely, or diverted into other channels. In these exertions the French traders were not a little aided by the Jesuit missionaries scattered among them, who naturally favored their countrymen, and besides were afraid of the spiritual influence which the heretical Puritans might exercise over their dusky neophytes. For even at that early period, the zeal of the Romish Church had penetrated the wilds of North as well as of South America, and erected the sacred crucifix where before stood the stake of the victim. Solitudes which, until then, had only trembled to the horrid war-whoop, were now tranquilized by the soft sounds of the lowly muttered mass. The ferocity of the natives began to be softened, and if not christianized and practising only the outward ceremonies of Christianity, they had at least taken the first step towards civilization. In this state of things a circumstance had occurred, which made abortive any further opposition of the missionaries and traders.

A shallop, or small vessel employed by the colonists in fishing, had picked up at sea, at a considerable distance from the land, a canoe containing some half a dozen Indians, who were on the point of perishing from hunger. They were Taranteens, who had probably ventured out too far from the Main, and been caught in a storm, and swept out by currents, until they lost all knowledge of their situation, and had been for some days paddling about in the fogs, which prevail in those latitudes near the coast, in a vain attempt to retrace their course to land. The starving wretches had been taken on board the shallop, and instead of being destroyed as they expected, had been kindly treated, and brought in safety to Boston, where they were presented to Winthrop. The Governor, politic as well as humane, seized the favorable opportunity to cultivate a better understanding than had hitherto existed between his own people and the eastern tribes. He was completely successful in making the impression he desired upon

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the rescued Taranteens; and when they took their departure, loaded with presents, it was with a lively regret that they had not sooner become acquainted with a people so hospitable and generous. Among their number was an inferior chief, endowed with the gift of eloquence, which often exists in a high degree among the red men. His eulogies of the colonists on his return were so glowing, and his representations were so well confirmed by his companions, that the exertions of the Frenchmen were no longer able to stifle their curiosity to know more of their neighbors, especially as the report of their returned tribes-men effectually contradicted the monstrous fictions which had been invented to deter them. Such was the origin of an embassy which was a source of fear to the French, and of hope to the English.

It is not surprising that Winthrop, thinking highly of the importance of the occasion, should avail himself of all the means at hand to produce a striking and imposing spectacle, and that he should be seconded, to the best of their ability, by the colonists. As Arundel walked along he could observe indications of the approaching ceremonies. The roll of a drum, mingled with the shriek of a fife, and the blast of a trumpet was heard; an occasional passenger either on foot or horseback, with a musket on his shoulder, and whose face was not to be seen daily in the streets of the town, loitered on his way; the guard at the door of the Governor's house was doubled, more for show than for any other purpose, and a greater number of the assistants than usual was to be seen. Several of these gentlemen lived in the town, but some resided on their plantations in the neighborhood, and came to Boston only for purposes of business, or diversion, or pleasure. Several men were also engaged in drawing a couple of culverins to the place of audience, which was to be in the open air. Waqua, as he walked demurely after Arundel, doubtless noticed all that was passing, but he made no remark, nor through his appear-

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ance of indifference was the interest which he really felt perceptible.

When they reached the inn, they found an unusual number of persons there collected. Here were to be found not only the captains and inferior officers of the vessels, who, while in harbor, were accustomed to make this a place of resort, but divers colonists from the country round, who, upon the requisition of the Governor, had assembled, provided with military equipments. The heart of the landlord, goodman Nettles, rejoiced, and his contradictory face beamed with pleasure, as, surveying the increasing crowd, he calculated what quantity of ale and wine and victuals they would put down their throats, and how many pounds, shillings, and pence, into his own pocket. On such occasions the large circle of his benevolence comprehended all mankind—Indians as well as whites. As the two entered the public room of the inn, they heard rising above the confused din of voices, that of Captain Sparhawk, who seemed objecting to the preparations.

"If they were good Christians," he said, "the sail would fit better to the yard. If they were even your frog-eating mounseers, with their popery and d——d wooden shoes, ('I hope,' he added, 'a man may curse the Pope,') I wouldn't care about touching off a culverin or two by way of good fellowship; but as for these whooping red skins, it will all be no better than so much powder thrown away."

"Canst not let the Indians alone, Captain?" cried mine host. "Ahem! for my part I believe there's many a proper man among them, though 'tis a grievous pity," he added, sighing, "that they be'nt Christians."

"Avast, and belay there with a double turn, goodman host," exclaimed the Captain. "Of what use do ye think would it be to make the red skins Christians? Keep your weather eye open, and tell us if ye don't see breakers ahead. Hark ye! do ye think it would be so very pleasant to have the sharks swim into heaven

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and go jumping and yelling round like so many red devils as they are?"

"But, Captain, if divine grace once entered their hearts, they would give up all such ways, you know," sighed the host.

"Tell that to a landsman," answered the Captain, "and not to a man who was with Jacob Le Maire the first time when them harricanes that dances the devil's hornpipe the whole year round Cape Horn ever had a chance to split an English jib. (Old Jacob—the Dutch, do ye see, the ignorant beggars, capsize it into Yacob),—old Jacob, or Yacob, as the Mynheers spoil it, was a stout fellow, if he was a Dutchman. He was like a grampus when he set his teeth, and a southwester couldn't blow harder if he chose. But where away was I when I begun chase after old Jacob Le Maire? Aye, aye, here away with Indians on the weather bow, bearing up into heaven. What does the Scriptures say, goodman Nettles, about an Ethiopian changing his spots?"

But mine host was at the moment too busily engaged with new guests to attend to questions of theology.

"You're out o' your reckoning there, Captain," said Bill Pantry. "It is a leopard—a sort o' wild beast, as one may say, that finds it unhandy to get rid of his spots. They are pricked in by natur', I take it, in a manner, with Indy ink, so that it isn't scrubbing will take 'em out."

"And why should not an Ethiopian have a right to spots as well as a leopard, or yourself, Bill, with a big anchor settling in the mud, on your right arm, and the Union Jack flying on 'tother. Answer me that, man, before you interrupt your superior officer again."

"Why, do ye see, Captain," Bill began.

But the impatient sailor waited for no answer to his question, for looking round, his eyes happened to fall on Arundel, with the Indian near him, and immediately rising, he approached them.

"How are ye, once more, my hearty?" he inquired, extending

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his hand to Arundel, while he looked at the Indian. "Is this one of the plenipo-po-pothecaries? That's not it, but it's as much like as children generally are to their fathers."

"Plenipotentiaries you mean," answered the young man, with a smile. "No, this is not a Taranteen; he is one of our own Massachusetts Bay countrymen."

"I thought," said the Captain, "he looked too young for such a line of business, though he looms up as grand as a king's ship. But these Indians, if they be heathens, have some wit as well as other folk, and they know that older chaps are fitter for the like of this here navigation. Howsoever, there's something that pleases me in the cut of your dark colored friend's jib. Would it be asking too much for the honor of an introduction?"

"Captain Sparhawk," said Arundel, "this is my noble friend Waqua, to whom I am under the greatest obligations."

The Captain offered his hand to the savage, who, acquainted with this custom of the whites, extended his own. As for what the seaman had been saying, Waqua had but an imperfect conception of it.

"Do ye see, Master Arundel," said the Captain, "I think there is some difference between the red skins and the blackamoors. To be sure they are all heathens, and for that reason not much better than so many big monkeys; and there's a comfort in that, do ye see, because that gives us a right to catch and make them do our disagreeable work. Anyhow, I've read in Scripture that Ham, who was the old ringleader of the niggars, was made black on purpose. Now, according to my notion, these red skins are a sort o' cross betwixt Ham's and Japhet's children, who were cousins, you know, for do ye see, though they're darkish, they have got long hair like us white men. But come, let us sit down and splice the main brace to better acquaintance."

Arundel accepted the invitation to a seat, for he knew not how better to pass the time than in watching the humors around him,

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but declined participating in any potations. The Indian too, much to the surprise of the Captain and of Arundel, refused to drink, and to the pressing entreaties of the former only answered,

"Waqua is not thirsty."

"I believe," said the Captain, peevishly, "that the bad manners of these crop ears will spoil the very heathens themselves at last. Whoever heard of an Indian before who refused drink when he could get it?"

"Noble Captain," said Arundel, "be not offended at our friend, who is not accustomed to wine, and therefore is probably afraid of the effect upon himself; nor with me, who never could bear more than half a dozen glasses, and have already sufficiently indulged."

"Well, if there is anything I pray for more than for another," exclaimed the disappointed Captain, "it is that I may never become a milksop (saving your presence, Master Arundel)."

"There is not much danger of that," said the young man, laughing. "But what is the difficulty across the room?"

A group of some dozen persons had been engaged for a considerable time in animated conversation, the tones of which had gradually been growing louder, until at last they could be heard above all other noises. As the sounds increased, the general hum of conversation died by degrees away, until the whole interest was centered in the group above mentioned.

"I will stand by stout Capt. Endicott," said a strongly built man in citizen's dress, and holding a musket in his hand, "resting assured that he does nothing without a reason, and that his conduct doth spring from a godly zeal."

"And I will maintain, in any proper mode," replied an officer-looking personage, "that it was a deed insulting to his majesty, and disgraceful to a British subject. If not treason, it is something very like."

"Bethink you, Colonel McMahon," said the first speaker, "that

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this is not England. I trow we left her to but little purpose, if we are to enjoy no more liberty here than there."

"What kind of a liberty call you that, Capt. Larkham," demanded the other, "which authorizes Endicott, or any other man, to cut out the cross from the King's colors? Call you yourselves loyal subjects who tolerate such an outrage?"

"And by what authority," retorted Larkham, "was the Papistical sign foisted into the standard of England, except by that of the scarlet woman, whose robes are red with the blood of the saints?"

"Methinks," said the Colonel, "that the flag which waved at Cressy and Poitiers deserved a better fate."

"I pray thee to take to heart and perpend," answered Larkham, with some solemnity, "that I will yield in loyalty to no man, and that the last drop of blood I have is at the service of my country. In this matter a distinction is to be taken. It was not as a contemner of the flag of England, and of the glorious memories connected therewith (he would deserve my dagger in his heart if it were so,) that Capt. Endicott cut out the cross, but as one who is zealous against error. What! is it reasonable to ask us to march to battle with the sign of Rome flaunting over our heads? Shall we do anything which may induce the poor savages (whom, as I am told, the emissaries of Rome are deluding, taking good care to keep out of our reach) to recognize her errors, and admit her power?"

"Such scruples," said the Colonel, "neither you nor I ever heard at home. It required a foreign soil to give birth to them," and as he uttered the word foreign, he threw an emphasis on it which offended the other.

"I shall entreat of your courtesy," said Larkham, slowly, "to weigh well the words which it may be your pleasure to apply to any opinions of mine. I will resent any imputations upon the loyalty of the colony, or upon mine own."

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"Think not to affect me by any threats, sir," answered the Colonel, standing up, and looking sternly at his opponent. "I say that it was the act of a rebel, and will avouch my words against you, though the whole colony were at your back."

The last sentence was spoken in a defiant tone, and some mischief might have been the consequence, had not Master Prout, who for some time had been listening to the conversation, placed himself with his long staff in hand, between the two, and commanded the peace.

"I pray ye, gentlemen," he said, addressing them in a manner very different (as becoming their quality) from the style he had adopted toward Capt. Sparhawk, "to consider the great scandal ye occasion by this unseemly altercation. Who is there doubts the godly zeal of Col. McMahon, or the loyalty of Capt. Larkham, or the valor of either? There is no cause of enmity betwixt ye, but contrariwise of peace and good will. How sweet it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious oil that ran down Aaron's beard, yea, even to the skirts of his garment. I pray ye to be reconciled one to the other."

Master Prout was exceedingly fond of hearing himself talk, and a shrewd man withal, he had purposely applied to each gentleman the quality in which he was deficient, and spun out his speech with great deliberation, in order to give time for the passion of the opponents to subside. At its conclusion he was startled to hear a voice just behind him exclaim,

"Well done, Master Prout. A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

All turned to the voice, and there stood Endicott himself, who, in the height of the interest excited by the controversy, had entered unobserved, and overheard a part of the dispute. There he stood, with his left hand caressing the tuft of hair on his chin, looking grimly round him.

"Capt. Larkham," he said, as soon as the commotion occasioned by his sudden appearance abated, "I do appreciate thy

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well meaning love, but hold it an unprofitable thing to engage in debates which can lead to no useful results. What I have done, I have done, and that not in the inconsiderate heat of youthful blood, but with the thoughtful deliberation that becometh manhood. If there be any who impeach the deed, they do it ignorantly, as not understanding the meaning or bearing thereof."

"I impeach it," cried the impetuous Colonel, "and shame it is that so unsoldierly and disloyal an act should pass unpunished."

Here Master Prout advanced, first looking at Endicott for approval, as if about to arrest the audacious speaker.

"Nay, good Master Prout, by thy leave I desire no offices of thine," said Endicott, putting him aside. "I might, with justice, take offence at thy language, which is harsh," he continued, addressing the Colonel; "but I will not, seeing that it springs out of an honorable but misguided apprehension of the matter. Is it possible that a gentleman of Col. McMahon's intelligence, and whose spirit hath been enlightened to see the truth, even to casting in his lot with ours, should condemn an act which meseems ought to command his sanction? Had it been told me by another, I would have disbelieved what but now mine own ears have heard."

"I repeat," said the Colonel, "it appears to me no better than treason."

"If thou dost esteem me a traitor, step forward and arrest me in the King's name. But no; surely thou dost speak hastily. For the sake of the respect I feel for thee, I will explain the motives of my conduct. Not from any disrespect to King Charles; not because I honor not the flag of my country; but because I owe a higher allegiance, even to the King of kings, cut I out the sign of Papistical idolatry; not as designing to be deficient in any earthly duty, but as intending to make known to the world my protest, and, as far as may be, the protest of this godly colony against a corrupt church, which is no church; and against all, though

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not calling themselves of her communion, who drink of the cup of her abominations, desired I to remove from before our eyes that which, whenever beheld, only reminded us of a damning delusion and daily oppression. If this were sin, then have I sinned; but I will abide the consequences without flinching, whether in this world or in the world to come."

A deep, stern murmur ran round the room, and it was evident, from the countenances of the company and from the expressions that could now and then be caught, that by far the greater part of them entertained the sentiments of the audacious sectary. Such, it is highly probable, were the sentiments of a majority of the government of the colony, notwithstanding their disavowal, afterwards, of all sympathy with the act, and public censure of the bold Puritan. Not that a democratical feeling lurked therein, as some may fancy, but for the very reasons manfully proclaimed by Endicott—reasons, not of a political, but entirely of a religious character.

Endicott, a sagacious and daring politician, as well as zealous religionist, heard the sounds and beheld the faces of those around him with satisfaction. It pleased him publicly to vindicate his conduct, and to test the feelings of his countrymen.

"Thou hearest," he resumed, "those sounds and seest these faces, and dost thou believe that all these men are also disloyal? Review thy judgment, I pray thee, and believe that attachment to the Crown may not be inconsistent with hatred of Papistical baubles."

Capt. Endicott will find it difficult, in my judgment, to satisfy the Privy Council of the propriety of the outrage, as easily as he has satisfied himself and these people," replied Col. McMahon.

"Be assured," replied Endicott, "that whether here or in England—before the Court of Assistants or the Privy Council, I will avouch the deed, even though it should build the steps to a scaffold."

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So saying, and looking deliberately around, and with an inclination of the body, which hardly amounted to a bow, he placed upon his head the slouched hat he had taken off on his entrance, and left the apartment. Upon his departure, the company became broken up again into various groups, and began once more to busy themselves with the mugs and cans; and Arundel, tired of the confusion, left, with Waqua, for his own chamber.

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CHAPTER XII.

Alas! for them, their day is o'er,
Their fires are out from shore to shore,
No more for them the wild deer bounds—
The plough is on their hunting grounds.

SPRAGUE.

WHEN Arundel awoke the next morning, he found that the Indian, who had coiled himself upon the floor and there passed the night, was nowhere to be seen. It was, indeed, no wonder, since the rays of the sun had, for more than an hour, been striving to penetrate the oiled paper, which served instead of window glass; and no sooner did the young man realize the lateness of the hour than he sprang from his couch, thinking all the while what Waqua would say to his dilatoriness. After making a hasty toilette, he descended the stairs, and, crossing the public room to the door, looked out upon the street. There was quite a number of persons passing backward and forward, many of whom were dressed in the accoutrements of soldiers, and at these he stood gazing awhile and looking round, if perchance he might discover anything of the Indian. But, as he did not appear, the young man turned back to await his coming.

Hour after hour passed away, but Waqua returned not; and Arundel began to fear that his companion had taken some offence, either at himself, or at what had occurred the evening previous. He ransacked his memory, for the purpose of discovering if he

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had said or done anything to which exception could be taken, or had omitted any courtesy or attention; but he could find nothing to reproach himself with. He was unable to believe that Waqua would steal away without formally taking leave, on account of any slight or impertinence from another, after the command of himself he had exhibited following the violence of Spikeman; and, finally, tried to avoid thinking of the subject, expecting that the truant would turn up at some time during the day, and explain his absence.

Meanwhile, it was understood that the expected deputation of the Taranteens had arrived, and been received at the house of the Governor. Armed men had been constantly coming into town; their wives and children, in some instances, accompanying them; until the settlement had become a scene of gay and animated confusion. The place fixed upon for the reception of the ambassadors (there being no building sufficiently large to contain the number present, and who were anxious to witness the ceremony) was an elevation near the village, commanding a view of the buildings, of the green rolling bay, and of the ships tossing on its waves. Here, under the shade of a patriarchal elm, spreading like an umbrella its immense and gracefully drooping branches over a wide extent of green turf, Winthrop was to give public audience to the dusky delegates.

The hour for the reception had nearly arrived, when Arundel strolled to the place appointed. He found it covered with a crowd of five or six hundred persons, including the women and children. The number of armed men might have been two-thirds of the whole. The women were gossipping together, and the children amusing themselves in sports becoming their age, while the soldiers were ranged in double files, extending from a large chair or kind of throne placed near the body of the tree, thus forming a lane, only by passing through which could access be had to it. The spot where the chair was placed was covered to

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some little distance around with scarlet cloth—the chair itself as representative of majesty, with cloth of gold—and on either side stood grimly a culverin or small cannon, capable of carrying a ball of seventeen or eighteen pounds in weight—silent, but eloquent orators, to convince of the ability of him who might occupy the seat to enforce his words. Other chairs, to the number of perhaps twenty, were ranged in a semi-circle on either side of the seat intended for Winthrop; while against the body of the tree were leaned partisans and halberds; and it was hung about on nails driven in for the occasion, with shining corslets, and swords, and daggers.

Arundel had barely time to run his eyes over the preparations, when a salvo of cannon announced that the Governor was starting from his house, and presently appeared the procession, preceded by martial music. First came the musicians, whose number it must be confessed was not very large; next followed twenty stout men bearing halberds or staves of about five feet in length, finished off at the end with a steel head in the shape of an axe; immediately after these marched the Governor, attended by his Council of Assistants, all wearing swords at their sides, and several "ministers;" after whom followed the Taranteen embassy, consisting of about a dozen noble looking Indians of various ages, from thirty to seventy; and the whole was closed by two or three hundred men, completely armed with both the offensive and defensive arms of the period. The steeple-crowned hats, the slashed sleeves, the red stockings, russet boots, and rosettes on the shoes, made a combination which, if it would be quaint and grotesque in our eyes, was striking to those who witnessed it.

As the procession came nearer, Arundel could see among those in the immediate neighborhood of Winthrop, the Knight of the Golden Melice, conspicuous for the richness of his habiliments, adopted either to heighten the general effect of the ceremonial, or to increase his authority with the Indians, over some tribes of

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whom it was known that he possessed considerable influence. The night, indeed, well understood how much manner and external adornment affect not only the savage but the civilized man. A perfect master of the former, he was uniformly courteous. No frown ever deformed his face, nor even wrinkle ruffled its placid surface, on which was stamped the expression of a sweet and confiding nature; and, when circumstances required, he knew how to resort to the latter with an effect which seldom failed of achieving its purpose.

When the procession reached the files extending from the throne, the soldiery composing them presented arms, and the musicians stepping on one side, the Governor, preceded by his halbadiers, and accompanied by the Knight, his Council, and the Indians, walked between, and seated himself on the chair of State, while those who were with him occupied the other seats, and the halbadiers posted themselves around.

As Winthrop took his place, the ranks in front were further opened, and the two culverins belched out with fire and smoke a loud and sudden welcome. So near were the Indians to the guns, and so unexpected to them was the discharge, that some of the younger sprung to their feet, as if to repel an attack, dropping again into their places with abashed looks, as their eyes met the reproving glances of their elders.

Arundel, at this moment, felt a hand upon his shoulder, and turning round, beheld Waqua. He was instantly struck with the changed appearance of the Indian. Instead of the few dashes of paint of the day before, exactly one-half of those portions of his face and person, which were visible, beginning at the top of the forehead, and descending down the middle of the nose, was painted with bright vermillion, the other half remaining of its natural color; his hair was gathered carefully up into a knot on the top of his head, and bore a single eagle's feather, and in addition to the light tomahawk which he had worn before, a heavier one was hanging at his girdle.

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"Welcome, my brother, exclaimed Arundel, I did not know but that I had lost thee. Where hast thou been, and what means the change in thy appearance?"

"The great white chief invited Waqua to listen to his talk with the Taranteens, (may the wolf crunch their bones,) and Waqua is here. He has painted himself according to the custom of his tribe. This (touching the paint) is for my enemies, and this (in like manner touching the unpainted portion) is for my friends."

Arundel remembering the strong expressions of dislike towards the Taranteens which fell from the Indian the day before, and connecting them with his present preparation, felt some apprehension for what might happen from his boldly uttered aversion, and determined to keep close by him, in order to restrain him from imprudences, and to protect him, if need should arise, from danger. He took care, therefore, during the rest of the day, to carry Waqua with him wherever he moved, or to follow the Indian, when the latter's curiosity tempted him into different parts of the assemblage.

It was seldom, if ever, that the Puritans undertook anything of importance, either of a private or public character, without invoking the blessing and guidance of a superior power. There was good policy as well as piety in the practice; for by admitting the ministers into their councils, and giving them conspicuous parts to perform therein, the magistrates secured their good will and powerful influence with the people; and, indeed, it may well be imagined, that this spiritual aid in a theocratical commonwealth was a part of the system. On the present occasion, the whole assembly rose at a signal from Winthrop, and Mr. Eliot, afterwards known as the Indian Apostle, asked for a blessing. The prayer was like the man himself, earnest and simple, and listened to with a fixed attention, that indicated the religious reverence of the hardy men who were gathered around. The Taranteens themselves, following the example of the others, stood up and fastened their eyes intently on the speaker, as if, though not un-

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derstanding a word he uttered, they expected to gather some meaning from the motion of his lips.

When the prayer was ended, Gov. Winthrop rose, and requesting Mr. Eliot (who was sufficiently familiar with the Algonquin language to make himself understood in it) to interpret, he commenced an oration to the ambassadors, each sentence, as it was spoken, being translated by Mr. Eliot.

Confining himself to such ideas as he thought would be most appreciable by the rude intellects of the forest children, he began by expressing his pleasure at the visit, and at the pacific spirit which was manifested by his red brethren. He spoke of the happiness of himself and of his people in being able to succor the storm-tossed Taranteens, and of their readiness to extend kindness to the whole nation. He pointed out the reciprocal advantages which would result from the establishment of trade between them, each parting with what he valued less for what he desired more. He dwelt upon the vast power of his own nation, living beyond the sea, toward the rising sun, and riding in safety at pleasure over the mighty waves, in great canoes with wings, some of which were in sight. He adverted to the pestilence which had swept the land just previous to the coming of the whites, hinting that it was the breath of the great Spirit which destroyed the inhabitants, to make room for his more favored people. He concluded by saying, that they were all children of the same parent, who was most pleased at seeing them living together in harmony.

It was impossible to judge, from the countenances or manner of the Indians, how they were affected by the speech,—only the gutteral "ugh," responding from time to time to the translation of Mr. Eliot. This was designed as a sign of attention, or of approval, or the contrary, but it was difficult to the English to determine in any case which. In fact, like skilful diplomatists, the ambassadors preserved their dignity, and concealed their feelings.

When the Governor had resumed his seat, one of the oldest

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Indians, after a considerable pause, rose, and stepping forward a few feet, so as to separate himself from all around, turned his face to Winthrop, and began a speech in return. It was pronounced with great deliberation, and rendered into English by the interpreter, as the orator proceeded.

"The Taranteens," he said, "are a great nation, who having heard that a people of the same color, but speaking a different language from their friends the French, had taken possession of the country of the Aberginians, had sent him and his companions, that with their own eyes they might see, and with their own ears might hear, if what had been told them was the truth. Besides, they desired to return thanks for the kindness shown to their countrymen, which they would not forget. "Let this belt," said the orator, taking a piece of wampompeag from the hands of one of his companions, and laying it on the ground, "preserve my words. It is very pleasant," he continued, "to plant the tree of peace. May the sapling which we shall plant to-day become a bigger tree than the great elm under which we are assembled, and may we, for many seasons, dance together in its shade. The Taranteens are a great people; they have many warriors, and big canoes, and are so strong, that when they talk of peace, it is not so much for themselves as for the sake of others; and as my white brother hath said, hath not the Great Spirit made all men, and doth he not love to see them playing like children in the grass?

"Now let my white brothers open wide their ears, for I am going to say a thing which much concerns them and us. We have heard that our white brothers are very fond of land, and that if we make friends with them they will try to steal away our land. We care not if they take all the land of the Aberginians, but they must not think to have any part of our hunting grounds. We want them all for the game to run in. These two black belts preserve my words.

"But the Taranteens are a great people, and know how to defend themselves, and if Owanux attempt to dispossess them,

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there will be talk of taking scalps. These three red belts preserve my words.

"My brothers, Owanux will recollect that if the Great Spirit was offended with the Aberginians, and breathed a hot breath upon them and so they died, he smiles upon the Taranteens and increases their number, and makes sharp the points of their arrows, and directs their tomahawks, and subdues all the tribes around unto them. These two belts preserve my words.

"As for trade, the Taranteens enjoy already a good trade with their friends and allies the French; but if they have anything which their brothers Owanux want, they will not refuse to exchange with them. This one belt preserve my words."

Having thus spoken, and been greeted from time to time with an ejaculation from his companions, the old warrior resumed his seat, amid a shower of "ughs."

He was replied to, at the request of Winthrop, by Eliot himself, who gladly seized the opportunity to disabuse the Indians of any prejudices that might have tainted their minds, and to open them for the reception of that Christianity which he had so much at heart.

"It was on account of the wickedness of the Aberginians," he said, "that they were swept off from the face of the land, and it was not merely for the purpose of trade that Owanux or the English had been sent by the Great Spirit to take their places. If the English became wicked, they, also, would be destroyed in like manner, and so would all who should imitate them. But the English were sent to the Indians with a message which was not painted on bark or handed down with pieces of wam-pom-peag, but put into a book whence it spoke always the same words, and they were those which the Great Spirit himself had spoken with his own voice. The message was to make them better and happier; and, he hoped, that they would allow him, at another time, to tell it to them. He heard with great pleasure, and so did the

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Governor, how much they loved peace. The English loved peace too, and would water the young tree they should plant that day, and fence it round, so that no bear or other wild animal should trample upon it while it was small. The Great Spirit said in the wise book which He had given to the English, that He loved peace; and contained many things, besides, which it would be useful and pleasant for the Indians to know. The book was called Good Tidings; and he hoped that it would rejoice the hearts of his Indian friends."

When Eliot had ended, another Indian arose, and said: "That their friends, the long 'robes, among the French, had also books, and he had seen them; but he had never seen a book which could speak the Indian language. He thought if the Great Spirit had a message in a book for them, it would be in the Indian language, and that the Great Spirit would teach the Indians how to read it. He hoped his white brothers would not be offended if he said, that he should doubt whether the Great Spirit had a message for them in a book, until he saw the book itself and heard it talk Indian. That was all he had to say."

It was then that Eliot formed the resolution, by God's grace, to translate the Bible into the language of the Indians, a work to which he devoted so many years of his life, and which, in connection with his unwearied labor of love among the natives, conferred upon him the honorable and well-merited title of "The Apostle of the Indians."

Various speeches were made after this, on both sides, of which it is necessary for our purpose to record only one. This was made by one of the youngest and finest looking of the Taranteens. His roving eyes, in wandering over the assemblage, had detected the figure of Waqua; and, as they fell on him, they lighted up with an ominous gleam. He directed the attention of the Indian next to him, a young man like himself, to the discovery, who seemed in like manner disturbed. The two fastened their eyes

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full on Waqua, but their gaze was returned by him with a look as bold and stern as theirs. At the first opportunity, the one who had first observed Waqua rose and spoke.

"Pieskaret," he said, "is a young man, but this is not the first time his nation has thought him worthy to speak in her councils, and the winds have blown his name through the forests of Canada, and many days travel along the margin of the great salt lake. When the deer and the Aberginians hear it, they fly, though they are afar off."

While uttering these words, he had kept his eyes fastened on the face of Waqua, as if to watch their effect; and he paused. But the features of Waqua remained undisturbed, and he steadily returned the fiery glances of the speaker.

"Pieskaret asks," resumed the Taranteen, "what have the Aberginians to do with our treaties? Who invited one of them, or did he slink without being whistled for between the legs of men into our midst?"

Again the speaker paused, but yet the calm Waqua moved not from his place, nor did he betray emotion.

"The Aberginians," begun the Taranteen again, with a gesture of contempt, "are cowards and dumb dogs: if spoken to, they dare not reply, even with a whine: the Taranteens have put petticoats on them, and there is nothing baser than themselves except their allies, the Pequots."

The hitherto undisturbed mien of Waqua changed at these last words, as by magic. With a clear, steady voice, while his stature seemed to increase, he suddenly cried out:

"Pieskaret, if that be the name of the scolding squaw, is a liar. He knows that when the Taranteens hear the steps of a Pequot they run like wood-chucks to their holes. Sassacus says that they are old women."

Of course, the whole of these speeches was unintelligible, except to the interpreter, to whom no opportunity was given to

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translate them, and to the Indians. Great surprise, therefore, was felt as the Taranteens all sprung to their feet at the name of Sassacus, and attempted to push through the dense circle that surrounded them. So solid, however, was the mass, that this was a work of some difficulty; even although the politeness of the angry warriors had restrained them less than it did from jostling others out of the way; and, by the time when the foremost Indian had reached the spot where Waqua or Sassacus had stood, the Pequot had vanished. They returned, disappointed, to their places, snorting the name of the redoubtable warrior who had ventured from his distant river to intrude upon a council of his enemies, and shaking their heads with resentment. When Mr. Eliot had explained to the Governor and Assistants the cause of the excitement, Winthrop endeavored to appease their indignation by expressions of regret, and protestations that he was ignorant that the famous head-sachem of the Pequots was among them; but his words were not attended with much effect, and it seemed that the council was about to be broken up, when Sir Christopher asked permission to speak to the Indians. It was granted; and to the surprise of all the Knight began, with great fluency, to address them in their own language. The tones of his voice were as sweet as those of a bubbling spring, and they seemed to fall with a soothing effect upon the irritated spirits of the sons of the forest. What he said Eliot himself could not understand, for the Knight spoke in the peculiar dialect of the Taranteens, which varies considerably from the Algonquin tongue before used. For, besides the general language which received from the French the name of Algonquin, and was nearly universally spoken all along the border of the Atlantic and far into the interior, the various tribes had dialects of their own, intelligible indeed to a native familiar with the parent speech, but strange to one who, like Eliot, had only an imperfect knowledge of it. As the Knight proceeded, those whom he addressed became

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more and more quiet; and when he ended, they signified their satisfaction at what he had said by the usual, and now unmistakable "ugh."

By this time, the last red rays of the setting sun were lighting up the calm, green surface of Boston harbor, and the council shortly broke up, to resume its sitting on the morrow. The procession was formed again, and in the order in which they came, Winthrop, attended by the Taranteens, was escorted to his house. As Arundel was departing, he felt his arm grasped by some one, and turning round, he beheld the Knight.

"Where is Waqua?" he inquired, in a low tone. "He was standing near thee when he spoke."

"I know no better than thyself," answered the young man, "and would gladly be informed. He vanished suddenly, and without warning."

"I know thee to be his friend, and how thou becamest so. Thou hast now an opportunity to requite him in kind."

"Show me the way."

"Hie thee, then, to his wigwam, for there likeliest mayest thou find him, and warn him against peril from these Taranteens, and, it may be, from the Governor himself."

"Be pleased to explain more clearly, Sir Christopher."

"Waqua is Sassacus, the great head-sachem of the Pequots, between whom and the Eastern Indians is perpetual hostility. He has given them deadly cause of offence, and I fear that they mean to revenge themselves, or that he may commit another imprudent act. It were better that Sassacus should remove himself away for the present. But I may not stay longer talking with thee. Adieu."

Arundel, satisfied of the friendship of the Knight to the Indian, determined at once to follow his counsel. As, however, Sassacus had undoubtedly sought the forest, he considered it most prudent o retrace his steps to his lodging, to procure his gun before ven-

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turing into its recesses, where, the prospect was, that he would have to pass the night. This occasioned some delay, and it was not until the twilight of the summer evening had faded, and stars were beginning to twinkle in the sky, that he found himself on the verge of the woods.

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CHAPTER XIII.

For thou wert monarch born. Tradition's pages
Tell not the planting of thy parent tree,
But that the forest tribes have bent for ages
To thee and to thy sires the subject knee.

HALLECK.

THE young man knew not whither to turn his steps, except to the hut of Sassacus, which, however, he felt doubtful of his ability to find at night. No better plan occurred to him than to make the attempt; he, therefore, pressed forward, guiding himself as well as he could by the stars, glimpses of which he caught from time to time through the branches. He had, however, proceeded but a short distance, when, without a warning sound, silent as a shadow, the Indian stood at his side.

"I sought the great chief," said Arundel, contemplating the renowned warrior, whose name was a synonym with whatever was generous and daring, with more curiosity than he had regarded the obscure Waqua—"to warn him of danger."

"Sassacus fears no danger," replied the Indian; "it is for the Taranteens to tremble when they are in his neighborhood."

"What will the chief do?"

"He will return to his wigwam, but his brother must not go with him; for the Taranteens desire to carry back with them to-night the scalp of Sassacus."

"Nay, I will go with thee to partake the danger, if there be

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any, but I see no probability thereof. The Taranteens will not seek the scalp of Sassacus, if he hunts not for theirs."

"My brother knows not that they are owls who fly in the night. The eyes of Sassacus can pierce the skin on the bosoms of his enemies, and he saw in them men wandering in the dark, and looking for the chief of the Pequots."

"But how are these strangers to find the way?"

"When did Sassacus ever make a secret of his lodge? He is not a beaver, or a wretched wood-chuck, to burrow in the ground, but an eagle who makes his nest on the highest trees."

From this reply Arundel could only understand, that the place where the hut stood was too well known to make it difficult for the Indians to discover it. There was no knowing what their audacity, thirst for revenge for the insult, and the opportunity to capture or destroy so famous an enemy, might tempt them to undertake; but he trusted that the want of a medium of communication (for only the Knight and Eliot, among the whites, as he supposed, could make themselves intelligible; and the Aberginians were not likely to approach the Taranteens) would be an insuperable obstacle in the way of their purpose, should they entertain any such as that intimated by his companion. It was evident, however, that Sassacus expected an attack during the night, and that so far from shunning the danger, he rather courted it; for it was easily to be avoided, by leaving the wigwam to its fate. There would not be much loss in that, the cabin being rudely built of bark; and the few articles of value which it contained might, in a short time, be removed to a place of safety. Arundel could scarcely be expected to participate in the feelings of the wild warrior in the contemplation of a fight with savages in the dark. Besides, he knew not by how many they might be attacked; and the prospect of a contest betwixt himself and Sassacus, on the one side, and half-a-dozen or more Taranteens, on the other, may well be conceived to have had in it nothing alluring. He

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would not, however, desert his friend; and, despairing of changing the chief's resolution, he walked in silence after him, turning over in his mind the possibilities of a night skirmish. Sassacus had, probably, an idea of his thoughts, for presently he resumed his attempt to dissuade Arundel from accompanying him.

"My brother," he said, "has no quarrel with the Taranteens. They have come to smoke the calumet with his people, and not to plunder his villages and burn his corn fields. Why should my brother expose his life?"

It was partly to try the courage of the young man, perhaps, and partly to ascertain how far he might be depended on, if there should be a fight, that the Indian asked the question. At any rate, a suspicion of the kind passed through Arundel's mind, and he answered:

"My life belongs to Sassacus. It is no longer mine."

"Sassacus gives his brother back his life. Will he not now return to his big lodge, where he will hear no war-whoop, but only the pleasant song of the gues-ques-kes in the morning?"

"Cease," said Arundel. "Not if there were as many Taranteens in the woods as there are leaves on the trees will I desert thee."

"It is well; and my brother shall see the difference between a Pequot and a wretched Taranteen."

All this time they had been walking without haste in a straight line, the Indian leading the way, and seeming to follow a particular course by instinct; for he looked not at the stars nor at any signs, so far as his companion could judge, to direct his steps. In this manner, they continued to advance, not much conversation passing until they reached the hut of Sassacus. This they entered; and, to the surprise of Arundel, the Indian, after throwing down a few skins for seats, began leisurely to prepare a meal. He lighted a fire outside of the lodge, which, of course, threw a light all around, and served to guide the steps of any wanderers, whether

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friends or prowling enemies; and waiting until the wood was reduced to glowing coals, threw upon them pieces of meat, whose pleasant odor soon pervaded the atmosphere. The confident bearing of the Indian had, by this time, produced such an effect upon Arundel, that he did not even ask him why he so unnecessarily exposed the place of his retreat, but partook of the viands from the coals, and of the parched corn, which his host produced from the wigwam, with a hearty appetite. His entertainer observed his execution upon the meal with marked satisfaction; and, upon its conclusion, presented him with a pipe, and, taking one himself, was soon under its soothing influence. Arundel, unaccustomed to the use of tobacco, could only inspire a few whiffs, out of compliment to the other, and then sat watching him. The fire light shone full upon the face of the bronze statue—"the stoic of the woods, the man without a tear"—before him, but no ferocity was discoverable in its lineaments. It seemed impossible to suppose that thoughts of bloodshed were passing at that moment through the mind of the handsome youth, dreamily closing and opening his eyes, as the clouds from the pipe floated away over his head, apparently unconscious of danger, intending no ill to others, and not anticipating it for himself.

After smoking his pipe, the Indian, instead of extinguishing the fire, threw additional wood, in considerable quantities, upon it; thereby still further increasing the wonder of Arundel. He next invited the guest into the wigwam, and heaping up several skins in a corner for a couch, said, that he was about to be absent for a short time, but that his brother might sleep meanwhile in perfect security. With these words the Pequot departed, leaving the young man reclined upon his bed, but not to slumber.

Sassacus was gone, it might be an hour, and on his return he threw himself upon the ground; and, in a short time, as was evident from his breathing, was asleep. Arundel could not understand how any one, who was anticipating an attack from enemies

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from whom he could expect no mercy, was able to rest so calmly. Had he entrusted the keeping of his life—for in a struggle he could expect no more quarter for himself than for his companion—to any other one than the bold and adroit warrior whose fame for cunning was as great as for bravery; or had the relations betwixt himself and the savage been different, he would not have remained in the cabin a moment longer. But he shrunk from the betrayal of a want of confidence, and preferred even to risk life upon the judgment of his wild friend. There lay the chief, softly breathing, his limbs dissolved in sleep, and wearing in the subdued light from the fire outside a placid expression, more like that of the timid deer than of the cougar, whose nature his own resembled. As for Arundel, so highly were his nerves wrought up, that had he ever so much desired it, he would have been unable to sleep. Interminable seemed the anxious hours, and, as the night waned, he became at last almost incapable of mastering his apprehensions. But as more than once he was on the point of waking the sachem, the thought arose that it might look like cowardice, and he forbore.

At last he heard a sound, which seemed to come from just by the side of the wigwam, like the whirring noise which the night hawk makes with its wings. Instantly Sassacus sat up on his couch, and listened. The sound was repeated, and he rose. He looked toward Arundel, and with a smile, inquired how he had rested. The young man, unwilling to confess the state of his mind, answered in an evasive manner, and the Pequot, after regarding him a moment with a pleased expression, stepped to the entrance and cast his eyes up to the stars. After considering them he returned, and motioning to Arundel to arise, said, with some humor, that he was sorry to disturb his brother, but that the skunks he had spoke about were coming, and as he knew that his brother did not like their smell, he would ask his brother to go a little way off. Arundel, without altogether understand-

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ing the purpose of his companion, got up, and after examining the priming of his piece, followed his steps.

The chief led him in a direction opposite to that from which they came, to a distance of near a hundred rods, when their course was arrested by the river Charles. Here he stopped, and said—

"My white brother will remain here, while Sassacus goes back to give the welcome of a great chief to the Taranteens."

Arundel now comprehended the design of the other, but it was far from being agreeable to him. The idea of letting the Pequot fight the battle alone was derogatory to his honor, and besides, his curiosity was stimulated to witness the conduct of the savage, and he therefore answered with some asperity—

"For what does the chief take me? Am I a deer to be frightened at the whizzing of an arrow, or the sight of a tomahawk?"

"Sassacus would be grieved should his brother lose his scalp."

"No more. Where the chief is I will be. I am a warrior as well as Sassacus," replied the young man, beginning to retrace his steps.

"It is well," said the Indian, following after him; but when the Pequots go to war in the night they make no noise. My brother must not make thunder (and he touched the gun).

"As thou wilt. I have my dagger."

"It is enough. Sassacus is a great chief, and my brother will obey him for one night."

"In all things, save deserting thee."

"Let my brother come, then," said the chief; "the arrows of the Taranteens shall pierce my bosom before they reach his."

The two now returned together, and upon re-entering the wigwam, Sassacus again invited Arundel to repose, but not before he had removed the skins on which his guest had been lying, into the back part of the lodge, while he made his own couch near the entrance. Determined to see the adventure, if there was to be one, to its termination, Arundel laid himself down to wait for

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what should happen, while the chief stretched himself out, with his face to the opening. Some brands were smouldering in the ashes, and they threw an obscure light into the wigwam.

As they were thus lying, Arundel thought that he could hear once in a while a faint rustling, but whence it proceeded he was unable, with all his attention, to discover, and at last concluded it was caused by the wind among dry leaves.

He had now become so accustomed to this state of things, that the anxieties which he felt in the first part of the night were gone, and he began to fancy that the expectation of Sassacus was unfounded. The face of the chief was turned away, so that it was impossible to determine whether he were sleeping or not; from the manner of his breathing, however, Arundel judged that he was awake. But suddenly the respirations became long and deep, and he exhibited the indications of a profound slumber. An instant afterwards Arundel, whose eyes were constantly turned to the opening, beheld the face of an Indian peering in. His first impulse was to cry out, but before he could make a sound, he saw a naked arm emerge from behind some skins which hung from the upper part of the lodge quite down to the ground, and bury a tomahawk in the head of the intruder, who fell dead upon the spot. At the same instant, the dreadful war-whoop rung through the air, and the chief leaping to his feet, and accompanied by the warrior, who had been concealed, the two sprung into the open space in front. Arundel too, hastened after them. In the star-light no objects were clearly discernible, but dark figures could be dimly seen, engaged in hand to hand contests, and the cracking of dry branches under trampling feet could be heard. These sounds were mingled with thick panting breaths, and occasionally the fall of a body on the ground. They lasted but a few moments, and then a silence succeeded, as deep as if no living thing were in the forest. As the eyes of Arundel became more accustomed to the darkness, he beheld a tall form near by,

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which he recognized for that of Sassacus, and immediately approached him.

The chief was standing near the body of a huge Indian, who was lying prostrate on the earth. He was in the last agonies of death, and while Arundel was looking on, the sinewy limbs quivered into immobility. Nor had Sassacus escaped without a wound. The blood was streaming from a gash in his side, indistinctly seen by light from the fire, but he paid no heed to it, and the result proved it not to be dangerous.

When the dusky warrior had breathed his last, the chief uttered a peculiar cry, and immediately half a dozen stalwart men, several of whom had each a fresh scalp hanging at his girdle, surrounded him. He addressed them in their own language, and from his gestures, and the looks of his companions, Arundel supposed that he was speaking of him. He next pointed to the dead body, and seemed to be giving orders concerning it. One of the Indians stooped down, and with his knife made a motion as if to take off the scalp, but being rebuked by the chief, he desisted, and then lent his assistance to two others in bearing away the corpse. Arundel had the curiosity to follow. The three bore the body to the bank of the river, where, binding it with withes to several large limbs of trees, they thrust it into the stream, and left it to find its way to the ocean. A few earnest words, unintelligible to the young man, were on their return spoken by Sassacus, who had meanwhile had a styptic applied to his wound. When he had finished speaking, the Indians dispersed in various directions in the depths of the dark wood, and the chief beckoning to his friend, they entered the wigwam, and disposed themselves to sleep, which delayed not long to close their eye-lids.

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CHAPTER XIV.

They spake not a word,
But like dumb statues, or breathless stones,
Star'd on each other.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE time fixed for the audience of the ambassadors on the next day, was in the afternoon instead of the morning, that all things might be done with dignity, and an opportunity afforded to show them the fort erected near the water, and the shipping, and whatever else might impress them with the power of the whites. With this view, the Indians had been committed to the charge of the deputy Gov. Dudley, and of Sir Christopher Gardiner, the latter of whom acted as interpreter. The two gentlemen accordingly employed themselves in the course of the forenoon, in exhibiting to their red friends whatever might, in their judgment, best subserve the object, and at the moment we meet them, were standing on the deck of the ship commanded by Capt. Sparhawk, which lay alongside of the wharf. Of the dozen Indians who had been at the audience on the yesterday only seven were present, and they were all the oldest. The whole group appeared, to a careless observer, stolid and unmoved by what they saw; but one who watched them might notice that they cast inquisitive, though stolen glances, on every thing around. Moreover, upon closer examination, he might fancy an air of uneasiness among them, as ever and anon they turned their eyes toward the houses of the settlement, and the forest that lay beyond.

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The jolly Capt. Sparhawk was endeavoring, to the best of his abilities, to do the honors of his vessel, quite unabashed by the presence of either Dudley or Sir Christopher.

"What will ye have to drink, my hearties?" he cried, slapping one of the biggest Indians on the shoulder, who merely turned round and stared at the questioner. "To you, gentlemen," he said, addressing Dudley and the Knight, "I can offer some of Mounseer's, or Don Spaniard's wine, though to my liking, your Rosa Solis is the only drink fit for a man; and I will wager the good ship Rule Britannia against a cock boat that these devils will say so too."

"There is no need," said Dudley, roughly. "It were to obscure the little intellect these savages have, with that which serves no purpose, save to convert them into brutes.

The Knight's reply was more courteous.

"At another time, worthy Captain, it were a pleasure to accept thine invitation, but bethink thee that it is early in the day."

"It is near upon twelve," answered the Captain, looking at the sun, "or I never squinted through a quadrant; and may it please ye, Governor, wont ye let the red skins speak for themselves?"

"Nay," said Dudley, "so long as they are within my charge, nothing stronger than water shall pass their lips."

"But," persisted the Captain, "if all I hear on shore be true, I take it ye are trying to drive a bargain with them imps. Now, have ye never noticed that the best time to trade with a man is when half a dozen glasses have warmed his heart?"

"Peace," said Dudley, "no more of this. We came to see the ship and not to trespass on thy mistaken hospitality."

"The lubberly milksop!" muttered the Captain betwixt his teeth. "But what," he added aloud, "are the red skins looking at so sharp out to sea?"

While this conversation had been going on, the attention of the

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savages had been arrested by an object floating on the water. It rose and fell on the heaving sea, at one moment visible, and at the next hid from view. At first it had been impossible to say what it was. It might be a spar, or plank, or any part of a ship-wrecked vessel. The tide was coming in, and the object became more and more distinct, until an old sailor, whose experienced eyes had also been attracted sea-ward, exclaimed,

"Captain, I'm a green hand, and never weathered the Cape, if there ben't a man lashed on yon spar."

"By St. George's cross, but I believe thou art right, Dick Spritsail," cried the Captain. "It's some poor fellow, I warrant me, whose ship has gone down, and who made a raft to try his luck. Johnny Shark, do ye see, is no pleasant customer to become acquainted with, and so he took a venture on the spar for a Christian burial, instead of making Jonah's viage."

"It's no Christian," replied Dick, "unless the waters in these latitudes have the faculty to turn a man black."

The sailor had hardly pronounced the last words, when one of the Indians, divesting himself of the skin that covered his shoulders, leaped from the side of the ship, and swam in the direction of the object which had attracted their attention. It would seem that his keen eyes, like those of the sailor, had detected the body, and that, unable to repress his curiosity, he had taken this method to satisfy it. Amid the loud and wondering exclamations of the white men, and the subdued gutturals of the Indians, whose straining eyes betrayed their interest, the swimmer, with lusty strokes, breasted the green billows as they came rolling into the bay. When he reached the floating mass he carefully examined it, and then raised a wail sadder than the cry of the loon over the dark waves, when it anticipates the coming storm. It was responded to by his companions on board the ship, in a yell of mingled rage and grief, that was heard in all parts of the village, and far over the water.

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"What possesses the imps now?" cried the Captain, as two more Indians, following the example of their tribesman, plunged into the water. "I wonder what they have found?"

"Send a boat after them, Captain, if thou wilt do me a pleasure," said Dudley. "It seems to be something wherein they take a great interest, and it will be only friendly to furnish them assistance."

"O, ho! old bear, canst growl sweetly enough an' it suits thy purpose," said the Captain to himself. "But it shall never be said that Jack Sparhawk was an unmannerly lubber. Halloo, half a dozen of ye," he cried aloud, "run aft and lower the boat. Bear a hand, men; move quick," he added, as they came running from the bow, where they had been standing, toward the stern. "Jump in Bill," he continued, as the keel of the yawl touched the water, "take a couple of men, pull after them red skins, and bring 'em ashore, with whatever they have found in the offing."

In a very short space of time the boat was pulling away into the harbor, and soon reached the object of the search. It turned out to be an Indian, being no other than the warrior Pieskaret, whose corpse the wily Sassacus had committed to the river Charles, wearing the unshorn honors of his scalp, in order to avert suspicion from himself, and fix it on the whites. For rightly did the sagacious chief judge that no Taranteen could be induced to believe that an Indian would forbear to possess himself, if he were able, of the coveted prize, especially that of so mighty a warrior as Pieskaret. And with regard to the Pequot in particular, he, of all, after the provocation of yesterday, would be the last, if he had slain Pieskaret, to be supposed capable of an act of so great self-denial.

The sailors found the Taranteens around the raft, and pushing it ashore. In spite of the remonstrances of the savages, which the white men did not half understand, they unlashed the

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body from the boughs, and taking it into the boat, pulled for the land, closely followed by the swimmers. As they approached the vessel, they were ordered by Dudley to take it to the wharf, and he and the Knight, followed by the natives, descended the side, and advanced to the spot where the boat was to land. Here, when they arrived, a considerable group of persons had collected, and were examining the corpse.

So short a time had passed since the breath left the body, that it still looked fresh and life-like. There, extended on the sand, lay the strong, bold man, who but a day before had boasted of his prowess, and of the terror of his name; now a dog might insult him with impunity. A deep wound gaped upon his breast, and the water had not washed all the clotted blood from his head. His countenance wore a look of deadly ferocity, and it was evident that he had died as a brave man should, with his face to the foe.

The Taranteens, after the first burst of feeling, looked on in gloomy silence, and began to cast glances of distrust and apprehension around. The scalp-lock of Pieskaret was untouched. He had fallen then in no conflict with Indians. His companions had escaped with the body, and launched it on the water, in order to apprise them of what had happened, and of their own danger. In low tones they addressed each other, and drew aside for consultation.

Meanwhile a thousand comments were made by the bystanders. A cloud rested on the weather-beaten face of Dudley, and over the whole group, except the Knight, whose equanimity no circumstance seemed able to disturb.

"I suspected mischief," said Dudley to the Knight, when this morning, only half the number of the savages presented themselves; and now doth it pass my understanding how this miserable wretch lost his life."

"It is seldom that a brawl disturbs our peaceful settlement,"

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said Sir Christopher, "and I have heard of none during the night. Has your worship obtained knowledge of any such?"

"Of none. And now will great scandal, and even infamy rest on us, by reason of this most untoward event. I fear me that our position with reference to these Taranteens will be worse than it was before, and that now they will be converted from indifferent neighbors into relentless enemies, unless we discover and deliver up to them the murderer, and even that will hardly restore confidence."

"Nor can we say that the man was murdered. It is hard to set a limit to the unbridled passions of savages; and it may be that it was in self-defence, or in the endeavor to prevent some other grievous wrong, that whosoever killed him took his life."

"A mystery doth enshroud the affair. Where lost the man his life, and by whose hand, and for what cause? It could not be where they camped in the night. We heard no disturbance, no signs of violence are to be seen, and the other Indians would have known. If Indians killed him, why took they not his scalp, and why set they him floating on the water? Herein it looks like the foolish prank of drunken sailors. But then what cause of such enmity could there be? for all was done very quietly. And what has become of the missing Taranteens? Are they too killed, or in the forest on their way home? Has Sassacus any hand in this matter? Be it as it may, the bold partizan of the Pequots must be looked after."

"It is as thou sayest, hard to determine," answered the Knight; "but if Indians were concerned in this most lamentable deed, strange has been their conduct. Such truly is not the customary manner of the natives to dispose of their enemies. Wonderful forbearance indeed, and disregard of the traditions and superstitions of the tribes must it require, to allow an enemy, when it can be prevented, to step upon the happy hunting grounds, bearing the unviolated honors of his head."

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"It may be," replied Dudley, "that his foes were unable to tear away the bloody trophy; that before they could do so his body was rescued by his companions."

"But how account for his being launched upon the deep? Is this an Indian mode of disposing of friends?"

"My mind is as perplexed as thine. I will consider the thing more maturely hereafter. Thou knowest their heathen tongue. Step forward, may it please thee, and try to calm their irritated spirits, assuring them of our friendship and grief at what we cannot explain."

Thus requested, the Knight advanced, and commenced a speech to the savages, to which they listened in moody silence. What he said was of course unintelligible to all except the Indians, but it appeared not to produce a favorable impression. No sound, whether of approval or the contrary, escaped their lips, as, surrounding the corpse of their companion, they regarded it with ominous brows, until the Knight concluded, when an Indian addressed him in reply.

"How hast thou prevailed?" inquired Dudley, when the Taranteen stopped.

"Alas!" replied Sir Christopher, "no representations which I can make are sufficient to soothe their exasperation or allay their suspicions."

"Ask them," said Dudley, "after their other companions."

A howl of rage, and a few rapid words, were the return to the inquiry.

"What means that?" said the Deputy Governor.

"They say that they suppose they are following the footsteps of Pieskaret."

"If such be their belief, then farewell to any treaty or relations of amity with them. They will soon turn their backs upon both our hospitality and friendship."

The words of the Deputy Governor were indeed prophetic, for

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the Taranteens, now stooping down, raised their friends' corpse from the ground, and bearing it in their arms, proceeded to their canoes, which were lying at a little distance on the beach. In one of them (not without efforts on the part of the whites to induce them to change their determination) they deposited the body, and covering it with skins, took their paddles into their hands and pushed from the shore.

"They are gone," said Dudley, as they receded from view; "and many a weeping wife and mother may rue this miserable day. Better that the tawny heathen had remained in their trackless forests, listening to the deluding lies of the French emissaries, than come hither as spies upon our condition, and to take advantage of our supposed weakness."

"Is it possible," inquired the Knight, "that thou believest not in the sincerity of the professions of peace made by these poor savages?"

"I trust them not," answered the suspicious Dudley. They are of the seed of the serpent; and as well might one expect light from the caverns of the earth, as fidelity and truth from Indians."

"I pray thee, be not so harsh of judgment," said Sir Christopher. "I have some knowledge of the tribes, and have observed that they are ever mindful of favor, however studious of revenge; nor is it their wont, without provocation, to break their word. Canst thou say that the Taranteens have departed without seeming justification?"

"I suspect that these savages know more of the fate of their companions, and of the cause of the death of this Pieskaret than they choose to disclose. The longer my mind broods over the subject, the more am I convinced that, without fault on their part, they would not have drawn upon themselves destruction."

But this was a view of the case which seemed to find no favor with Sir Christopher. With a courtly grace and insinuating address, without contradicting the other, but rather by the recital

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of acts of generosity and evidences of nobleness of spirit which had fallen under his own observation among the Indians, he endeavored to dispose the Deputy Governor to a milder judgment. But the prejudices of Dudley were too deeply rooted to be removed by persuasive manners, or tales however skilfully framed.

The unfortunate result of the embassy was deeply regretted by the colonists. They had looked forward to it as a means of increasing their security, and establishing a trade from which they hoped to derive large profits. They must now renounce both expectations. Henceforth their cabins were to be guarded with greater vigilance than ever, and the courted trade was to remain monopolized by the French. Moreover, the evil would probably not end there, but distrust and apprehension spread among the tribes; and if such a feeling were to become universal, and a general union be the consequence, the condition of the colony might become one of extreme danger. The character which the whites would then sustain would be that of men disregardful of the most sacred obligations; of wretches who, after offering the rights of hospitality, had taken advantage of the unsuspecting confidence of their guests to murder them. It was true, that the whole twelve ambassadors might have been destroyed, and a part were suffered to leave; but it was feared that the undiscriminating minds of the savages might not give proper weight to the consideration, or might ascribe it to some policy which was the more dreadful because so mysterious. It was seen now how great had been the mistake in permitting Sassacus, the terrible chief of the Pequots, the most dreaded and implacable foe of the Taranteens, to be present at the council. Him the Taranteens had seen in apparent good understanding with the English, and been made the subject of his taunts in their presence. Might they not justly consider this a strange way of courting an alliance? True, the English knew not that Waqua was Sassacus,

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but would the Indians believe it? Nor had they known, until the interpreter explained, and until it was too late to seize the offender, what he had uttered; but would the Taranteens, amid the excitement of feeling mourning over the loss of friends, much regard that?

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CHAPTER XV.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods.

CHILDE HAROLD.

WHEN Arundel awoke after that fierce night, Sassacus had already left his couch and was preparing their breakfast. The young man stepped to the door-way of the lodge, and looked out upon the sylvan scene.

Nothing to remind of what had occurred was visible. A shower had fallen at daylight, and obliterated all traces of violence. The rays of the early sun were shining in the rain drops glistening on the leaves or falling in showers to the ground, as the branches were agitated by the breeze, or shaken by a bird flying from one perch to another. No sounds other than those made by the feathered musicians, or the rattling drops, disturbed the tranquillity of the forest. After gazing round a few moments, while the contrast betwixt the serenity of Nature and the passions of man forced itself on his mind, he threw himself down by his red friend, and together they shared the morning repast. The curiosity of Arundel induced him to inquire, what had become of the Indians, who had rendered so timely a service the night before.

"The breath of Sassacus," replied the chief, "called them out of the ground, and his breath bade them depart. My brother

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will forget what he saw in the dark. It will be to him like a dream."

Arundel understood by this, that he was desired to be silent respecting what had happened, and indeed no caution was necessary. He, therefore, said, in answer:

"None shall know the exploits of Sassacus till he tells them himself."

"If Soog-u-gest asks, my brother may tell. He and Sassacus lie under one skin."

Thus betrayed itself the simple vanity of the savage, who, with all his caution, was unwilling that his prowess should remain concealed; yet preferred its announcement from some tongue other than his own. It was the first intimation to Arundel that the Knight and chief were acquainted, though Sassacus had once before spoken of Sir Christopher. But the words of the Pequot implied more, viz: that an intimacy existed between them, and this stimulated his curiosity. The anxiety of Sir Christopher that the Indian should be warned of the danger which threatened him, was now explained. They were friends, but why should the Knight conceal the fact?

"Has my brother been long acquainted with Soog-u-gest," inquired Arundel.

"Ne-ka-tunch nee-zusts," (six moons), replied the Indian, holding up six fingers.

"Will the chief tell me what he pleases about him?" said the young man, whose ingenuous nature revolted at any attempt by insidious questions to extract from the savage a knowledge which he desired to conceal. It appeared unworthy of himself, and a wrong to both his friends. "I know little of Soog-u-gest, and would like to learn more."

The fine, bold face of the Indian looked pleased at the frankness of Arundel, and, it is probable, that he was more communicative than if he had been adroitly questioned. His native subtlety

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might then have taken alarm, and cunning been met by cunning. But Sassacus felt no desire, on his own account, for concealment. The two young men had been strongly attached to each other from the first, and on the side of the Indian, at least, was springing up a friendship for the other, more like that which Plato celebrates among the Greeks, or Cicero dilates upon, than the feeling of modern times.

"Listen, my brother," said the chief. "It is more than six moons since Soog-u-gest came into the woods. Sassacus was laughing when he said that six moons only had lighted the path betwixt him and Soog-u-gest, but he is not laughing now. The white chief built his wigwam in the woods because he loves the Indians and the sound of their language, and Sassacus loves him for that reason, and because he has sat in the lodge on the pleasant bank of the Pequot river, and ate venison with Sassacus from the same fire. All Indians love to hear him tell how great and happy they might be. He knows more of the tribes than any other white man, and has been far toward the setting sun, even beyond the country of the Maquas. Soog-u-gest is very wise, and his eyes pierce far into the darkness. And now let my brother bend down his head, so that not one of my words may be lost. Soog-u-gest has promised to teach the Indians to become wise and powerful like the white men. Perhaps now that my brother knows that, he will help."

"But Governor Winthrop and the ministers will teach all that can be taught you, and so will all the English."

"My brother is mistaken," said Sassacus, earnestly. "Sachem Winthrop's men are jealous of their great Manito, and do not wish to teach the Indians how to talk with him, lest he should like us better than themselves. Now, we want to know how to talk with the Manito who instructed them in so many things. If they are good for Owanux, they may be good for us too."

"Certain am I, Sassacus," said Arundel, "nothing would de-

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light the noble heart of the Governor more than to have you Christians."

"Sassacus wishes not to be a Christian. He was born an Indian, and will live and die true to the traditions of his race. Christian is good for Owanux, but is very bad for the red men. The beavers build dams in the streams, while the eagle flies among the clouds. The English are beavers, but Sassacus is an eagle."

"But how can you attain to the knowledge of the white men, without becoming like them?"

"My brother must not be angry when Sassacus says, that is a pappoose question. See! I can teach my brother to make bows and shoot arrows. Can he not instruct Sassacus how to make guns, and the little black seeds which cause the lightning?"

"That is not so easy as thou thinkest. I know not myself how to make guns, and the powder which thou callest seeds."

"Toh!" replied the Indian, shaking his head, "my brother is afraid Sassacus might hurt himself with the lightning."

"Why should the chief doubt my word? I tell thee that only certain men among us make guns. They are all brought from a great island beyond the sea."

"The English are very cunning. They make them in secret, so that the Indians may not learn."

"It grieves me that my friend thinks I speak to him with two tongues. But I will not be offended. Are we not brothers?"

"When my brother loves Sassacus more he will tell him all about these things, and they will then have one head and one heart."

"They both belong to Sassacus now. But what does he intend to do? Will he return with me to Boston?"

"Let my brother go to Shawmut, and if there is any danger he will let me know. Sassacus will remain."

"You judge rightly. There were peril in showing thyself there now. But how shall I find thee again?"

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"When my brother journeys in the forest, and would see Sassacus, let him make a noise like the Gues-gues-kes-cha, and Sassacus, or one of his sanops will find him." He whistled the peculiar note of the bird, (the robin,) and smiled at the awkward imitation of Arundel.

"Good for Indian. My sanops, when they hear, will know who is the Gues-ques-kes-cha."

Thus parted the two friends. As Arundel pursued his lonely way, he kept running over in his mind the events of the day before, and of the past night. He admired the sagacity and courage of the Pequot Sachem, who, assisted either by his own men, or friendly Aberginians, had been able to take a bloody revenge for the attempt on his life. But no satisfactory reason occurred to him why the body of Pieskaret should have been fastened to the raft. It seemed a wanton act of bravado, which he could not reconcile with the known qualities of Sassacus. Concealment and not exposure, he thought, should have been the policy, but on the contrary, the very course had been adopted most likely to lead to discovery. Why again, he thought, is the chief of a distant tribe lurking in these woods? He surely can cherish no evil design against the colony, for there is no misunderstanding betwixt the English and the Pequots.

His thoughts then dwelt upon the Knight, and upon his connection with the savage. Who was this man, who, in the flower of his age, and with all the accomplishments of a gentleman, chose to retire from the world, and with his sad companion, immure himself in the woods? He was no sour anchorite, who regarded with displeasure the innocent enjoyments of life, nor did he appear to be an unprincipled adventurer, who had fled from restraint in the old world, in order to give license to his passions in the new. He was evidently a man of consideration in the colony. He was treated with attention by all, courted by the whites, and held in high estimation by the Indians. That such

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a man as Sir Christopher Gardiner should adopt that wild life of seclusion, did not indeed strike the mind of Arundel with the degree of surprise wherewith our own are affected, for it was a time of adventure and romance; the poetry of life was not bound up principally in books, but was acted out in deeds; and the occurrence of daily wonders, while it destroyed their singularity, abated curiosity on their account. Hence men expressed no astonishment at the course of life of the Knight; hence, when Arundel became acquainted with him, he felt none, and it was only upon more intimate acquaintance—after Sir Christopher began to take an interest in him; after he had noted the influence exercised by the Knight over the ambassadors; and after he had discovered, as he supposed, a community of aims betwixt the Knight and Sassacus, that his curiosity awoke. To judge from the communication of the Indian chief, it would seem as if the Knight were a sort of missionary among the natives, to teach them the arts and practices of civilized life; but nothing that Arundel himself had noticed, justified any such suspicion. All he knew of Sir Christopher was, that he was passionately fond of the chase, which frequently led him deep into the forest, and had been known in some instances to detain him several days away from home.

As for the pale lady who, always clothed in black, appeared to be devoured by some secret sorrow, and whom the Knight called his cousin, it did not seem at all strange that she should love retirement, to indulge the sad luxury of grief. A bruised heart loves darkness and silence.

The conclusion to which Arundel came was, that it was partly affection for his fair cousin, and partly a love of adventure, which had brought Sir Christopher for a season to America, and that his kindness to the Indians, and familiarity with them, had induced Sassacus, and perhaps others, to indulge hopes as wild and improbable of execution, as their ignorance was boundless. Pur-

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suing these meditations, he proceeded on to the settlement, and arrived at the wharf, whither he was attracted by the little crowd a short time after the departure of the Taranteens, who were still in sight.

It was at the moment when the Knight was about to part from the deputy Governor, that the young man came up. He remarked the disturbed countenance of the latter; but that of the former, whatever he felt, betrayed no emotion.

"Young sir," said Dudley, "I have not seen thee for a long time. How continues Master Arundel to like the new world?"

"Indifferently well," replied Arundel. "Of every land, new or old, something favorable may be said."

"I observe thou dost hanker after the flesh pots of Egypt, and art lean in the midst of abundance. It is because thou lackest those views of truth, and that sustaining faith which can make all trials welcome for their sake."

"Methinks," said the Knight, with a smile, "that the fair rosy cheeks, and rounded limbs of our young friend, indicate no want of the reasonable comforts of life."

"I doubt not," said the rough Dudley, without heeding the observation, "that to them who come hither through an idle curiosity, or for wanton pastime, or for purposes still more unworthy, this fair land possesses only temporary attractions; but for those who, with faith in the promises, have cast in their lot with the people of God, it is the land of promise. Here from altars unpolluted by the abominations of Rome, and free from the besotted mimicry of the Church of England, so called, shall ascend hosannas from the Church and the armies of Israel. Here, into the congregation, shall enter nothing that telleth a lie, or causeth to offend."

He bowed formally, and involuntarily grasping with his left hand the sword that hung at his side, departed.

"Rude, unjust, fanatical, I had almost said blasphemous," ex-

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claimed the Knight, looking after him. "Ungracious Dudley! success crown all thy plans, whereon the true church shall indeed set her seal, and confounded be the devices of her enemies."

"Softly," with no heightened color, with no elevation of the voice, with eyes turned up to heaven as if he were uttering a benediction, spoke Sir Christopher. "And now, Master Arundel," he inquired, taking the young man's arm, "hast found Sassacus?"

Arundel did not hesitate, after the permission given by the Indian, which rightly seemed more like a request, to acquaint his friend with the adventures of the night. Sir Christopher listened attentively, making no comment till the narrative was concluded. He then said:

"The mystery of the morning is explained." And now, in his turn, he related the discovery of the dead body and the indignation of the Indians, and pointed to their canoes fading in the distance.

"The circumstances," he added, "in which we have obtained knowledge of the secret locks it per force in our breasts; and, besides, Sassacus is faultless, having only protected thy life and saved his own, which is an additional reason. But, aside from these considerations, I see not how the disclosure could be attended with any advantage. The chief hath not shown himself hostile, or done aught to make himself amenable to our jurisdiction. Were the story to get wind, it could only excite more the revengeful feeling of the Taranteens and the ill-will of malignant spirits among us, who, through the Pequot, have been disappointed in expectations of trade."

There was no difference of opinion between the two, and it was understood that they should be silent on the subject.

"Master Spikeman," said the Knight, addressing the Assistant who now met them, "it is a pity we had not the benefit of thy prudent counsels in a matter that hath just happened; yet do I trust that our conduct will be approved by thy better judgment."

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"Sir Christopher Gardiner stands in no need of the sanction of my poor opinion for anything it may please him to do," answered Spikeman. "But resolve me your riddle."

"Know you not that the ambassadors have left in anger?"

"I know it, and the knowledge fills me with foreboding sorrow."

"Whether we should have detained or allowed them to depart in their present frame of mind, is the question which I would submit to thy decision?"

"I presume not to arraign any conclusion, whereunto either the worshipful deputy or Sir Christopher Gardiner may arrive. Doubtless, they acted after grave consideration."

"Yet, being asked, tell me, with thy usual candor, Master Spikeman, what you yourself would have done in like circumstances?"

The Assistant saw the snare, and determined that the Knight should derive no advantage from the question. He perceived that the object was to estop, by his admissions, any objections to the course pursued in permitting the Taranteens to leave, which he might afterwards be disposed to make. He, therefore, replied:

"Never be it said that I officiously obtruded an opinion; but, Sir Christopher, thus urged, I confess that it had better pleased me had the savages been detained. Opportunity might then have been afforded to disabuse their ignorance and convince them of our innocence."

"I will not say thou art in the wrong, but if the excellent Dudley erred, it is a strange departure from his ordinary admirable judgment."

"I pray thee to understand that I impugn not the action of the judicious Deputy Governor; but wherefore gave you not—you who are so well acquainted with the nature of these heathens—advice to stop them for the present?"

"And how know you I gave it not? But truly, Master Spike-

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man, I did not. I trust I am not forward to speak before princes. For what saith Holy Scripture: 'Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise; and he that shutteth his lips is esteemed a man of understanding.' Yet had I seen any imminent danger from allowing the departure of the savages, believe me I had spoken, even at the risk of incurring the dishonor to see my counsel rejected."

"It is evident, Sir Christopher, that you have grave doubts on the subject. Now, methinks, it had been well to remember (casting aside, as an inconvenient garment, these scruples) what the wise king of Israel also said, in another place: 'Where no counsel is, the people fall; but in the multitude of counsellors there is safety.'

"It pains me," answered the Knight, whose courtesy increased with the other's coldness, "not to obtain thine approval. But, Master Spikeman, now that we are alone, (for Arundel, at the very beginning of the conversation, without greeting, or in any wise noticing, the Assistant, had passed on and was out of sight), I avail myself of the good chance to avow my anxious desire to secure thy friendship."

"If such truly be the wish of Sir Christopher Gardiner," returned the Assistant, "it is a thing easy to be compassed."

The countenance of the Knight lighted up, as he replied, "I rejoice greatly at thy words."

"But," continued Spikeman, "I am a man of deeds and not of words. I will be plain with you, Sir Christopher, and show you that it is no fault of mine that I have been unable (however much desiring it) to look upon you as a well wisher of mine, but your own. Have you not interfered in favor of, and harbored, that Philip Joy, convicted of contumelious language against the magistrates and elders, and whom, I have reason to believe, is specially evil-disposed toward myself; and are you not now in open familiarity with, and a supporter of this young man, who but just now parted from you; who deigned not, even by a look,

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to notice me; and whose business here seems to be to scatter reports intended to work detriment to my character? It is conduct like this which hath separated us one from the other."

"Master Spikeman," said the Knight, deprecatingly, "the relation wherein I stand to Philip is of public notoriety, and, therefore, cannot be unknown to you; and, meseems, is sufficient to excuse the slight favor I show him. Yet, herein will I approve myself loyal unto my regard for thee. I believe thou errest in ascribing an evil intent on the part of Philip, but if he cherish any such, I will take order with him, which shall redound to thy satisfaction. As for this Master Arundel, thou layest more stress upon a casual acquaintance with him than it deserves. I countenance him not. I attach no more consequence to what he may say than belongs to the prattle of a beardless boy. Wouldst have me rude to one who enlivens my solitude, being fresh with news from the old world, and who visits me only through a like love with myself of sylvan sports?"

"I presume not to dictate to Sir Christopher Gardiner," said Spikeman, coldly, "who shall be his associates, or what course in any respect he shall pursue. You will remember that your exculpation (such as it is) was volunteered by yourself."

The eyes of the Knight fell to the ground at this ungracious reply, so that his resentment, if he felt any, was hid under their drooping lids. A faint suffusion passed over his face, but after the pause of a moment, he extended his hand with a smile, while he said:

"I will find means to dissipate this delusive cloud that interposes itself betwixt us. Meanwhile, accept my hand, in token that, however changed thyself, I remain the same."

It was impossible to refuse to take the hand so offered, but it was with no cordial grasp the Assistant received it: and the two parted with feelings of aversion to one another, strengthened by the interview.

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CHAPTER XVI.

And, Douglass, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,—
Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near,
* * * *
I tell thee thou'rt defied.

MARMION.

THREE weeks followed after the events recorded, without the occurrence of anything deserving special mention. The life of the colonists went on as usual, in erecting new tenements, in cultivating their farms, and in such other occupations as their situation made necessary. But little was seen of the Knight in the settlement, it being understood that he was amusing himself as usual in the sports of the forest. He did occasionally, however, make his appearance in the village, in the prosperity of which he manifested an interest. Notwithstanding the slighting manner in which he had spoken of Arundel, and the displeasure of Spikeman at the favor which he showed the young man, his conduct toward him remained unchanged. As before, Arundel was frequently at Sir Christopher's place, and often accompanied him on short expeditions, though never on distant excursions, which required several days.

The interest of the young man in the Knight increased daily. Sir Christopher's manners were so gracious, his temper so sweet

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and equable, and the sentiments he expressed so noble, that it was impossible an ingenuous youth should escape their fascination. Yet did Arundel fancy that the attachment which he felt was hardly returned. It might be a mere fancy springing from a jealous sensitiveness, which is disappointed if it be not paid in the full measure of its own coin. Perhaps the inexperienced youth was unreasonable in expecting from his senior, schooled to greater caution by intercourse with the world, the demonstrativeness which characterized his own conduct. Be it as it may, upon more acquaintance, the Knight seemed to his young friend to resemble nothing so much as a polished rapier, which, while it shines to the eye, is cold to the touch. Of the pale lady Geraldine he saw little. He had noticed accidentally a circumstance in reference to her, for which he was unable to account. Having arrived late one afternoon at the residence of the Knight, he found, upon inquiring after him, that he had been absent several days, and was not expected to return for two or three more. Arundel then asked to see the lady, but was answered that she was confined sick to her room and unable to receive any one. Late as it was, for the sun was setting, he was preparing to return to the settlement, when he heard sounding from the edge of the forest the Knight's hunting horn. He stepped to the outer door, and beheld Sir Christopher advancing with the lady.

The former was habited in his usual hunting gear, while the dress of the lady Geraldine consisted of an over-coat of dark cloth, falling just below the knee, fitting tightly about the chest, and rising high into the neck. On her feet were moccasins, of the natural russet shade of the leather, laced up the calf of the leg, so that they nearly reached the skirt, and on her head she wore a black leather cap, ornamented with an ostrich's feather, beneath the protection of which her hair fell down in plaits upon her back. The dress was a mixture of the civilized and of the savage, and as she approached, with a little color in

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her cheeks, occasioned by the exercise, Arundel thought that she looked even beautiful. Her manner appeared to him to betray confusion, but there was no embarrassment on the part of the Knight. He welcomed his visitor with his customary politeness, merely inquiring how long it was since he had arrived, adding, that his cousin had been persuaded to accompany him on a hunting expedition, for the sake of her health, which would account for the disorder of his house. The two were accompanied by several natives, among whom was the little girl; but their hunt it would seem had been unsuccessful, for they had not much game. A falsehood had been told by the domestic, evidently to conceal the absence of the lady, which Arundel could explain only on the supposition that it was designed to mislead others and not himself, and was said to him only because the servant was unable to discriminate.

In spite of the vigilance of Spikeman, Arundel, aided by the cunning of Prudence, and the connivance of the Assistant's wife, had two or three times seen Eveline; and the lovers, with protestations of eternal fidelity, encouraged each other to look forward to happier days. Philip Joy too, though in disobedience to the orders of the Knight, who had strictly commanded him not to put foot upon the soil under the jurisdiction of Winthrop, continued to keep up a communication with his mistress. Pretty Prudence, like a beleagured city hard bested, kept the enemy Spikeman at bay; nor did he, with all his parallels and circumvallations, make any progress. Not so, however, thought the Assistant, (for what man cannot the cunning of a coquette deceive?) who every once in a while fancied the fortress was about to capitulate. Whenever he began to despair, a few sweet smiles, or a word of encouragement, were sufficient to re-kindle hope; for though the girl hated him, she yet took a mischievous pleasure in practising her caprices on him, and keeping him dangling at her apron strings.

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Such was the state of things, when one morning a canoe was seen entering the harbor of Boston, containing a couple of Indians. They paddled directly up to the wharf, where several persons were standing, looking on, while others were engaged in various employments connected with commerce, and sedately stepping on shore, one of them hauled the canoe upon the beach, beyond the rising of the tide. This being done, they advanced in the direction of the group of white men. The one who was evidently the leader, as well from his walking first, (the other stepping in his track,) as well as from the superior richness of his dress, which was the skin of a moose loosely disposed over his shoulders as a robe, and that of a deer divested of its hair, beautifully tanned, and painted in bright colors, for a breech cloth, with the feathers of some bird in his scalp lock; while the garments of his follower were merely deer skins dressed with the hair; pronounced, as soon as they came within about a rod of the white men, the single word "Taranteen," and then both stopped. So similar were the dress and general appearance of the Indian tribes to one another, that the eye alone would have been insufficient to detect a difference; but the utterance of the word indicated at once to which one the new comers belonged, and their desire to have it immediately understood. Various questions were now asked by the curious, who thronged around the savages, but no answer was returned save the word Taranteen, and some words that sounded like an attempt at French.

The gallant Captain Sparhawk, who, to judge from the part he took in the conversation, and the emphasis wherewith he expressed his opinions, was the principal personage present, having exhausted his stock of Spanish, and German, and French phrases which he had picked up in his trading voyages, as well as sundry uncouth sounds it was his pleasure to call Indian, in a vain attempt to make himself understood, at last decided that the only proper course was to take them before the Governor. At the

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mention of Winthrop's name, the Indian's face was lighted up with a look of intelligence, and he made a motion with his head as though he knew for whom it was intended.

"Do ye see now, my hearties," cried the gratified Captain, "the ignorant beggar understands me after all. I mistrusted, from the beginning, that he was only playing 'possum, as they say down in Virginny. For look ye, ye lubbers, it would be strange if a man who has been buen' camarada with the Spaniard, and guter Gesell with the Dutchman, and parleywood with Mounseer, and made the weight of his ship in gold for his owners, out of these here salvages, shouldn't be able to speak their gibberish. It's not so hard after all, do ye see, when one gets the weather guage of it. But here, some o' ye, gallivant the red skins up to the Governor, (a good enough fellow in his way, I dare say, if he were not so d——d hard on drinking healths,) with my compliments, with the compliments of Capt. Sparhawk, (do ye hear?) and let him know how they drifted ashore. And hark ye, if he should be inclined to a little agreeable conversation with the tanned hides, just let him send me an invitation, and I shall be happy to officiate as interpreter. Heave ahead, Bill Pantry, and take command of the squad. You've been long enough under my command to know how to do the honors in a gentlemanly way."

Accordingly Bill Pantry, in obedience to the orders of his Captain, which seemed to the bystanders the most sensible suggestion, took possession of the Indians, and escorted them to the Governor's house.

It so happened, by an accident, that the invaluable services of Capt. Sparhawk, as a linguist, were not needed on the occasion, for upon the strangers being announced by one of the soldiers on guard at the door, the Knight of the Golden Melice was found to be with Winthrop.

As the Indians entered the room, Winthrop rose, and with

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great urbanity, offered his hand to him who appeared to be the principal. To his astonishment, however, the Taranteen extended not his own.

"How is this?" exclaimed Winthrop. "Is this intentional discourtesy, or are ye ignorant of the customs of the English?"

Hereupon the principal Indian uttered a sentence or two, unintelligible to Winthrop.

"Thou dost understand the language of the Taranteens, Sir Christopher," he said. "May it please you, who are so happily here, to explain his meaning?"

"He says," replied the Knight, "that he has been sent as a messenger by his nation, and that he hopes you will respect his character."

"Surely," said Winthrop. "How could he imagine the contrary? Who can impeach our faith?"

"You forget," said the Knight, "what suspicions must have been engendered by the unhappy termination of the late embassy."

"It will be difficult to persuade me," said Winthrop, "that it was other than a broil, wherein our people had no part. I cannot be deceived," continued he, waving his hand, observing that Sir Christopher was about to reply, "by the cunning stratagem resorted to, for the purpose of averting suspicion. But a truce with this. Say to him he is as safe as his child, if he has one, in his wigwam. What says he now?" he inquired, after the Knight had interpreted his words, and the Indian replied.

"He asks where are the four companions of Pieskaret."

"Tell him I know not, but suppose they have either returned to their homes, or been destroyed by hostile Indians."

When this was explained, the stately savage sadly smiled, and shook his head. He then spoke again.

"He says," answered the Knight, to the look of Winthrop, "that it is not the custom of Taranteen ambassadors to run

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away, and that they know how to protect themselves from the Aberginians."

"I protest," said Winthrop, "that, however different my own opinion, I do half believe that these blinded savages in fact imagine their tribes-men were murdered by the whites. To be deplored is it that such an opinion should get footing among them, staining as it doth our good name and pregnant with many possible evils. Assure him, Sir Christopher, of my grief at what has happened; of my sincere desire to discover how Pieskaret lost his life; of what has become of his missing people; and of my readiness, if it can be shown that an Englishman has in anywise connection therewith, to render to the Taranteens perfect satisfaction."

The Indian listened to all this with the deepest attention as it was explained to him, and then replied:

"Pieskaret is gone, and his kindred will see him no more The eyes of his wife are swollen with weeping, and his children, like little birds in the nest, open their mouths for food; but Pieskaret comes not to fill them. His feet were like those of a deer, and his voice like the shouting of the great salt lake on the rocks. Woe is me, for I shall see my brother no more. But he is glad on the happy hunting grounds of brave warriors. It is well with him: we know where he is, but we know not where are our brothers who were with Pieskaret. We know that the English love slaves, and we fear that they have made slaves of our brothers. We will turn away our eyes from the widow of Pieskaret and his little children, and will stop our ears so that we cannot hear their crying, and forget the fate of Pieskaret, if the white chief will return our brothers."

"Alas! unhappy that I am," said Winthrop, "that this new suspicion should fill the minds of the savages. Assure him, upon my faith as a Christian—upon my honor as a gentleman—make the asseveration as solemn as thou canst—that he suspects us falsely."

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But the grave chief abandoned not the idea. With eyes searching the countenance of the Governor, he said:

"The Taranteens will give many belts of wampompeag and will heap up their canoes with skins for Owanux, as a ransom for their tribes-men."

"Tell him," said Winthrop, "that, overlooking the insult of doubting my word, if they were to give me belts of wampompeag extending from here to the sun, and skins to cover the ground from Shawmut to his country, I could not restore his tribes-men, for I know nought of them."

"When my brothers came to visit the white chief, they placed themselves in his keeping and feared not the darkness, for they knew that he was very powerful. They slept like a pappoose on its mother's bosom."

"I understand," replied Winthrop, "thou would'st make me responsible in particular for the misfortune of thy friends; but my conscience reproaches me not. If they are dead, it is probably in consequence of their own default; and, I repeat, I believe not that an Englishman had a hand in their destruction."

Here the Taranteen, who acted as spokesman, turning to his companion, uttered a sentence; whereupon the other, feeling in the folds of his deer skin robe, produced a pipe, the bowl of which was made of a reddish clay, into which was inserted, for a stem, a reed beautifully ornamented with black and white shells, and bright colored feathers of various birds. This the orator received from the hands of his follower, and again addressed the Governor:

"The Taranteens are a great nation, and they love peace. It pleases them to see the smoke as it ascends from the calumet. It is more beautiful to their eyes than the white summer clouds which protect them from the heat of the sun. They would be glad to smoke with Owanux, but they cannot do it now, because should they attempt it, the blood of Pieskaret would put out the

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fire and the groans of his four brothers would agitate us so that the pipe would fall from our hands. I want the white chief to strengthen our hands, so that we can hold the calumet firmly, and perhaps that will satisfy Pieskaret too."

"I understand him," said Winthrop, after the Knight had interpreted, "but let him proceed."

"If the white chief will deliver to us the murderers of Pieskaret, and release our brothers from slavery," said the Taranteen, slowly and impressively, "it is well, and we will smoke with Owanux and forget what has happened; but if he will not,"—and here his voice sounded like the growl of a bear, as, putting his hand into his bosom, he took out a small package and handed it to Winthrop,—"we speak to the white chief thus:"

The Governor received the package, and saw that it consisted of a tomahawk in the centre, around which were placed several small arrows tipped with a red dye, and tied together with the stuffed skin of a rattle-snake, the rattles of which sounded as he took the ominous present into his hand. He waited composedly until the Knight had explained the words, though he comprehended at once the meaning of the savage, and then answered:

"If the Taranteens are a great nation, they are a nation of fools, else why do they not listen to my words? I tell thee a white English chief cannot lie; the Great Spirit will not permit a Christian chief to lie. In vain have I asserted our innocence in this matter; in vain have I expressed sorrow, and humiliated myself to thy reproaches. But the English know how to treat those who, faithless themselves, believe not in the faith of others. Behold!"

Winthrop drew his rapier, and cut the snake skin so that the tomahawk and arrows fell apart. Placing the skin upon a table, he next took up the arrows, and, breaking several at a time, let the pieces drop at his feet. Then seizing the tomahawk, he dashed it with such violence on the hearth of the fire-place, that the

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handle flew off and the stone head was broken. Lastly, taking down from a nail in the wall whereon they hung, a powder-horn and pouch of bullets, he filled the skin with powder and ball, and held it out to the Taranteen.

"Return now to thy people," he said, looking at the Indian with a stern aspect, "and tell them what thou hast seen and heard. Tell them that, though the English love peace, they fear not war. Tell them that we have never wronged the Taranteens by word or deed, nor is it our intention now to punish them for their injurious suspicions. But tell them also that, as I have broken their arrows and dashed their war-axe in pieces, so will I serve them, if the north-wind brings to my ears a whisper of evil designs from them. And as I have stuffed the snake skin with powder and ball, so will I fill their bodies with the same. Return."

As Winthrop uttered these words with a firm voice and imposing manner—words so explained by his actions that they needed no interpretation—he was confronted by the Taranteen with a dignity equal to his own. The demeanor of the savage was as calm as if he were smoking a pipe in his wigwam. He quietly followed every motion with his eyes, listened with all attention, as if he understood what was said, and, when Winthrop had concluded, took the loaded skin and handed it to his follower. The inferior Indian shrunk as he received the portentous powder and shot in their strange envelope, but whatever apprehensions he felt, he succeeded in conquering them, taking care however to hold the missive at a little distance from his person.

"Tender now our hospitality," said Winthrop to the Knight, "so long as they remain among us."

"But the Taranteens showed no disposition to accept the offer. Something was growled by the principal one, which Sir Christopher interpreted to intimate a desire to depart.

"Be it so," replied Winthrop. "Moulton," he added, calling

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a soldier, "take with you Gamlyn, and escort these savages with all civility to their canoes. And should they desire anything to promote the comfort of their return, let it be furnished and placed to my account."

The orders of the Governor were explained to the Indians by the Knight, and they left the room in the care of the soldiers.

"Sir Christopher," said Winthrop, on their departure, "this is a miserable coil. Now will these misguided savages, instigated I doubt not by the emissaries of Rome, soon be yelling upon our borders, and seeking to imbrue their hands in our blood. Were we dealing only with the natives, there might be some hope of soothing their ferocity and averting an outbreak of their insane rage; but nothing can be done with the Jesuit—more subtle than the serpent, more fell than the Hyrcanian tiger."

"Have the disciples of Loyola penetrated to this fierce tribe?" inquired Sir Christopher.

"Art thou ignorant that the cunning father Le Jeune, the daring Brebeuf, and I know not what instigators of mischief besides, are said to be among them? Pity is it truly that so much learning and so great zeal should be expended in so bad a cause."

"It was known before I left England that these men had made some little progress among the natives in Southern America, where gold and silver abound; but who would have looked for them in these colder and comparatively inhospitable regions? May there not be some error in this matter, and our fears of the dreaded Order have converted interested and malignant traders into members of the so-styled Company of Jesus?"

"It may be so, for our information is not so accurate as I wish but this we do know, that a strange activity hath of late manifested itself in the movements of these foul conspirators, against uncorrupted Christianity the world over; and only a short time since was it that godly Mr. Eliot discovered, on the neck of a squaw, one of their brass idols made into the image of the Cruci-

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fied, which, in righteous indignation, he took away from the woman. Deluded and deluding, alas, if they have found their way into this land!"

"It is not necessary to suppose the presence of any member of the Company of Jesus, in order to account for the image on the neck of the Indian woman. The French traders are Catholics, and one of them might have given it to her."

"True; yet doth my jealous mind connect these men with every perversion and corruption of Gospel truth. They are at this moment as well the plotting mind as the executing arm of the rotten Church of Rome. The spirit of Loyola would seem lately to have left Hades, to animate his followers upon earth. Be sure, Sir Christopher, that where error and mischief are, there is the Jesuit."

"It is ever a consolation," said the Knight, devoutly, "and in especial in these troublous times, that the Founder of the Church hath promised to be with her to the end of the world, and that the gates of hell shall not prevail against her."

"If they have stolen among the innocent natives to intercept that knowledge of divine truth which it is our purpose to impart, we will, by God's grace, defeat their designs and bring to naught their inventions. In this Christian work it may be my desire to engage your services, Sir Christopher."

"It needs not that I should make protestations of zeal, or offers of my poor self; yet do my feelings prompt me to say that my badge 'the honey-bee,' is not more diligent in collecting his precious store than I will be in such a cause."

"Then expect to have thy zeal and courage put to the test. Should I request thee to visit the Taranteens in their own country, what would be thy reply?"

The Knight paused, as if the question was of importance sufficient to require consideration, so long, indeed, that Winthrop thought it proper to resume.

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"I know," he said, "that it is a service not unattended with danger; yet did danger never frighten a noble soul, but doth ever act as an incentive. There is no one save thyself well acquainted with the tongue of these savages, (Mr. Eliot's knowledge thereof, I observe, is imperfect, and he is in other respects but poorly qualified for the enterprise), and who would be able to make the impression upon them and obtain the information which I desire."

"Disclose more perfectly your wishes, right worshipful sir," said Sir Christopher.

"I call thee to a danger which, possessed I thy marvellous skill in languages, I myself would meet. I will unbosom myself. The thought of a conflict with the Taranteens distresses me. It can result only in ruin to them and injury to the budding prospects of our colony. Our interest is peace. We want trade with the natives. We want their confidence. Without the latter there can be no trade, neither can we counteract the plots of our enemies, nor find opportunity to introduce the Gospel among them. The mysterious calamity which befel the embassy hath sadly shaken my expectations; but I am unwilling to abandon the field. What means are in my power I will apply to restore a good understanding. Moreover, I would be more fully assured of the truth or falsehood of the reports that there are Jesuits among the Taranteens. Where is the man more competent to take upon himself this important trust—one which hath for its object to prevent effusion of blood—to detect the traitorous plots of a wily and deadly foe, and to advance the cause of unadulterated religion, than thyself?"

The Knight bowed in acknowledgment of the compliment, but said nothing.

"I seem to see the finger of God displayed," continued Winthrop. "For this very purpose wert thou sent among us; yet, noble sir, notwithstanding the importance of the object to

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be attained and the honor to accrue to him who shall secure them for us, let me not urge thee unreasonably. Seest thou imminent danger in the enterprise, undertake it not. I pray thee, without regarding aught that I have said, to act according to thy better judgment."

"It was through no apprehension of peril that I was silent," said the Knight. "Danger and I have been too long acquainted to distrust one another. I did but turn over in my mind the proper means to accomplish your designs. I place myself at your disposal, and am only rejoiced that (lamenting the occasion) I can be employed in any manner to advance a good work."

"Heartily I thank thee, Sir Christopher, for the cheerful tender of thy service, though it was only what was to be expected from a man of thy chivalric temper. I will take this thing into further consideration, and will shortly acquaint thee with my conclusion."

"And, meanwhile, I will prepare myself to fulfil the wishes of your worship," answered the Knight, preparing to take leave.

"Commend me," said Winthrop, "to the friendly thoughts of Lady Geraldine, with sincerest hopes that the peace which surpasseth understanding may nestle into her heart to chase away her melancholy, and may her steps be guided unto the true fold, where only safety is to be found."

"With many thanks," returned the Knight, "I seek my hermitage in the woods."

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CHAPTER XVII.

" A something light as air—a look—
A word unkind, or wrongly taken—
Oh, love ! that tempest never shook,
A breath, a touch like this, hath shaken."

MOORE.

SIR CHRISTOPHER, on leaving the Governor, proceeded in the direction of the hostelry, where he had left his horse ; and on his way was greeted with one of those sights to be seen only in this strange commonwealth. It was a woman in the stocks, being no other than an old acquaintance, Dame Bars, the wife of the jailer. The good woman possessed a kind heart, but she was not perfection. She had a weakness for a pot of ale ; and, if justice had in anywise been done to the proportion of malt therein, it was very apt to make her eloquent to an extraordinary degree. On these occasions, feeling herself to be clearly in the right, she found it difficult to endure contradiction, considering it excessively unreasonable and rude, and expressing her sentiments thereupon with great freedom. In one of these moods, she had been overheard by Master Prout, in a colloquy with one of her gossips, contrasting the " wearyful and forlorn" condition of women in the colony with the merry times she used to have in England ; and upon her friend suggesting a few words in favor of the change, bursting out with sundry epithets more sounding than musical, and more energetic than complimentary.

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We will not pretend to say whether Master Prout was more scandalized by the sentiment of dissatisfaction at the colony, or by there proaches lavished on the other goody, who, indeed, to do her justice, was not slow in the use of that formidable weapon wherewith Nature, as if to make amends for physical weakness, has armed the lovelier sex. It may be that both combined roused his righteous indignation, in consequence whereof Dame Bars had to expiate the sins of her tongue by silencing its eloquence in a cleft stick, and cooling her heels in the stocks.

But the appearance of the poor woman was now anything but belligerent. So far from manifesting a refractory disposition, her face was covered with her hands, and tears of shame and mortification were stealing through the fingers. Her husband was standing by her side, and endeavoring to comfort her, while Master Prout, with his long staff, was threatening some idle school-boys, who, with the mischief natural to their age, were showing an inclination to proceed to extremities against the captive, which was not approved by the grave *custode* of order.

As the Knight drew nigh, a feeling of pity was excited in him, and he stopped, and addressed some words to the officer of the law.

"I am unwilling," said Master Prout, in reply, "to refuse any thing to a gentleman so highly esteemed by the Governor, as yourself, Sir Christopher, and therefore will I release the woman; but truly was it my intention to detain her an hour or two longer, in order that she might have time for serious and profitable reflection. Verily, as saith James, in his epistle, the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison."

"Methinks then," said the Knight, smiling, "thou hast performed an achievement which holy St. James himself might deem a miracle, for the good dame's tongue is tame enough at present."

Master Prout's demure features ventured as near to a smile at the jest, as his principles would permit, and then approaching the woman, he unfastened the stocks, and allowed her to withdraw the imprisoned members.

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"Good woman," he said, "thank this noble Knight for thy deliverance, and may this be the last time that these wooden bars shall contract a friendship for thee."

So spoke Master Prout, with a twinkle of the eye at the Knight, on account of the good thing which he fancied he had said, and the woman lost no time in extricating herself from durance. Her face was crimsoned with blushes; she dropped a curtsey to the Knight, and hurried off with her husband.

"Master Prout," said the Knight, as he turned away, accept my thanks for the courtesy, and believe me that thou hast made me so much thy friend, thou hast only to express a wish, and if it is in my power it shall be granted."

On arriving at the inn, Sir Christopher ordered immediately his horse, and mounting, rode homeward. At a slow pace he proceeded through the streets, and allowed the animal, with the rein lying loose upon his neck, to follow the winding path in the forest. No adventure befel him on his solitary ride, and in due time he reached his home. He was met by Philip Joy, to whom he delivered the horse.

"Is the Indian whom I left in thy charge safe?" he inquired.

"He is, Sir Christopher," answered the soldier.

"Sassacus has not seen him, I trust."

"No one has seen him but myself. I have faithfully followed your orders, and kept him like a rat in a trap. He takes to eating and sleeping prodigious kindly, and has shown no disposition to do any thing else."

"It is natural he should do so, and you have acted with discretion."

With these words Sir Christopher entered the house, and straightway proceeded to find the Indian. He was lying on the floor, apparently asleep, but at the noise of the opening door, roused himself and sat upright.

"How have my people treated Mesandowit in my absence?" inquired the Knight.

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"Well," answered the savage. "Mesandowit has eaten, and drank, and slept, and is refreshed."

"Is he ready to return to his own country?"

"Mesandowit is ready."

"When the trees cast long shadows he shall return, and I will go a little distance with him, lest he should meet the Aberginians."

"Good—and now Mesandowit will sleep." He stretched himself again upon the skin, which served for a couch, probably not entirely rested after the long and rapid journey he had made, and disposed himself to slumber. The Knight, on leaving him, went to the door of the lady's apartment, and gently rapped.

It was opened by the Indian girl, and he was immediately admitted.

"Celestina," said the Knight, looking first at her and then at her little attendant, "I have something to say to thee."

"Neebin," said the lady, addressing the child, "may run about in the woods a little while."

When the girl had departed, the Knight, seating himself at some distance from the lady, opened the conversation.

"Celestina," he said, "there has been of late a want of that frankness which characterized our intercourse at our arrival in this country, and for some time thereafter. Will you not tell me the cause?"

"Sir Christopher," replied the lady, "a suspicious mind is ofttimes deceived by its imaginations. Wherein, pray, has been a change in my conduct?"

"Nay. I know not that I can say, in this and in that thou hast not trusted me, but I feel that it is so."

"Look into thyself, Sir Christopher, and there wilt thou find the cause. The outer world is but a reflection of the inner."

"I protest, Celestina, I am not altered. Thou art to me as ever, my trusty and valued associate, bound to me by ties of peculiar significancy, and as sacred as those which commonly unite man and woman.

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"It is my dearest wish that thou shouldst feel the full force of the obligation they impose on thee."

"Do I not? Have I not labored with untiring diligence to promote the end we both have in view? Wherein have I failed? Point out the error, and I will correct it."

"I do not presume to be so bold. The masculine energy of Sir Christopher Gardiner is not to be guided by a woman."

"Alas! Celestina," said the Knight, with some feeling, "were we not joined in this holy enterprise because it was supposed the fulness of the one might supply the deficiency of the other? O, turn not away so coldly."

"My warm devotion, my active zeal, shall never be wanting to the work whereunto we are pledged; and if any feeling hath arisen inconsistent with the harmony that should unite us, I am not sensible that it springs from any fault of mine. But you exaggerate," she added, smiling, "my momentary sadness into unnecessary importance—a sadness wherewith thou mayst have no connection."

"Thou canst not deceive me, Celestina. I have profited little by the lessons of this world, and feeling was given me in vain, were I incapable of noticing the change in thee. There was a time when thy spirit, like a musical string in accord with another, vibrated in harmony with mine—but it is no longer so."

"Thou art importunate, Sir Christopher. Wilt thou not believe what I say?"

"Pardon me if I am over urgent, and ascribe it to the value I attach to my lost treasure. It sweetened the solitude of exile, and made me almost forget the attractions of stirring Europe. But thou dost not, and canst not deny my complaint."

"Is there not enough in the circumstances wherein I am placed, to agitate the timid heart of a woman, and account for her unreasonable caprices? Why persist in connecting them with thyself as the cause?"

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"This is not the first time that I have vainly endeavored to discover wherein I have offended, that by the humiliation of myself, or by any other means, I might restore the unison that before existed between us. I conjure thee, Celestina," he said, approaching and taking her hand into one of his, while with the other he drew back a curtain on the wall, which, on being withdrawn, exposed to view the carved figure of Christ extended on the cross, "by the Captain of our faith, whose soldiers we are, to put away this estrangement, which if it does not defeat, may hazard and retard our mutual plans."

The lady withdrew not her hand, but allowing it to remain in his, stood up. She bowed her head before the crucifix, and murmured—*Domine Jesu speravi in te.* Turning then to the Knight she said—

"Sir Christopher, look upon that sorrowful face, and that drooping head, bleeding under the points of the accursed thorns. Thy sins and mine gave them their sharpness. Gaze upon the hideous nails that pierce those blessed hands and feet, and upon the blood trickling from that divine side, and say, canst thou be untrue to him?"

"Woman! Celestina! what meanest thou? Why this solemn adjuration?"

"Thou wert dedicated to a service," she continued, her pale face flushing with enthusiasm, "to which nobles and kings, the proudest and noblest of earth, might aspire. Do thy devoir, and incalculable will be thy reward; fail therein, and the doom of Judas were heaven to thy fate."

"Thou art mad, Celestina. Some dreadful delusion hath blinded thy understanding. Hear me now"—and he bent down and kissed the feet of the image of the Saviour, and then raising his head fixed his eyes upon it—"per adventum tuum, per nativitatem tuam, per baptismum et sanctum jejunium tuum, per crucem et passionem tuam, per mortem et sepulturam tuam, per

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sanctam resurrectionem tuam, et per admirabilem ascensionem tuam—I am guilty, truly, of weakness and ignorance, and unintentional sin, but not of want of faithfulness to that whereunto thou hast called me."

"Sir Christopher! Oh! Sir Christopher," cried the lady, falling at his feet, "Wherefore, when I besought thee before to explain thy conduct, did you treat me so slightingly? Wherefore ever refuse to satisfy my questions?"

"Because I considered them unworthy of thee and me; because I regarded them as the petulance of a passing feminine curiosity; because I knew not how serious was thy desire?"

"*Deus adjuva me!*" sobbed the lady.

"Rise, my sister," said the Knight, assisting her to a seat. "Henceforth let no distrust exist between us, and, that it may be so, inquire, and I will answer as at the confessional."

Of the conversation which ensued we shall give no account, save that, at its conclusion, tears were flowing plentifully from the eyes of the lady, while the Knight seemed puzzled at her extraordinary emotion.

"Celestina," he said, "thou art moved beyond what thy venial fault requires. Forgive thyself as freely as I forgive thee."

"Thou knowest not all my sin," she answered, "nor dare I trust it to the air, lest my own words should strike me dead. *Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis!*"

When the Knight left the room, she fell upon her knees before the crucifix and buried her face in her hands. She remained in this position for perhaps a quarter of an hour, during which time only an occasional sob escaped her, and then rising, passed into an inner chamber.

As for Sir Christopher, neither did he make his appearance until late in the afternoon, when he emerged from the house in the company of the soldier Joy and the Indian, whom he called Mesandowit. The course they took was in a northerly direc-

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tion, and as they proceeded, the Knight was engaged in earnest conversation with the Indian. In this manner they went on long after the sun had set, even until the position of the stars announced that the hour of midnight was at hand. There must have been some danger to the savage feared by the Knight to induce him to lend his escort thus far. But they met nothing to excite apprehension. Silence reigned throughout the unviolated forest, unbroken save by the cry of a night bird, or the stealthy step of some wild beast stealing through the thickets, or the cracking of dry branches under their own feet, or their murmured conversation. It was at least six hours since they left the house of the Knight, and the distance passed over could not be less than eighteen or twenty miles. The three stopped, and, before parting, it seemed that the Knight was desirous of impressing more strongly on the mind of his red companion something which he had already been urging.

"Has what I have said sunk into the ears of Mesandowit?" he asked.

"It has sunk very deep, even as a stone when it falls into the great salt lake."

"Will he remember the place?"

"He will remember it. Mesandowit once took two scalps there."

Self-possessed as in general was Sir Christopher, the reply startled him; but the association in the mind of the savage was too obvious to excite alarm long, and it was without feeling any he replied. He thought proper, however, to remind the Indian of the friendly relation he stood in to his tribe and of the favor he had done them.

"The Sagamore and his Paniese," he said, "who brought the defiance of the Taranteens to the English, have returned safe to their people. Let not the Taranteens forget when I come to visit them that they spoke through my mouth, and that I stood between them and the anger of sachem Winthrop."

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The Taranteens never forget. Mesandowit will tell them how Soog-u-gest flew to Shawmut, when Mesandowit, of the swift foot, brought a message from the sachems of the Taranteens, that they desired him to take care of the two warriors who brought the red arrows tied up with with a snake skin as a present to Owanux. The Taranteens are a great people and forget not a benefit."

"I am unable to fix the exact time;" said the Knight; "but the young moon that looks now like the eye brow of Mesandowit, will probably not be round before we shall meet again."

They parted at these words, and while Sir Christopher and Philip turned their faces homeward, the Taranteen pursued the same direction in which they had been traveling. Fatigued with the distance they had come, it was now with a more leisurely pace the two proceeded, and, walking for the most part in silence, the sun had risen before they reached home.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

When shaws beene sheene and shrads full fayre,
And leaves both large and longe,
Itt is merrye walking in the faire forrest,
To hear the small birdes songe.

BALLAD OF ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE.

THE project of Governor Winthrop of sending an embassy to the Taranteens met with general favor among his councillors. All agreed that war with the ferocious savages was, if possible, to be avoided under any circumstances, but especially now when the English must appear to the natives to be stained with the crime of a dastardly breach of faith and murder unparalleled in atrocity. The conduct of Winthrop in returning a bold defiance to their threats, was also approved, (for in treating with them, an exhibition of a want of confidence would be considered a confession of weakness, and only serve to precipitate the calamity to be avoided,) but it complicated the difficulty, if that were possible, and embarrassed any attempt at reconciliation. The Taranteens were felt to occupy a position of great advantage, and likely to attract the sympathy of the Indians generally, and even to unite tribes before hostile to one another against the perfidious Owanux. To the Taranteens no blame could be attached. They had been guilty of no breach of faith; they had acted like brave and honorable men. Even after the outrage upon them they had

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respected their wild code of honor, nor would commence hostilities, until like the snake, whose warning rattles they sent, they had apprised the enemy of their intention. But the challenge had been given and accepted, and a state of war initiated. Soon might their war-parties be expected to fill the forests, cutting off stragglers and attacking any bodies of men which they should deem inferior in strength to their own. Hence the danger of traveling in the woods, and especially of attempting to penetrate into that remote region, the habitation of the hostile tribe was greatly increased. Where was the man daring enough to encounter the peril unless supported by a military force, which would give the embassy more the appearance of a foray than of a tender of peace? Such an armed band would only invite attack. Besides it was inconvenient, and indeed of the highest detriment to the colony, to take off so many able-bodied men as would be necessary for the purpose, from the cultivation of the fields, and those other industrial pursuits upon which the existence of the colonists depended, even though they should all return safe to their homes—a result by no means to be expected.

When, therefore, Winthrop suggested Sir Christopher Gardiner as a proper person, from his familiarity with the habits of the natives, and his knowledge of their language, to undertake the enterprise, it is no wonder that the proposition was favorably received. All felt it to be a service of danger; it was highly desirable that it should be attempted; no one was so well fitted for it as the Knight; and were the effort at reconciliation to terminate fatally, the loss of no one would be less regretted by several of the Assistants. For there were among them some who were no friends of the Knight, and would gladly have had him out of the colony; either not liking his intimacy with the natives, or suspicious of the circumstance, that, although he had offered to unite himself with the congregation, he had, somehow or other, never done so, either in consequence of doubts entertained respecting the

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soundness of his faith, or some unknown cause. This feeling was heightened by a jealousy of the favor enjoyed by the Knight with Winthrop—a favor which, some declared, warped the better judgment of the Governor. In proof of this, they pointed to the remission (at the intercession of Sir Christopher) of a part of the punishment of one Ratcliffe, who had incurred the vengeance of the law, and also of the indulgence shown to Philip Joy. At the head of these malcontents was the Assistant Spikeman—one who, by his evil propensities and incapacity to appreciate the noble sentiments of Winthrop, stood to him in a certain relation of hostility. For there is no law more prevailing than that evil hates good, compelled thereto by the very constitution of its nature. Indeed, it is evil by reason of that hatred; when that ceases, evil ceases also.

By no one was the proposal to entrust the business to Sir Christopher, if he would accept it—for the cautious Winthrop did not allude to the understanding betwixt himself and the Knight—received with more favor than by Spikeman. He was eloquent in praise of the qualifications of the proposed envoy, and derided the danger, expressing a conviction that it would be easy for him, if he chose, to restore peaceable relations. The qualification in the speech of the Assistant was noticed by Winthrop, and he intimated astonishment at the suspicion, and wonder at the willingness of one who felt it, to entrust the commission in such hands. But the artful Spikeman easily extricated himself from so slight a difficulty, alleging, as the cause of the doubt, the want of that Christian bond on the part of the Knight, without which no one could be entitled to the entire confidence due to one in full communion.

When the Assistant left the Council, he debated with himself how, if Sir Christopher accepted the service, he might join Arundel, and the soldier Joy with him. Could he succeed, he considered that he would be in a fair way to rid himself at once of

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three persons who interfered with his designs. The heat of his animosity was directed indeed principally against Arundel and Joy, the Knight coming in for a portion as their favorer and abettor. But in the pursuit of an object, no scruples of conscience ever interfered with the plans of Spikeman, willing to involve alike friend and foe in one common destruction, if so only his purposes could be accomplished. He calculated somewhat upon the bold temper of Arundel, and also upon his regard for the Knight, by whose side he doubted not the young man would be willing to defy any danger to which the other would expose himself.

With this view he took care, by means of his spy, Ephraim Pike, to acquaint Arundel with the honor intended for Sir Christopher. The expedition was represented by Pike as a mere party of pleasure, and as affording fine opportunities for observing the tribes in their native haunts. The good sense of the young man, and the experience he already had, taught him better than to regard it exactly in the light wherein the spy exhibited it; but, though conscious that there must be danger, in the excited condition of the Taranteens, he could not believe it to be great, else neither would Winthrop ask such exposure of life, nor would the Knight accept of the enterprise. As for what danger was to be encountered, it rather stimulated than deterred in the desire to partake of it, as the lion hunt has greater attractions for the hunter than the chase of the deer. Some words dropped from Pike about the woodcraft of Joy, and his bravery; but he dared not speak plainer for fear of betraying himself.

The information of Pike, it seems, was not without effect, for early on the morning of the following day, Arundel started for the habitation of his friend, taking with him what he considered necessary for a distant journey in the woods. The distance was passed over in a couple of hours; but, early as it was, he found that a messenger had anticipated him. This he discovered, as

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well from the language of the Knight, who stood in the porch of his house with a letter in his hand, as from the appearance of the man with whom he was conversing, whom Arundel perceived was one of the soldiers who ordinarily mounted guard before the door of the Governor.

"This," said the Knight, handing the letter to the messenger, "to Governor Winthrop, and a fair return to thyself."

The man took the letter, and, after making the military salute of the period, turned on his way to Boston.

"Here has come," said Sir Christopher, after the usual greetings, "a request from the Governor that I would undertake an embassy to the Taranteens, to soothe their excited minds and prevent an outbreak."

"May I inquire what is your reply?" asked Arundel.

"How canst thou doubt? Surely, where honor and good deeds invite, no true knight can turn back."

"I am to understand, then, that you have accepted the office of mediator?"

"I have accepted the trust, hoping that good may grow out thereof."

"And when is it you purpose to depart?"

"Incontinently. The matter brooks no delay."

"Then have I a petition to prefer, which, I hope, will meet with the same favor as the Governor's. Let me attend thee on this journey."

The suddenness of the request appeared to embarrass the Knight for an instant; but it was only for an instant.

"Hast thou fully considered," he asked, "the perils whereunto thou dost expose thy young life? What would be the condition of Eveline Dunning shouldst thou never return?"

"My life is not more valuable than thine, and the situation of Eveline would be no worse than that of thine own relative."

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"Aye, but consider the difference in our positions. Glory, duty, summon me irresistibly; whereas, thou hast no calling other than curiosity."

"Say not so," exclaimed the young man, with feeling. "I will not deny the motive assigned; but believe me there are others, whereof you would not disapprove."

"May I know them?"

"Needs it that I should say how greatly I admire thee; how gladly I would follow in thy knightly footsteps; how any peril would be welcome, if partaken with thee?"

Sir Christopher turned away. "I did not think," he said to himself, "his affection was so great."

"Master Arundel," he replied, walking back, "I do prize thy friendship more than precious jewels; but I were untrue to that love, should I expose thee to danger. For myself, I were a recreant, and no knight, could I, because of danger, refuse to obey a call to benefit my fellow-men; but, for thee, it is a reckless and unneeded temptation of peril. Deem me not unkind, but think it is my love and anxiety that speak in your behalf."

"It is the first request I have made to thee," said Arundel, "and, if refused, it shall be the last. I shall be compelled to believe you consider me unworthy of your friendship, too effeminate to bear a walk of a few days in the forest, and unreliable in the hour of trial."

The voice of the young man trembled, and his whole manner betrayed his wounded feelings.

"Hear me, my young friend," urged the Knight; "hast thou well weighed the terrors thou would'st seek? It is not merely death thou dost defy; but, holy Ma——, holy angels, what a death! Canst thou endure to have thy tender flesh pierced with splintered sticks; thine eyes torn from the sockets; the flames greedily dashing over thy head, and licking up, as with the

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forked tongues of serpents, thy blood, hissing as it drops upon the glowing brands? And this for the poor satisfaction of being with me; for thou canst not afford protection, should the Indians attempt outrage. Alas! how bitterly would the sorrow of my own fate be enhanced by the consciousness of thine!"

"I have considered all these things, and they move me not. I admit the possibilities of the painting, but no more. The conduct of the Taranteens proves how high stands with them the point of honor and the sacred estimate wherein they hold an embassy; else never would they have ventured upon one like the second, after the unhappy termination of the first. I partake not of thy fears."

"Then, if not with the unthinking heat of youth, but with thoughtful deliberation, thou hast well weighed the matter, I will not deny thee, and thou shalt visit with me these savages, if Providence spares our lives to reach them. But I start this day, within a few hours; the time is short; thou canst not be ready."

"I am ready. I came prepared, anticipating all things save thine objections."

"Enter, then, my poor house, my dear young friend, and refresh thyself," said Sir Christopher, leading the way.

The persistency of Arundel having thus wrung a consent from the Knight, the subject was not again referred to by either of them; but both considering the matter settled, addressed themselves to the preparations remaining to be made. A small quantity of dried deer's flesh, and corn parched and pounded, was packed up, sufficient, as was supposed, to supply the wants of the travellers, should they be at any time unfortunate in procuring game, upon which their chief reliance rested. The guns were carefully cleaned, the locks seen to be in order, and store of bullets and powder was provided. These preparations being completed, refreshed with the noonday meal, Sir Christopher called

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on Arundel to follow him. An Indian was to go with them as far as it was judged safe for him to proceed into an enemy's country. The journey it was calculated would require a week to accomplish to the principal village of the Taranteens; so that, allowing an equal length of time for coming back, and the necessary delay among the Indians, a period of at least three weeks might be expected to elapse before their return. The two white men, then, habited in closely-fitting hunting garments, made of dressed deer-skin, as pliable when dry as silk, their guns slung over their shoulders, followed the Indian, dressed in native costume, with bow and quiver, and carrying the provisions, and commenced their journey.

The first two days were unmarked by any incident. Their course lay over the hills and through the valleys of the pleasant State of Massachusetts, now blooming under the hand of culture, ornamented with cities and villages, and supplying the world with the products of her joyful and free industry; then, an interminable forest, roved by fierce animals, and by red men scarcely less savage, divided into tribes sparsely scattered, living in mutual distrust, incapable of labor, supporting themselves by the uncertain issues of the chase, already daunted by the whites, and perhaps dimly descrying the fate that awaited them.

Crevecœur, in the description of his journey in Upper Pennsylvania, tells us how accurately the native sagacity of the wiser Indians could discriminate between their own characteristics and those of the white strangers, and foresee the consequences that must follow.

"Seest thou," said one of them, "that the whites subsist on grain, while we depend on flesh; that the flesh requires more than thirty moons to mature, and is often scarce; that each of those wonderful grains which they deposit in the ground gives back more than a hundredfold in return; that the meat whereon we subsist has four legs to run away, while we have only two to

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catch it; and that the seeds planted by the strangers remain and increase, and never run away? That is the reason why they have so many children, and live longer than we do. I say unto each one of you who will listen, that, before the cedars of our village shall die of age, and the maple-trees of the valley cease to yield sugar, that the race of the sowers of little seeds will have exterminated the race of the flesh-eaters, provided our hunters do not also resolve to sow."

Through the vast solitude, impressive by its silence and its loneliness, guiding their course by day by the position of the sun and the mosses on the trunks of the trees, and at night by the stars, the three men pursued their way. On the afternoon of the third day, the Knight, after a conversation with their guide, came to the conclusion that it was better the Aberginian should return, as they had now approached too nearly to the haunts of the Taranteens to suppose that they should long remain undiscovered. Accordingly, the Indian took his departure, leaving to the white men all the dangers of a further advance, and to find their way as best they might.

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CHAPTER XIX.

"Mery it was in the grene forest,
Amonge the leves grene;
Whereas men hunt east and west.
Wyth bowes and arrowes kene."

BALLAD OF ADAM BELL, "*Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesly.*"

As the Knight, with confident steps, led the way, Arundel expressed surprise at the skill which he displayed.

"You forget that I may be said to be half an Indian myself, said Sir Christopher, "and am therefore entitled to a knowledge of the woods. I know not how many times I have accompanied the natives in their distant hunting expeditions, and it would be strange if the experience were thrown away."

"But surely you could never have penetrated so far in the direction of this fierce tribe?"

"Farther, my young friend. I have wandered more than a week's journey to every quarter of the compass from my lodge; and it is the knowledge of the country thus derived, and intimacy with Indian character, that inspire me with resolution in our enterprise. It might be considered a perilous accomplishment," he added, with a smile, "since it recommended me to the consideration of the Council, to whom, moreover, the life of one not of the congregation is of less value."

The Knight had never before shown a disposition to be so communicative. Perhaps the isolation of the two from the world,

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and the devotion which Arundel had manifested, heightened his feeling of regard, and drew out his confidence. The young man's interest in the conversation increased, and he said:

"Surely, you would not impute to the Governor, or to a majority of his counsellors, a design to expose you to probable destruction. Unutterable baseness were therein."

"I said not so. I pray thee, Master Arundel, to attach no such construction to my words; you would thereby do foul wrong to my thoughts. Nay, I thank the Governor for honoring me with the commission, and doubt not that he acted only in obedience to a higher prompting than his own. I did but point to a feeling which thine enlightenment must lament as much as mine, and which contracts Christian love into very narrow and erroneous boundaries. Dost thou understand me?"

"I think I do. You refer to the jealous retainer of power in the hands of their Church."

"Of their Church, so called. Here are we, for example: we may desire, with that natural longing whereby men are sometimes animated, to enter into closer relations, and to bind ourselves by more intimate ties with those around us, (oftentimes, I fear me, for purposes of worldly advancement, as well as encouragement in holy living); and, lo! a very slight difference of opinion—a sublety whereon a casuist shall batter his brains for days in vain—shall build up a wall of exclusion, especially if there be some within the enchanted circle who are jealous of our influence and distrust their own."

"I doubt not you are right. My own observation partly confirms these views, though I have been too short a time in the colony to form an undistrusted opinion. My youth and inexperience admonish me to express myself doubtfully; but I think myself safe in agreeing with you, that this is scarcely the best way to establish that universal Church to which the ambition of the Puritans aspires."

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"Have a care, Master Arundel," said the Knight, laughing, and his laugh rang out joyously through the forest, as if he were glad to escape from restraint, and in strong contrast with the caution which he recommended, "lest thy treason be carried by some bird to the enthusiatic Endicott, or the stern Dudley, and thou be made to atone for thy *lese majesté*."

"I bear them no ill will, and they know it. I am but a stranger among them, seeking at their hands a jewel most unjustly detained, and which, if given up, will hardly endanger the common weal. But, Sir Christopher, explain your sentiments more perfectly on the point whither our conversation converged."

"Master Arundel, I am a soldier, and no casuist, and, therefore, hardly so well prepared to answer as good Mr. Eliot, or grave Mr. Wilson; yet do thoughts on such subjects sometimes puzzle the brains of a soldier in a steel helmet, as well as those of a teacher in a Geneva cap; and, sworn brothers as we are, proving our affection by a voluntary community of danger, I will not hesitate to avow my secret reflections, knowing that they are safe in thy keeping. All Christians must acknowledge Holy Scripture, when properly understood, as the imperative rule of faith, without a belief of which there can be no salvation. Now, in Scripture I do find the Church likened unto a net let down into the sea, and when drawn up containing within itself a diversity of fishes. This similitude teaches me that the Blessed Founder of our religion did contemplate variety, and not that strict and tame uniformity which would compel every curve into a straight line, and make the Church more like a platoon of point device Spanish soldiers than reasoning men variously organized."

"I have heard the text differently explained, to wit: that the Church is thereby intended to be represented as a receptacle of all men, without distinction of Jew or Gentile—of color, or of whatever separates man from man."

"They who interpret it thus, do limit the Word of God, and

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make vain the text itself. For, was it not designed that all should be brought within one fold, that there might be one shepherd? Now, how may this be done, if respect be not had to the prepossessions and prejudices of mankind? See the infinite differences that prevail all through the world. These it is the sacred prerogative of the Church to guide and control—not violently tearing them up by the roots, but making them subservient to her advancement."

"That, it seems to me, were little better than encouraging heathenism under the forms of Christianity."

"Nay, it is more like the manœuvre of a skilful helmsman, who, when a flaw that may not be resisted strikes the sails of his ship, doth not luff, and thereby increase the power of his enemy, and risk destruction, but, by a gentle turn of the rudder, glides by the danger, making its very violence facilitate his advance; or it may be compared to the progress of a wise traveller, who, when he encounters a steep hill, doth not always press straight forward, but, influenced by its shape, sometimes turns aside and encircles its base, thereby diminishing the labor and not increasing the distance."

"It doth look to me," said Arundel, "more like the crooked track of the serpent, which cannot advance to its object without twisting its body into contortions."

"And can anything be more graceful than its lovely curves? Doth not Scripture in some manner commend the sagacious reptile, holding him up to us as an example, and bidding us be wise even as serpents? The children of Israel, moreover, when in the wilderness, were cured of their wounds by merely looking at the brazen serpent, thereby typifying the value of wisdom, whereof the snake is an emblem."

"You are more skilled in dialectic than I," said Arundel, laughing, "and were I to hear you with shut eyes, I should think a monk's cowl would fit your head better than a morion."

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Sir Christopher stole a sharp, quick glance at his companion at these words, but he could notice nothing in the youth's handsome features save the light-heartedness of a happy spirit. He seemed to think it necessary, however, to explain more perfectly the meaning of what he had been saying.

"Harbor not the thought," he continued, "that I, in any wise, approve the damnable doctrines which, by many zealous Protestants, are ascribed to the Catholic Church, viz: that religion consists in the mumbling of unmeaning forms and performance of unnecessary ceremonies; in the gaudy decoration of temples with pictures and statues, which some consider an incitement to devotion; in an entire abandonment of the soul of the layman to the care of the priest, as if the laic himself had no part in working out his salvation. As a good Protestant, I am bound to condemn and anathematize these errors; but, more distinctly, I hold that our Puritan brethren (to come back to the point of departure) are over-strict and unwise in applying a Procrustean measure in their discipline, and, for that reason, if for no other, they cannot be a Church universal. Too stiff, unbending and unforgiving are they to the weaknesses of human nature, and, therefore, (without more,) I predict utter failure to every attempt of theirs to make the natives like themselves. They do forget that milk, not flesh meat, is the food for babes."

"Hold you these Puritans to be, in any true sense, a Church at all?" inquired Arundel.

Again the Knight looked sharply at the other, and this time he burst into a laugh, wherein, it seemed to the young man, a sneer was mingled with the gaiety.

"That were a dangerous question," he answered, "anywhere else than three days' journey from Winthrop, and to ears less forgiving than mine. But here we are, debating, as thou didst intimate a moment ago, more like two pattering monks than journeying like merry cavaliers. For my part, the dissensions of Christ-

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endom weary me, and I prefer to leave to the holy men vowed to the service of the altar, the labor of unloosing the knots of controversy, rather than perplex my brains with them. Come, Master Arundel, hast never a song wherewith to waken the echoes of the virgin forest and shorten the toils of our way?"

"I esteem not myself a singer, though I can troll a stave or two," replied the young man. "But I fear that my minstrelsy would be rude and uncouth to the cultivated ears of one who, like you, Sir Christopher, hath listened to the lays of many lands, and so, refined and perfected his taste."

"It is true," said the Knight, "that I have heard the songs of many countries, warbled by beauty to the accompanying sounds of divers instruments, from Spain to Persia, from the Andalusian guitar to the Turkish lute. But fear me not. I am no supercilious critic. Thy modesty hides merit. I will be bound now that thy performance will exceed thy promise."

"But is there no danger of attracting wandering savages, and so being taken prisoners, or shot with their arrows?"

"The danger of being treated as enemies is less, for what Indian would suspect such of going singing through the woods?"

"Then here is my song," said Arundel, "but I shall look for a like complaisance on thy part."

"Who loves the greenwood cool and sweet,
O! let him come with me!
No harsher sound his ears shall greet,
Than songs of birds so free;
No sight less fair his eyes shall view,
Than trees, and ferns, and flowers—
Sun, stars, the branches shimmering through,
To light the flying hours.

Ambition hither cannot come,
Here Pomp is out of place,
And fawning Flattery finds no home
With Simper and Grimace,

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But Nature, in her artless dress,
(A greenwood nymph is she,)
With eyes so wild and flowing tress,
And bare ungartered knee.

Then come, O, come! O, come with me!
Forgot be toil and care;
O! come beneath the greenwood tree,
For happiness is there.
The sun shall shine with tempered ray,
The moon-beam soft, yet bright;
O, come! Joy beckons us away,
To revel in delight!"

"Good!" exclaimed the Knight. "Thy voice is as sweet as a sky-lark's, and runs with marvellous cunning through the harmonious changes of the tune. Why, never preface thy song again with an apology, or I shall begin to doubt thy sincerity."

"Wild woods and savage life have not tarnished the courtly polish of Sir Christopher Gardiner," said Arundel. "And now for my guerdon, though in truth I feel shame for the little I have been able to do, in comparison with what I expect."

"By my troth, thou art a master in the science of delicate compliments. There was, I confess, a time when, with youthful vanity, I did esteem myself possessed of some skill, and could step along the gamut with any Don or Signor of them all; but that is long since, and I fear me that the gutturals of Northern Germany have quite driven out of my throat the liquids and vowels of Italy. However, to pleasure me, thou hast sung with infinite discretion and wonderful sweetness, a most delectable song; and now it were boorish not to attempt at least to repay thy musical favor."

So saying, the Knight sung in a manner and with an expression that proved him to be an accomplished musician, and in

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some contrast with the less artful style of Arundel, the following song:

"On golden Guadalquiver's banks
Are tinkling gay guitars,
To hail with song and smiling thanks,
The soldier from the wars.

When glowing youth and beauty met,
Blush at each other's glance,
And, bounding to the castanet,
Entwine th'impassioned dance.

And purple Xeres sends her wine,
To laugh in those dark eyes,
Whose flashing orbs the stars outshine,
Of Andalusia's skies.

Red lips repeat the hero's name,
White hands are scattering flowers;
Honor be his and deathless fame,
And gratitude be ours!

Delightful land of orange blooms,
Of chivalry and song,
Whose memory the past perfumes—
O! how for thee I long!

Where'er may stray my wandering feet,
I never will forget,
Or Guadalquiver's maidens sweet,
Or merry castanet.

When sun, and moon, and stars turn pale,
On Nature's funeral pyre,
O'er all Spain's glory shall prevail,
An eagle soaring higher."

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"You have well profited by your opportunities, Sir Christopher," said Arundel, at its conclusion. "By mine honor, such sweet and artful notes never waked the echoes of a mighty forest. I seemed to mingle in the graceful fandango, and to taste the exhilarating Xeres in your song."

"Ah!" replied the Knight, with a half sigh. "It is only a reminiscence of youthful follies. But now it is thy turn again. I warrant me there is store of ravishing melodies in the treasury whence thou didst take thine."

"I dare not," said the young man modestly, "sing after thee. My poor notes would sound like those of the croaking raven, in comparison with the warblings of the yellow minstrel of the Canaries."

"Out with thee, hyperbolical flatterer! Believe me—I set a higher value on thy nature than on my art. Come, pipe up once more, and I will, meanwhile, try to recall another ditty."

"If such is to be my reward, I will not refuse, although I do thereby only expose my own incapacity. Here is a serenade:

"I stand beneath thy window, love,
To tell my pleasing pain:
O, flowers below, and stars above,
Bear to her heart my strain!
Say that the charms of earth and sky
Are waiting for her company,
And all sweet things my fair invite,
To rise and perfect make the night.

Yet, no! I would no earthly sound
Might mar that tranquil sleep,
O'er which the angels, standing round,
Admiring vigil keep.
With these bright guards I choose to share
The watching of my jewel rare;
For though their love may be divine,
I know it cannot equal mine.

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I see her as she chastely lies
Upon the linen white;
Was ne'er to man's or angel's eyes
So beautiful a sight!
O, mark her bosom's fall and swell,
(Profane it were of more to tell,)
While hover round her rose-leaf mouth,
Sweets that excel the Arabian South.

Listen! she murmurs in her dreams,
And music puts to shame:
O, can it be! she breathes, meseems,
My too—too happy name!
O cease, bliss-crowded heart, to beat
So fast, lest like some India fleet
Surcharged with spices, thou outright
Founder, o'erfreighted with delight!"

"Excellent," exclaimed the Knight. Never talk to me of the wonderful little birds of the Canaries, unless to call thyself one. I fancy thy verses a tribute to the celestial attractions of Mistress Eveline Dunning."

"And now let me hear thee," said Arundel.

"I did match my first lay," said Sir Christopher, "to thy youthful blood. Now will I give thee one more befitting my years and gravity," and adapting the words to a wild foreign air, the Knight sent his rich full voice ringing through the wood.

"Who, on Glory's pinion,
Shall mount the upper air,
And write his name with sunbeams
Sublimely there?

Blare of trumpets shivering
Above the reeling fight,
Proves the inhuman challenge—
The warrior's right!

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Son of thoughtful Science,
Unthinking of renown,
Is thine the name to thunder
The ages down?"

"Hist!" he said, interrupting the song. "What is it I see gliding in yonder thicket? Stand fast, Master Arundel, while I go forward to reconnoitre."

The young man would have accompanied him, but this Sir Christopher imperatively forbade. "Thou art under my lead and protection," he said, "and foul shame were it, should I expose thee to a danger which I should face myself alone;" and in spite of his urgency, Arundel was obliged to remain behind.

The Knight was gone, perhaps, a quarter of an hour, and Arundel began to be anxious at the length of his absence, and had stepped forward a few rods to seek him, when he made his appearance.

"If it were a wild beast, or anything that could harm us," he cried, as he approached, "it has glided off into the bushes."

"Then shall I entreat the continuance of thy song. I would like to hear resolved the question which it pleases the poet to ask."

"I care not to sing more now," returned the Knight. "My voice, I perceive, begins to roughen, and brawls along more like a shallow brook, over pebbles, than the flow of a deep, equable stream. It were to shame the brave words."

This determination Arundel was unable to alter, and he could not avoid ascribing it quite as much to a change of opinion in his companion, respecting the prudence of singing in that wild region, as to any assumed roughness of voice. Thinking thus, he unslung his gun, and examined carefully the priming, holding himself in readiness for any emergency. He noticed, however, to his surprise, that no such precautions were adopted by Sir Christopher, who, though in silence, walked with as fearless a step as ever, and allowed his piece to remain upon his back.

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The shades of evening were now beginning to wrap objects in obscurity, and it became necessary to look out for a place of rest. In finding one fitted for the purpose, the Knight betrayed no embarrassment.

"There should be," he said, "a small cave in the neighborhood, wherein we may be sheltered. I will lead thee thither in a short time."

Accordingly, they descended the side of a pretty steep declivity, and, at the bottom, forming a sort of miniature valley, found the object of their search. It was certainly a very small cave, if, indeed, the recess, which was not twelve feet deep, made by the jutting out of some huge rocks from the side of the hill, deserved the name. A brook came dashing round before the cave, separating it as it were from its surroundings, and deepening its privacy; and over the entrance hung immense hemlock branches, sweeping with their evergreen plumes the rocky roof, and almost hiding the aperture. It seemed impossible to have selected a place better adapted for concealment.

"We need not fear," said the Knight, "to make a fire in this secluded spot. It will serve to keep off wild animals, and as for Indians, they can hardly be expected to stumble on us."

Arundel, as being only a follower, and inferior in experience of wood-craft to his elder friend, made no objection, but addressed himself to prepare for passing the night. The two, with their hunting hatchets, cut from the moist land, watered by the brook, a quantity of hemlock boughs, wherewith to compose their beds, making couches more comfortable, and even luxurious to a tired wanderer, than one would suppose who had never tried them. Next, they kindled a fire, whereupon supper was prepared—some small game, consisting of partridges and rabbits which they had shot in the course of the day. These, together with the parched corn they brought from home, not without a draught or two of aqua vitæ tempered by the pure stream, satisfied the cravings of appetite.

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"And now, Master Arundel," said the Knight, after the repast was finished, during which he had looked with admiring eyes on the achievements of his companion, "tell me, didst ever, at princely banquet in courtly hall, enjoy with keener zest the artificial dishes of cunning cooks, designed to tickle the delicate and difficultly pleased palate?"

"Never," answered Arundel. "Knew the epicures of Europe the efficacy of a forest tramp, we should meet them oftener than Indians in the woods."

"Thus deals boon nature with her children," said Sir Christopher. "Out of the richness of her abundance doth she prodigally supply what man, with all his devices, cannot obtain. The scent of the woodland, the winged minstrelsy, the murmur of the brook, and tripping of the deer, say I, before the inventions and appliances of dissatisfied man, whereby he vainly tries to procure to himself pleasures which he might have for the asking. But how fares it otherwise with thee? Art not tired? With me, who am an old campaigner, our tramp should be a trifle, and yet I confess my limbs are not as supple as in the morning. Thou wert excusable shouldest thou feel it more."

"I feel no fatigue now," said Arundel, "though an hour ago I might have confessed it. But what is that?" he exclaimed, grasping his gun. "Methought I saw two eyes peering from the thicket. Shall I fire?" he added, bringing the piece to his shoulder.

"For thy life, no!" interposed the Knight quickly, striking up the muzzle of the gun. "That were to inform any wandering savages of our retreat."

"I will then explore the bush to find out what it is, whom curiosity has attracted—whether beast or Indian."

"It were well not to do so," said the Knight. "It would only be unnecessary exposure; and an enemy, if it be one, would have every possible advantage in waiting for thee—he knowing thy position, and thou not his."

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"Nevertheless, it were a great satisfaction could I discern the creature. Perhaps I may bring back a buck for breakfast. Thou art acquainted with the stupid habit of deer to gaze on fire. It may be one of them."

"For all that, I counsel thee to remain. A prudent soldier exposes not himself to danger without cause."

"By Heaven!" exclaimed Arundel, "I see the eyes of the animal again, in the light of the fire. I will shoot, come what will of it;" and before the Knight could interfere, he had discharged his piece in the direction of the object. The dark woods echoed to the report, and some birds disturbed from their perches began to flutter blindly round, but no other sounds were heard, and presently silence, as profound as before, brooded over the forest.

"Thou hast been guilty of a sad imprudence, Master Arundel," said the Knight, "and I hope no evil consequences may result therefrom. What art thou about now?"

But the young man, who, from the instant he had discharged his piece, had been busy reloading it, and whose preparations were now completed, paid no attention to the question; but, excited by what he had seen, rushed out of the cave into the open air.

"*Santa Madre de Dios!*" exclaimed the Knight. "I hope nothing evil will befall him. Were it better now to follow or to remain?"

While Sir Christopher was deliberating, Arundel, holding his piece in readiness, cautiously took his way toward the thicket, whence he fancied the eyes had looked. As he was groping along, not yet recovered from the blinding effect of the fire-glare, he suddenly felt his gun seized, and several strong arms thrown round his person. He cried out for assistance, and struggled, but in vain. The gun was torn away, a hand placed over his mouth, and a tomahawk brandished at him, as if to intimate his doom, should he continue his outcries. In this state of things nothing

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was left but to yield himself to his captors, and, resigning himself to his fate, he waited for what should follow; nor was he kept long in suspense, for presently an Indian came gliding up to the group in whose midst he stood, and spoke a few words, whereupon he was led to the cave, and directed by signs to enter it. Here he found Sir Christopher lying quietly on the ground, without apparently having received any injury, and his piece in the possession of some Indians by whom he was surrounded. Arundel was permitted to sit down by his side, admiring, as he did so, the wonderful composure of the Knight.

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CHAPTER XX.

"There have been holy men who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness."

BRYANT.

ARUNDEL had now an opportunity to look round and observe the state of things Besides the Knight and himself, there were seven or eight Indians in the little cavern, armed with bows and arrows; and he remarked with pleasure that these persons were not stained with war-paint, indicating that they were on no hostile expedition, but engaged in hunting. So far from offering violence, or even rudeness, the savages treated them with marked deference, keeping at a respectful distance, and yielding to them the piles of hemlock branches which they had arranged for co.ches. Arundel listened to the conversation between the Knight and the Indians with that strained attention with which one unacquainted with a language will sometimes hang upon its sounds, as if by a concentration of the faculties to wring a sense out of it; and if he was unable to make out the meaning of the words, he at least satisfied himself, both from the intonation of the voices and expression of the faces, that no immediate injury was designed. To the appealing looks which Arundel from time to time directed to him, the Knight at length replied:

"I know not, Master Arundel, whether we should consider ourselves more fortunate or the contrary, in falling into the hands of these copper-colored cavaliers. We are their prisoners, and,

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as such, bound to obey their motions; but their presence will guard us from attack, and in that way be a shield; and their treatment in other respects will shame, I doubt not, the conduct of more civilized men in like circumstances."

"Know you," inquired Arundel, "the name of their tribe, and their intentions towards us?"

"They are Taranteens, and, as far as I can learn, mean to take us to one of their villages. It was fortunate your shot took not effect; for, otherwise, I know not what would have been the consequence."

"I confess now its rashness; but it is manifest that we were tracked, and, in any event, would have been prisoners."

"Perhaps not prisoners. Perhaps, after making our acquaintance, they would have offered us their company as an escort. As it is, we must submit to close watchfulness on our journey, and, afterwards, take what fate may come. I counsel thee (and speak as one knowing the habits of these people) to betray no distrust or apprehension. We must show that we rely with perfect assurance on our character as ambassadors, not only for immunity from danger, but for courteous treatment. And now," he added, disposing himself to rest, "we had better court that sleep which will be so necessary to prepare us for the fatigues of tomorrow."

Arundel followed his example, and, as if it had been a signal for the Indians, they all left the cave, with the exception of two, who stretched themselves out by the fire at the mouth.

It was long after it had fallen upon the lids of Sir Christopher, that sleep visited the eyes of Arundel; but tired nature at last yielded to the solicitations of the drowsy influence, and he forgot both his joys and his sorrows.

When he awoke, the daylight was streaming into his retreat, and, sitting up on the hemlock boughs, he looked around. The couch of Sir Christopher was deserted, and no Indian visible.

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Wondering what had become of them, he rose and walked to the entrance, and beheld standing on the margin of the brook, the Knight in conversation with the savage, who, the night before, appeared to be the leader of the party. They were so interested with their subject as not to notice his presence, and he had an opportunity to observe their bearing to one another. To judge from that, the Knight looked to Arundel more like a conqueror than a captive, and rather giving than receiving orders. The attitude of Sir Christopher was commanding, and he engrossed the principal part of the conversation. From the frequency with which it was repeated, Arundel, as he fancied, could make out one word, which sounded like "Mesandowit," but its meaning he was unable to divine. He stood looking at them until the Indian discovered him, who, ejaculating the word "ahque," (beware,) the Knight turned and also saw him.

"Thy appearance dispenses with the necessity of asking how thou hast passed the night, Master Arundel," cried Sir Christopher. "Well, there is nothing like a trust in Providence, whereto I commend thee, to inspire with courage. Courage may, in a certain sense, be said to be piety."

"Truly, Sir Christopher," said Arundel, catching confidence from the cheerful tone of the Knight, "I begin to regard thee as a sort of Providence, for wherever you move, you seem to exercise a command. Now would I give something to know the secret whereby you have tamed yon savage."

"It is no astonishing mystery. I did but elucidate to him clearly our sacred character and thy mistake in firing."

"Is he content with the explanation?"

"He seems to be. The natives are not so unreasonable as is sometimes represented. Difficulties between men do often arise from an ignorance of each others intentions; and one grand cause of contention is, doubtless, an inability to comprehend their diverse languages. Now, I suffer under no such disability.

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I can impart my ideas, and receive their own in return, and thus is language a bridge of reconciliation betwixt us. Believe me—a common cord vibrates through the hearts and minds of all men, and skilful words are the fingers wherewith to touch it."

"Thou art a skilful musician in more than one sense," said Arundel, as he turned to the brook to wash his hands and face.

No very strict, certainly not obtrusive surveillance, was exercised by the Taranteens over their captives. They were allowed to move about where they pleased, and their escort began to assume the appearance of a guard of honor, rather than a band of suspicious enemies; nor did the savages seem at all disposed to hurry, or take any measures to prevent a surprise, feeling, probably, a consciousness of security in being on their own hunting grounds. Their breakfast, of which the two white men partook with them, was leisurely prepared, and eaten with equal deliberation, and the sun was high when they resumed their journey. All these circumstances were noticed by Arundel, and tended to increase his confidence. However, he made no remark respecting them.

But when, soon after the commencement of their march, their guns were returned, he could not forbear from uttering his surprise.

"They know not how to use the weapon," replied Sir Christopher, "and it suits them not to carry loads not their own. Besides, I have pledged our honors that the pieces shall not be used against them. Methinks, moreover, were we inclined to play false, it were fruitless, in view of their superior number."

Nothing of importance occurred during the couple of days longer their journey lasted, and before it was completed, both the prisoners lost all apprehension of violence. They were even permitted to shoot the game which was started, and the Indians manifested no little pleasure when the shots proved successful. They watched closely the loading of the pieces and priming, and

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the manner in which the lock trigger was raised, and sometimes took the guns into their own hands, and brought them up to the shoulder, as they had seen the white men do, as if desirous to be taught their use. Something also, in reference to the subject, they said to the Knight, but he shook his head, and showed no disposition to instruct them. An unlucky experiment made with the piece of Sir Christopher, by one of the Taranteens, at length put an end to their importunities.

The Indian took the gun, after he had seen it loaded by Sir Christopher, and imitating his actions, discharged it at a bird sitting on a bough, at no great distance.

He had failed to remark that the Knight placed the piece firmly against his shoulder when it was fired, and ignorant of the propriety of doing so, held it with a natural feeling of timidity at a little distance from his body. The consequence was, that the recoil prostrated the savage on his back, and the gun dropped from his hands, while the fortunate bird seemed to deride the unskilful marksman, and to challenge him to another trial, by paying no other heed than hopping on another bough. His companions gathered round the fallen savage, and two or three took hold of the white men, as if to prevent escape; but when they saw no wound upon his person, nor expression of pain in his face, (for the pride of the unfortunate warrior forbade the betrayal of what he felt,) their words of sympathy and intentions of revenge were converted into jeers and laughter. As for the unlucky fellow himself, on rising from the ground, he retreated a little way from the gun, and regarding it with a look, wherein awe and aversion were combined, took care not to approach nigh to it again.

On the evening of the seventh day after their departure, they approached the village of the Taranteens. The whole company halted at a little distance from it, and the returning Indians shouted a peculiar cry, after which they proceeded more leisurely on their way. The yell had been heard and understood, for soon

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were seen advancing, groups of men, women, and children. These, upon joining their friends, manifested none of that stolid indifference, which it has been the pleasure of certain writers to ascribe to the natives, forgetting that by nature the same feelings animate the hearts of all men, whatever may be the degree of their civilization, or the color of their skin. On the contrary, there were smiling faces and tones of welcome, and other demonstrations, that proved the existence of affection. The squaws and children looked askance at the strangers, but their glances were rather timid than obtrusive, and augured no unfavorable prepossessions. Accompanied by a constantly increasing number, our friends were conducted to a lodge in the centre of the village, which they were told they would occupy during their stay. It was carefully covered with bark, and, as usual, skins were hanging on the sides, and lying on the ground for couches, and there were some cooking utensils, made of clay, on one side. Such were all the articles constituting the simple *ménage* of the child of nature, and completed his idea of necessary furniture. Here the strangers were left by their guides, though several of the tribe remained lingering around the wigwam.

"Thus far," said the Knight, stretching himself out on a skin, for in whatever circumstances he might be placed, he was always at his ease, "hath heaven breathed favoring airs into our sails. We will accept the omen and be hopeful for the future."

"No more skilful ambassador, it seems to me," said Arundel, "ever mediated betwixt mighty governments than thyself, Sir Christopher. Why, Ephraim Pike was right, and I did injustice to his hang-dog look when I distrusted him."

"What said he?" inquired the Knight.

"That our journey would be a mere pleasure flight, unattended with danger."

"He would have found it different had he undertaken it," muttered Sir Christopher. "And was it Ephraim who advised thee to associate thyself with me?"

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"He did not presume to advise. I scarcely know how it happened, but as I accidentally met the man, the conversation turned upon thy enterprise, of the dangers whereof he made light."

"There is some mystery," said the Knight, "connected with this. Be sure the obscure varlet would not have sought thee out for such a purpose of his own motion, but was instigated thereto by another."

"Who could that be, and with what motive?"

"Nay, I judge no man; but, perhaps, it so happened that they who intended harm conferred a favor."

At this moment they saw approaching through the opening in the lodge a couple of squaws, bearing in their hands earthen pots, from which a warm steam was issuing. These they brought straight into the wigwam, and, placing them before the white men, invited them to eat. After a few words from the Knight, which the smiling faces of the women showed were well received, they retired, and the two friends addressed themselves to a business seldom disagreeable, and specially pleasant to them. In the one vessel they found pieces of broiled venison, and in the other a composition at that time peculiar to the Indians, but which has since become a favorite in New England, and still retains its Indian name of "succotash." It is a dish consisting of sweet corn and beans boiled together, and savored with some kind of meat, according to the taste. The meat preferred by the vitiated taste of the whites is pork; but inasmuch as swine were unknown at the time in the country, except in the civilized settlements—the unclean animal having been introduced by the Europeans—its place in the present instance was supplied by the more wholesome bear's meat, for such the experienced palate of the Knight pronounced it to be. At the completion of the meal, although it was early according to our habits, the unbroken silence that reigned around indicated that the Indians had retired to rest, and

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the two weary travelers, imitating their example, threw themselves on their couches.

Some hours had passed since they laid themselves down to sleep, when the Knight arose, and, after glancing at his companion, started, with a light and noiseless step, to leave the wigwam. At the opening he found a Taranteen, whom his stirring had wakened. With him the Knight exchanged some whispered words, and then took his way in the moonlight toward a lodge situated near the centre of the village, and conspicuous for its size. He met no interruption, and having arrived at the entrance, drew aside the skin which served for a door. The first object which caught his eye was a flame proceeding from some pieces of a resinous wood, which were supported by a sort of iron trestle standing on a rude table in the centre, and sending up spirals of smoke to escape by an aperture above. By means of the light which this cast, he was enabled to take a view of the apartment.

It was of an oblong shape, some forty feet long by twenty wide, and coming to a line at the top, and at first seemed destitute of furniture and of occupants. As the Knight stood hesitating, a voice from the remotest part of the wigwam addressed him.

"Welcome!" it said, in French, "true son of the Church! valiant soldier of the Cross! servant of Heaven! My soul hath been in travail to see thee; and now, *laus Deo*, its desire is gratified."

The Knight advanced in the direction whence the voice proceeded, and when he had passed on so far that his back was to the light, could see the speaker. He was one who, whatever were the mistakes of his creed, seems to have been animated by a purpose lofty to himself, and an ardent faith in its truth, and, therefore, honor be to his memory, as well as to all other brave spirits, who, like him, (though erring,) forget themselves for others. But he is worthy of description.

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He was a man of about sixty years of age, somewhat under the middle size, but strongly made, and evidently capable of enduring great fatigue. His eyes were black and piercing, his complexion so dark as to be almost olive, and his features regular, the mouth being small and sharply chiseled and compressed. Thick, long, white hair covered his whole head, with the exception of a small round spot on the crown which was bare, revealing the mark of the priest, and fell upon his shoulders. He was habited in a long, closely-fitting robe of some coarse material, which had once been black, but was now faded and tarnished by time and exposure, and a hempen rope to keep it in place was girded about his loins. Such, as we have described him, was the famous Father Le Vieux, one of the most active and devoted among the French Jesuits in America.

Father Le Vieux had risen from his seat, and was advancing toward his visiter, when the latter first beheld him. As the two men drew nigh, the Knight sunk on his knees at the feet of the priest.

"*Salve fili mi!*" said the father, laying his hands on the head of the kneeling Sir Christopher. "*Beatus qui venit in nomine Domini.* Arise, my son!" he continued, in French, taking the Knight by the hand, and assisting him. "Thy companion, I trust, sleeps soundly."

"He is asleep, reverend father," answered the Knight, in the same language, "like one who has made a covenant with his eyes not to open them before morning."

"May the blessed angels press their palms thereupon, that he awaken not. Now, then, disclose to me what, for our mutual purpose, it is meet that I should know."

With these words, he led the way into that part of the lodge whence he came, and was followed by Sir Christopher, who sat down by his side on a sort of bench.

"First, reverend father," said Sir Christopher, "would I confess my sins and obtain absolution. It is long since my bosom's

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stains were wiped out by authority of Holy Church, and my soul languishes for forgiveness."

"Kneel, then, and on peril of thy salvation keep nothing back."

Sir Christopher, with bowed head, knelt by his side, and, in low-murmured tones, while the priest bowed down to him his ear, made his confession. It lasted some considerable time, for which reason the good father betrayed a little impatience, either because he thought that the sins were too trivial to be dwelt upon so long, or because he was anxious to hear the communication of his penitent on other matters. At its conclusion, he placed his hand on the Knight's head, and said:

"The sins which, with a penitent heart and lively faith, thou hast confessed, not having wilfully concealed anything, and determined by God's grace to commit them no more, do I, a servant of Holy Church, commissioned for that purpose by the successor of blessed St. Peter, whose are the sacred keys, and unto whom and his fellow-servants it was promised by the Head of the Church, 'whatsoever ye bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven, and whatsoever ye loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven,' absolve thee from, and unbind and remit unto thee, both in time and in eternity, *in nomine Patris, Filii, et Spiritus Sanctus.* Amen. Rise and sin no more. And now, make thy report."

The Knight rose from his knees and resumed his seat, whereupon ensued a long conversation.

It referred to the condition of the colony under Winthrop, and of the elder settlement at Plymouth; the prospect of their increase; the dissensions among them; the relations maintained with the savages, and influence exerted over them; and, in short, to whatever bore upon the present circumstances and probable destiny of the two races. The occurrences at the reception of the Taranteen embassy were also detailed—the appearance of Sassacus, the excitement of the Indians, and the consequences which followed.

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"I found it hard," said Sir Christopher, "to allay their wild passion on the discovery of the Pequot Chief. I had to urge upon them that they were committed to my care by you (I had before received your missive from one of them) and that instant destruction would follow any act of violence. I reminded them that their mission was one of peace, and endeavored to shame them for exhibiting so much feeling at the sight of a single warrior. Nor was I blinded by their apparent submission, but strove to remove the Pequot out of their way. With how little success you know."

Father Le Vieux listened with profound attention, and from time to time made memoranda in his tablets of those parts of the communication which possessed for him the deepest interest. At its conclusion, he continued silent awhile, looking thoughtfully on the ground, as if deliberating over what he had heard.

"The thoughts of man are vanity," he said, at length. "In a way that we dreamed not of hath Almighty Wisdom delivered us from this peril. Vainly, in our ignorance, we strove to prevent a meeting between the Taranteens and the English heretics; and lo, it was the very thing to be desired! They were brought together only to be more widely divided, and a commencing friendship has ended in a confirmed enmity. Blessed be the Pequot, and mitigated be the pains of purgatory to the poor savages who fell in the night attack, for the good they have done. We are now safe from this danger."

The father paused, as if reflecting, and then again spoke.

"It would be strange," he said, "and the thought itself seems impious, if this goodly land, with its thousands of immortal souls, should be delivered over into the hands of these accursed heretics. My heart is troubled, and a sacred horror invades me when I think thereupon. This is a time of tribulation, and our faces gather blackness. Holy Mary!" he continued, (crossing himself and raising his eyes to Heaven,) "intercede with

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thy glorified Son to quicken our faith and shorten the days of our trouble. Let not these insatiable locusts from the pit of darkness, whose end is destruction—these deceivers and deceived, who would tear down thy church, and defile her altars, have, even in seeming, their will! O, let a strong wind arise and cast them into the sea, that they may devour thy heritage no more!"

"Amen, and Amen!" responded the sweet voice of Sir Christopher. "So may all the enemies of the church perish! But O, holy father, sad is it to see so much heroism in men, so much resigned fortitude in delicate women, such wonderful courage, such patience wasted, in promoting error."

"*Quam diu Domine!*" exclaimed the father. "The days of man are but as a shadow and a tale that is told. He cometh out of darkness, and returneth thither again. But thy years, O Lord, are everlasting, and thy counsels like the great deep. O, stamp this truth on our hearts, and it shall cure our impatience. How long Divine Wisdom shall permit the raging waves of this pestilential heresy of the arch-deceiver, the licentious Luther, to beat against His church, threatening as with the jaws of hell to devour her, it is not for man to know; but we do know that they cannot prevail, for she is founded on a rock, and bought with a great ransom, and the Word of God is pledged to her triumph. But it becomes every true son of Holy Church to have his loins girded, and to let no weakness of the flesh or fainting of the spirit interfere, to delay that hoped-for time when this miserable delusion shall disappear. Verily, heavy is the task imposed on feeble shoulders; but in the strength of One who can supply strength, will we prevail."

"Has any information," inquired Sir Christopher, "been received respecting the new colony to be planted under Lord Baltimore, in Maryland, or promise of assistance from our friends at home?"

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"The English Catholics," answered Father Le Vieux, "are lukewarm. The air of their foggy isle is tainted. Not much do I expect from this Cecil, Lord Baltimore. He is, forsooth, a philosopher—a man who stands half the time upon his head—for he is one of them who are puffed up with conceit of worldly knowledge, and who, in contradiction of Holy Scripture, assert, with Galileo Galilei, that this world is a ball which daily turns round. His company has not arrived, and never may arrive. Not on the timorous and doubting English Catholics, but on my own brave countrymen and the faithful Spaniards, must we rely for the accomplishment of the heaven-inspired thought of our great founder, the immortal Loyola."

"Expect you," inquired Sir Christopher, "to convert these English colonies into dependencies of France or Spain?"

"To you and to me, and every true Catholic, it is of little consequence whether they be French, or Spanish, or English colonies, so they be gathered into the bosom of Mother Church. Of how little moment are the transitory things of time, our poor distinctions of nationalities, our weak prejudices, our loves and hates, in comparison with eternity and its determinations. Then, in that other world, there will be neither French, nor English, nor Spanish, but 'the blessed of the Father,' to enter the kingdom prepared for them; or howling heretics, whose doom is fire unquenchable."

"Holy Father," said the Knight, "I pray you to forgive me; but, in my ignorance, I by no means approve of your design, nor have I confidence in its success. Consider the consequence, should even a suspicion of it be entertained by the Government of England. These colonies are now regarded as only nests of wild sectaries, who have fled from restraint at home to indulge fanatical imaginations in a wilderness. At present, they are neglected and despised by the general, none, save those of their own infatuated faith, thinking of, or countenancing them; but, let it

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be once surmised that France or Spain is attempting, either by fraud or violence, to set foot among them, and you will see the whole force of the kingdom in arms to counteract your plot, and thousands of heretic emigrants will arrive, where now only a few make their appearance."

"My son, it is easier to crush error in the egg than in the full-grown serpent. But forget you not that you are only a secular coadjutor, and therefore bound simply to obey?"

"*Peccavi*," said the Knight, bending his head.

"*Absolvo.* I espied this weakness in the confession of sins, and now solemnly warn thee against it. Attend, my son, and be my words remembered. I perceive in thee a jealousy of the political power of other nations, when they conflict with thine own. This, to the untutored mind of the vulgar, seems commendable, yet do I reprehend it, and say unto it, '*Apage, Sathanas!*' as the fruitful seed of discord betwixt nations, and an impediment in the march of the Church. As high as the concerns of Heaven transcend those of earth, do the interests of the true and universal Church those of the petty kingdoms which, for their own good, she subjects to her control. They are not to be thought of when her magnificent voice is heard. Who is it speaks from the chair of St. Peter, but the Vicegerent of God? Who is Vitalleschi, our chief, but another accredited instrument to accomplish the salvation of the nations? And if it be the duty of every Catholic to set the welfare of the Church before all other considerations, and to die a thousand deaths before abandoning it, how much more is it the life-business of each member of the Society of Jesus to sacrifice all things for her! Power, wealth, fame, life, and honor, which some value more than life, what are they all when weighed against that one duty and the reward that awaits its observance? The principles of the blessed Company of Jesus are not the crude fancies of some crazy heretic, nor suggestions of man's unguided reason, but they are conclusions of

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wise men inspired by the Holy Spirit, and infallibly directed to truth! Such thou and I have acknowledged them to be by becoming members of the Order, and thereby assuming its obligations. My faith burns daily brighter—each obstacle but inflames my zeal. If, by my martyrdom, I could advance our cause one hour, how gladly would I lay down a life worthless, if not spent in the service of the Church."

Father Le Vieux paused, his fine face beaming with enthusiasm, while the Knight bent again his head, and, kissing the priest's hand, murmured "*Peccavi.*"

"Thy faithfulness I commend," resumed the father, "but as thy spiritual guide, I warn thee against human weakness. It is a mighty discourager of great undertakings. Only by faith and remembrance of what thou art vowed to, can it be overcome. Nor doubt, though thou dost not clearly understand, and but little progress seems to be made. Remember that though we must soon depart, the Society of Jesus remains. Our Order may be as the drops of water perpetually falling on a rock, which are dashed into fragments by the fall; yet is the fate of the repelling body inevitable, and, after centuries, it is doomed to be washed away."

"Reverend Father," said the Knight, "I will bury thy words, in my mind, and often meditate upon them."

"Do so, my son, and by the aid of Holy Mary, and the Saints, and blessed Evangelists, doubt not they will profit. But I charge thee to beware of laic reason and human impulses. Refer all things to the standard whereby thou hast been taught, for so only will it be well. Farewell; morning approaches, and I depart, for I would not have the presence of a white man suspected by thy companion. I will communicate further with thee as opportunity presents, and, meanwhile, I will consider how thy mission may be made to redound most to the honor of the Church. If, by restraining the ferocity of the Taranteens, the

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end may be accomplished, gladly will I exert my influence therefor; but, on the contrary, if I see that a union among the tribes can be effected, whereby these intrusive Philistines can be driven from the land, I will put myself at the head of our savage friends, and Winthrop and his unhappy followers shall be doomed."

He ceased, and bowed, and the Knight reverently bending his body, took leave.

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CHAPTER XXI.

Low, reverently low,
Make thy stubborn knowledge bow,
Weep out thy reason's and thy body's eyes,
Deject thyself, that thou mayest rise,
To look to heaven—be blind to all below.

MATHEW PRIOR.

On rising, which he did with the sun, leaving the Knight buried in sleep, Arundel took his way through the village to enjoy the fresh morning air and examine the Indian wigwams, it being the first considerable collection of them which he had seen. He found them, to the number of forty or fifty, extending at a distance of four or five rods from one another, in a couple of wide avenues, from the edge of a wood to the margin of a river. The piece of ground on which the lodges were built seemed to be a bit of alluvial formed by the overflowing of the river. All along the stream were scattered fields of maize, whose tall, stout stalks attested the richness of the soil. The cultivation was of that sluggish and negligent description which was to be expected from the indolent character of the Indians, it being entirely entrusted to the squaws, the men considering labor beneath their dignity. The object was attained, if the plants were sufficiently protected against the encroaching weeds to enable them to overtop the latter, after which they were left to take care of themselves. Yet, notwithstanding all this negligence, prodigal Nature

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rendered a rich return. It has been said (with what truth we know not) that the weeds of a soil depend upon the race which cultivates it—they which spring from the sweat of an Indian being different from those which embarrass the toil of the white man or the negro. If it be so, then have we perhaps another proof of the kind accommodation of mother Earth to her children, excusing for the reluctant Indian that labor which she exacts from the hardier white and black man.

As Arundel passed by the bark wigwams, he was able to form some opinion of the mode of life of the Taranteens. Indolently thrown upon the ground in front of his lodge, in the soft summer morning, he beheld its master inhaling the fumes of that pernicious but seductive plant, which is one of the few gifts the North American savage has transmitted to his conquerors, that promise to perpetuate his memory. Little children, of whom seldom more than two or three were to be seen in any wigwam, played around him, now and then obtaining a word of notice, while the patient squaws were either engaged in ordinary culinary preparations, or, if more than one wife were in the lodge, dividing their labors among themselves, the one cooking, a second mending mocasons or robes, and a third preparing to start with her agricultural tools, made of Quohaug shells, (a large kind of clam,) for the maize field. Here and there he could see young men armed with bows and arrows, leaving for the surrounding woods, in pursuit of that game on which was their principal dependance for food. Only one old person did he behold, whence he inferred that their precarious life was unfavorable to longevity. He lounged throughout the whole encampment without interruption, sometimes regarded with a frown, sometimes with a smile, but for the most part treated with indifference.

The monotony of Indian life affords little to interest during the week spent by Sir Christopher and Arundel among the Taranteens. It was passed by the latter in daily hunts with some

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young Taranteens, with whom he had contrived to ingratiate himself, and to whom his gun was no unwelcome assistant in the chase. The Knight had assured him of the absence of all danger from the Indians, but even without such assurance, Arundel would have preferred to encounter some peril rather than submit to the tedium he must otherwise have endured.

As for Sir Christopher, his preconcerted meeting with Father Le Vieux, and the conversation betwixt them, prove that he had other objects besides the establishment of peace between the English and the Taranteens. The determination of the question of peace or war seemed to be left entirely with the Father. We may consider his remaining in the village was for the purpose of waiting for the announcement of the conclusion to which the Indians, under the direction of the Jesuit priest, should come, and also to arrange their mutual plans; for, taking advantage of the absence of Arundel, which, as is seen, he encouraged, the Knight had frequent conferences with the priest, the grand object of which was to advance such measures as might obtain the whole of North America for the Catholics, as South America had already been secured. It would seem that, although the Knight had the accomplishment of that result as much at heart as the priest himself, his national pride and patriotism reluctated at the idea that English colonies should become possessions of the hereditary enemies of his nation. It was to combat this notion, and to satisfy him of his duty, to trample upon it at the foot of the cross, that the arguments of the father were directed. The plan of Sir Christopher was to supplant and overpower the Puritans with English Catholics, which, by the aid of the immense wealth of the Church, and the ability of the enterprising Jesuits, he doubted not might be done, but not to make the colony French. Devoted Catholic as he was, he was unable to renounce his love of country.

Not so with the father. With the sagacity of a priest, he

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placed no dependence upon any portion of a people whose councils were ruled by Protestants, and with the conceit of a Frenchman, he had unlimited confidence in *la grande* nation; besides, he had been a witness, and partaken of the sufferings of his brethren, the French Jesuits, among the savages, and he relied much on a zeal, the superior of which the world has never seen, and which he believed sanctioned by heaven, and in spite of himself, and try as he might to persuade himself of the contrary, national feeling (as in the case of Sir Christopher) mingled with the aspirations of the religionist. He would, indeed, rather than fail, have courted the Turk himself, on whom he looked with eyes about as favorable as on a Protestant, but he preferred that his own nation, as well as his own order, should monopolize both the glory and the advantages of the achievement. These feelings, secret almost to himself, he carefully kept concealed from Sir Christopher, whom he regretted was not a countryman, and confined himself to the religious aspect of the case. No opportunity to remove a doubt, or inflame the zeal of his coadjutor, did he allow to escape.

"There is but one Church," he said, in one of their conversations, "and only through her sacred portals is the kingdom of heaven to be entered—a truth received by every Catholic—else, vain and unmeaning was the solemn tradition of the keys to St. Peter. They who are not for her are against her, and must be subdued to obedience by mild means if they will suffice—by harsh, if necessary."

"To these truths I give my entire assent," said the Knight.

"I doubt it not—I doubt it not; but let all take heed, my son, not to exhaust belief in the shadowy region of theory. Truth should be an armed soldier to step out to deeds."

"Lord! strengthen me," said the Knight, humbly.

"Such," said the father, "is the prayer of every true Catholic. Forgive me, my son, if, for the refreshing of my own resolu-

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tion, and the strengthening of thy soul, I repeat familiar truths, but which cannot be too often reiterated, or long enough meditated upon. Methinks that as I give their vocal sweetness to the air, these old woods do assume a more reverent aspect, and a tide of holier transport streams through my heart. Holy Jesus! I would have no will; I would have no mind but thine. Swallow me up in thine ineffable perfections."

The two crossed themselves at the sacred name, and the Knight softly said, "Amen."

"But let us be cautious," continued the priest, "not to deceive ourselves as do some, who fancy themselves sound, and yet are diseased; who mix up the suggestions of the carnal understanding with heavenly promptings. Said not holy St. Augustine, *credo quia impossibile est?* There are minds too shallow to perceive the profound wisdom of the maxim, and scoff at it as an absurdity. By God's grace, my son, we are not of the number. We see it; we feel it. Thanks to the discipline wherewith we have been exercised. Our souls do calmly repose on this truth, and in its strength shall the servants of the church triumph. What is impossible to man, is possible with God."

"I embrace this truth," said Sir Christopher.

"Nor when commanded by a superior is it ours to question, in imaginary wisdom, as is the manner of the world, the propriety of the order. As an archangel, commissioned by the Supreme Intelligence to execute his decrees, and pour pestilence or famine upon a land devoted to destruction for its sins, may not say what doest thou, so must not a servant of the Order of Jesus doubt the inspiration of him whom he is bound to obey. Does he so, he is too weak for the post whereunto his presumption has aspired, and false alike to himself and the cause he espoused. Not unto the weak in mind, but to the strong in faith, is committed the cause of the Church."

"Holy Father," said the Knight, "your words probe the

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secrets of my soul. I do intend, and practice always, perfect obedience to my superior, knowing that whatever is ordered by him whom the ordinance of God, and of our holy Order hath set over me, I may not only perform without sin, but that the same will redound to my salvation; and yet, in spite of fastings and prayers, do involuntary doubts sometimes creep into my mind, which I hasten to banish, as the whisperings of the devil."

"They are—they are the instigations of Sathanas," said the priest, crossing himself. "O, my son, whenever these temptations occur, remember thy vows and obligations, and betake thyself more diligently to prayer and penance. But, Sir Christopher, it becomes me not to address thee as a babe in Christ. Though it be thy pleasure to remain in an inferior position, thou hast a mind which soars with the highest in the order, and comprehends the theory and working of our regimen. Upon the divine pattern have we modeled our system, and the operation of the same must run parallel therewith. As at the head of the Universe stands the Law-giver and Ruler, so with us; as obedience to him is order and truth, so with us; as to accomplish his purposes he makes use of all influences, tempest, lightning, plague, pestilence, the sword, as well as of the breeze of health, the refreshing rain and golden sunshine, now melting with his smile, and now terrifying with his frown, so do we. Teaches not God by his example how to govern his world?"

"Aye, possessed we his wisdom," said the Knight.

"Doubt not, that if with a holy motive we seek to do his will, He will furnish the wisdom. Blessed unto the children of Israel was their obedience, when hearkening unto Moses, God's vicegerent to them, they did, stifling all suggestions of infatuated reason which would stamp the deed as a cruelty, put to the edge of the sword thousands of men, women, and children, of the unhappy Canaanites. Who will doubt it right? And thinkest thou the authority of Moses over a few wild tribes more prevailing, and

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an act sanctioned by him a temporary guide, more pleasing than one approved by the successors of St. Peter, more solemnly and extensively invested with the divine power, and destined to exist to the end of the world? If the offending heathen might lawfully be slaughtered at the command of the Jewish leader, it is impious to shrink from sacrifices like those on the altar of St. Bartholomew, when required by the Vicar of Christ. If by direction of one entitled to give the order, I slay my brother, my motive being obedience, and the promotion of the interests of the Church, the greater is my reward for overcoming the weakness of the flesh, and forcing it, albeit, reluctant, to obey. Emptied of myself I am filled with divine grace. The creature is enabled to be made the sword of the creator. A higher reason, incomprehensible because so high, is substituted for the lower, and the dogma of St. Augustine becomes an animating principle and a living power. Try, prove, search, examine thyself, my son, and thou wilt find these doubts do arise from the rebellious reason ever ready to set itself up as God, and to demand the worship which belongs to Him. Each one would be a law unto himself, and hence as many laws as law-givers. Let the reason of man prevail, (an impious thought, and an impossible fact,) and the seamless coat of Christ is rent, a deluge of all manner of heresies and abominations follows, and Zion in sackcloth mourns her blighted hopes. Behold the condition of the world, how it confirms my words!"

"Father, feeling as well as the unsanctified reason, does at times rebel."

"Alas, they are conspirators together. How willingly the one echoes the fancies of the other, while they deal out mutual encouragement! But it needs not to say, to thee at least, that feeling can be no criterion of truth; or, rather, that the disturbance of the faculties, baptized with the name of feeling, and which springs from a corrupt nature, must be hostile thereto. There is in high contemplations on man's duties, but one infallible test of

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truth, viz: the Holy Scriptures, as interpreted by the faithful witness, the Church. To them, my son, the one as the record, and the other as the inspired interpreter, is it our duty, and should be the business of our lives, to bring into subjection the rebellious passions, the fainting weaknesses and erring reason. Inspired by this grand truth, behold thousands of devoted men and women, weak with human infirmity, but sustained by courage from on high, renouncing the dulcet, but transitory enjoyments of this life, to encounter, for the salvation of their souls, and of others, privation and sorrow, and painful death. *Quæ terra non plena nostri laboris?* Yet, O how contemptible is the suffering, when compared with the joy of the hope which is set before us—of the starry crown that awaits the willing martyr! Feed thy soul, my son, on these divine contemplations, until they become a part of thyself, and the path that leads to a bloody grave shall be strewed with roses. Be the motto of our order forever before thine eyes. From the mystical words in *majorem gloriam Dei*, shall beam a light brighter and more blessed than that of the sun, for it flows from the throne of the Eternal."

With suggestions and arguments like these did the enthusiastic father endeavor to animate and confirm the less exalted resolution of his fellow-laborer. Nor were they without an influence. As the thirsty traveller, faint and worn with the toil and heat of the day, drinks of the refreshing spring, and bathes his brow in its cooling waters, and goes strengthened on his way, so did the Knight derive vigor from his words.

At their last meeting, Father Le Vieux announced the conclusion to which he had persuaded the Taranteens.

"Hostilities at the present time were premature," he said. "The tribes are not sufficiently united to make head, with all the assistance we can afford, against the heretics. We will wait awhile, until the present supposed outrage is followed by another —and, in the position and temper of the English, it is inevitable

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—which shall rouse other tribes. Be sure, the Taranteens will not forget. The war-whoop must sound simultaneously, from the Kennebec to the mouth of the Connecticut, or our labor will be worse than lost. Meanwhile, a great advantage has been gained. A gulf is now between the proud Englishman and the Taranteen, over which neither will pass. Your report, then, to them who sent you will be peace. Thus will their confidence in you and your influence be increased." [At the same time the father gave a letter for Sister Celestina.] "Tell her," he continued, "of my admiration of her devotion. Blessed be she among women!"

Thus they parted, the priest to return to his self-sacrificing labors among the Indians, at no distant period to end in that crown of martyrdom after which his soul panted, and the Knight to his post of observation near the English colony.

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CHAPTER XXII.

"So full of passion were his amorous glances,
So artfully the wicked jade dissembled,
So well each sighed ridiculous romances,
That for them both, I vow, I fairly trembled."

ANONYMOUS.

DURING the absence of the Knight and his young friend, events had occurred which require us to shift the scene of our theatre to Boston and its environs.

The indefatigable Spikeman continued to prosecute his intrigues with his accustomed audacity. The evil passion which he had conceived for the pretty Prudence, so far from being checked by the repulses he received from the wily maiden—repulses which left room for hope—only stimulated to redoubled exertion. He was like a sportsman, whose eagerness in the pursuit of game is only heightened by its shyness and difficulty of capture; and, with no disparagement of the virtue of the coquettish girl, it must be admitted that, for the want of something better to exercise her active faculties, (the difficulties of her interviews with Philip having increased since his banishment,) she found a mischievous delight in the power she possessed over Spikeman, and in playing off her caprices at his expense. So far, indeed, by her blandishments, had she succeeded in blinding his eyes and subjecting him to her power, that she herself wondered at her success. The path which she was treading was danger-

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ous, but her youthful presumption, and the pleasure she derived from the influence which the insane passion of the Assistant gave her over him, stopped her ears to the warnings of prudence and the suggestions of propriety. If Philip Joy, whom with no divided affection she loved in her own way, had known all, he would scarcely have been so contented at the dwelling of Sir Christopher. Yet, as we have seen, did Prudence make no secret to Philip of the admiration of Spikeman; and, after the first conversation in which she disclosed it, had more than once laughed with him at the advances of her antiquated lover. But her disclosures were made in such a manner—with such a half-telling of the truth—with such a revelation here, and a concealment there, as to provoke more merriment than apprehension.

Nor, while indulging a feeling which cannot be called love, was Spikeman regardless of his hatreds. He strove by every means to excite distrust and ill-will against Sir Christopher and Arundel. As for the humble Philip, he hardly looked upon him any longer as a rival, such had been the success of the deceitful Prudence. With these preliminary observations, the reader is prepared for what follows.

It was at the house of the Assistant Spikeman, and there were no persons in the room save himself and Prudence. The door was closed, and the girl was standing with a besom in one hand, while the Assistant, who was seated, had hold of the other, and was looking up into her hazel eyes. He drew her down with a force which was not resisted, and imprinted a kiss on the cheek she half averted.

"Prudence," he said, "how long shall I languish? Verily am I as one who longs for the dawn."

"You do not love me half as much as you pretend," said the girl, still standing by his side, and suffering her hand to be pressed by his. "There is too wide a difference betwixt us, and I am all the time afraid you are only making a fool of me."

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"By this palm, softer than the down of the cygnet; by thy lips, redder than rubies; by thy diamond eyes, I swear I love thee dearer than my own soul," exclaimed Spikeman.

"How can you speak of your soul," said Prudence, smiling as she spoke, "when you know you are talking and acting like a wicked man?"

"Canst thou not understand the liberty of the saints? Is it not written, that to him only who thinketh a thing to be evil, it is evil? Surely, I have explained all this, even unto weariness?"

"Aye, it may be so with thee; but I am no saint. I am afraid I'm doing very wrong."

"If you thought so," replied the Assistant, gently drawing her down upon his lap, "would you occupy this place; would a smile beautify those intoxicating lips, and would I read paradise in thine eyes?"

Prudence threw her arm round Spikeman's neck, and sunk her face upon his shoulder, as if to evince her tenderness and hide her blushes, but in truth, to conceal a disposition to laugh.

"I wish," she said, presently raising her head, and looking Spikeman bewitchingly in the face, "I knew whether you really mean what you say?"

"Thou art unjust to me, Prudence. Have I not given every possible proof of affection? What hast thou asked that I have withheld? Have I not treated thee as the elect lady of my soul?"

"Nay, there be some things which you refuse to tell me. I am foolish," she added, forcing some moisture into her eyes; "but—but ——"

"But what, O garden of delights?" asked Spikeman, kissing the hypocritical tears away.

"When you refuse me anything, I think you do not love—love me."

"Ask, and thou wilt be convinced of the contrary."

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"I am but a woman," she said, looking at him with a smile so sweet that we almost pardon poor Spikeman his infatuation, "and I feel like dying when I know there is a secret, and cannot get at the bottom of it."

"What secret? I understand thee not."

"If you yourself had not dropped a hint, I had never thought of it; but it was about this Knight they call Sir Christopher Gardiner, whom Governor Winthrop thinks so much of."

"We will cure him of that folly. What foolish thing have I said to this girl?" thought the Assistant. "Prudence," he added, "this is a matter that cannot concern thee. Thou wouldst not have me speak of secrets of State?"

"Said I not right!" exclaimed Prudence, rising, and preparing to leave the room, "that your love was but a pretext?" How, I want to know, is a secret of State better than any other? Now, had I given poor Philip half the encouragement which my silly fondness for thee —— O, dear!——" and she put her hands up to her eyes.

"Come," said Spikeman, pursuing and bringing her back, "name not the presumptuous varlet. On one condition I will tell thee, even though it ruin me."

"What may that be?" inquired the girl.

"I have long solicited an interview where we should not be liable to interruption. Grant me that, and I will conceal nothing."

"Thou dost grant nothing without a condition. I do not know," she added, tossing her head, "whether I care anything, after all, about this mystery. I dare say there is nothing in it, and, as you say, it concerns me not."

"Be not angry, sweet Prudence. Ask, and I will answer all thy questions."

"You know, too, how much I would do to pleasure you, sighed Prudence. "Ah! me, how weak a thing is a woman's heart."

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"Then you will not deny me? Know then that letters have arrived from England, charging this knight, or pretended knight, with diverse grave offences."

"And what may they be?" inquired the girl.

"He is complained of as a fugitive from justice," answered Spikeman, who meant to communicate no more information than he was obliged to.

"The sweet, handsome gentleman! I do not believe he ever harmed any one. But what did he?"

"Of that I am not positively informed, not having seen the epistles, they being addressed to private persons."

"Have they anything against Master Miles, too?" asked Prudence.

"I doubt not that he is the worse of the two, if all were known."

"These be dreadful lies about the nicest and properest men in the country," cried Prudence. "And what will be done with them when they come back?"

"That I cannot tell; but be sure we shall find some means of getting rid of them. And now, Prudence—"

"I do not know that I made any promise," she said, archly; "and you have told me very little, after all."

"I have told thee all I know. Keep now equal good faith with me."

"It would be very improper," said the girl, turning away her face, "to invite a man to a secret meeting; but I sometimes wander on the edge of the forest to gather wild flowers, and hear the birds sing, and if you should come thither by accident, at the same time, nobody, I suppose, would find fault."

"But when—but when, lovely Prudence? Ah! you comprehend not the longing of my soul."

"That I cannot say now. I am only a servant girl, and must obey the directions of my mistress, which are often very unreasonable, and order not my time."

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"Would I were a king, for your sake! But shall it be soon?"

"As soon as may be, and I will let you know the time and place." So saying, she broke away from the enamored Spikeman, and ran to acquaint her young mistress with all that had happened.

The young lady felt seriously alarmed at the communication of her confidante—an alarm increased by the vagueness of the information, as in a dark night the fearful imagination invests with terrors some object, which, in the light of day, proves to be a harmless bush or stump—and the two young women consulted together if any thing could be done to avert the threatened danger. They could think of nothing better than to acquaint Arundel with it, which Prudence took upon herself to do.

"But how," inquired Eveline, "is it to be done?"

"You forget Philip Joy, madam," said Prudence.

"I might have known better than to distrust your wiles and stratagems, you cunning girl," said her mistress; "but have a care of thyself. I sometimes feel much anxiety on thy account—but I forbid this meeting with Master Spikeman."

"An' it be so," answered the waiting-maid, pouting, "you may find some one else, Mistress Eveline, to tell you about the plots of the old dragon, who has us in his claws."

"For shame, thou petulant thing! yet tell me now all thy design."

"You tell me not all your thoughts about Master Miles, and why should I acquaint you with mine about my Joe?" said Prudence, bursting into a laugh.

"There is some difference, methinks, between the cases—have thy way though. I have confidence in thee, Prudence, and believe thee as witty as pretty. Thy own goodness and love for the soldier Joy shall stand by thee like guardian angels, to save from harm. Yet like I not this tampering with anything that looks like evil."

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The girl knelt down by the side of her mistress, and taking the young lady's hand, laid it on her heart.

"Thou feelest," she said, "how it beats. Dost understand what it says?"

"Methinks it repeats only, Philip, Philip, Philip," said Eveline, smiling.

"Where one fillip belongs to him, a great many belong to thee," answered the waiting-maid, affectionately. "It will be time enough to let him have more when I am sure all his are mine."

The young lady bent down, and, throwing her arms round the maiden's neck, kissed her cheek.

"What have I done to deserve such affection?" she murmured. "O, Prudence, thou art a treasure to me; but be cautious, be cautious, my girl. Not for all the blessings which thy loving heart would heap upon me, would I have the least harm befall thee."

A few days after, as the summer sun was setting, and his last rays lighting up the tops of the trees into a yellow sheen, and kindling into liquid gold the placid surface of Massachusetts Bay, a female figure was to be seen hovering on the margin of the wood in that neighborhood. In consequence of the inequalities of the ground, and of some intervening bushes and trees, the collection of houses that lay along the shore of the bay was not visible from the spot where she was walking, nor was there a path to indicate that it was a place of any resort. It seemed to be a spot well adapted to privacy. No sound was to be heard, save the occasional tap of a woodpecker, or the whirr of the wings of a partridge, as, startled by the approach of the person, he suddenly rose into the air, or the songs of the robins, bidding farewell, in sweet and plaintive notes, to the disappearing sun. The female walked on, stopping now and then to gather a wild flower, until she reached a spring which bubbled at the foot of

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an immense beech tree. It ran a rod or two in a silvery stream from its fountain, and then leaping down a miniature fall into a sort of natural basin, surrounded with rocks, expanded itself into a small pool, as clear as crystal. Around the basin were gathered companies of such wood-flowers as love the water, conspicuous among which, both for number and beauty, were the yellow and orange blossoms of the elegant "jewels," as boys call them. Advancing to this little mirror, the female took a seat on one of the rocks, on the edge of the water, and bending over, appeared to contemplate, with no little satisfaction, what she beheld there; and to tell the truth, it was a pretty face, and justified some vanity. Black hair and hazle eyes, red lips and blooming cheeks, and a well-formed person, composed a whole whereon the eye rested with pleasure. Prudence, (you have guessed it was she,) after looking at the reflection of herself awhile, and smoothing down a stray tress or two, selected from the flowers in her hand some of the most beautiful, and humming a tune, commenced arranging them in her hair. She was some little time about her toilette, either because her taste was difficult to be suited, or because her employment afforded an excuse for looking at what was certainly more attractive than the flowers themselves. She was so long about their arrangement, that she had hardly completed it, and had time to twist her neck into only five or six attitudes, to see how they became her, when a rustling was heard in the bushes, and immediately the Assistant Spikeman stood by her side.

"Verily, sweet maiden," he said, "thine eyes outshine the stars, which will soon twinkle in the sky, and the flowers around thee pine with envy at beholding a blush lovelier than their own."

A sudden and unpleasant interruption put a stop to the fine speeches of the debauched hypocrite, for he had hardly concluded the sentence, when, without a warning, a strong hand grasped his throat, and he was hurled with irresistible violence to the ground.

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As the Assistant was lying prostrate on his face, he could hear Prudence, with screams, each fainter than the former, running in the direction of the settlement, while, without a word being spoken, his arms were violently forced upon his back and bound, an operation which his struggles were unable to prevent. This being performed, he was suffered to rise, and, upon gaining his feet, he saw himself in the presence of Sassacus. The blood fled the cheeks and lips of Spikeman as he beheld the savage, and felt that he was in the hands of one whom, without cause, he had injured, and who belonged to that wild race, with whom revenge is a duty as well as a pleasure. His knees trembled, and he was in danger of falling to the ground, as the thought of death, whereof horrid torments should be the precursors, flashed through his mind. But the trepidation was only momentary, and soon, with the hardihood of his audacious nature, he steeled himself to dare whatever should follow—and it marks the character of the man, that the bitterness of the moment was aggravated at the thought of the vanishing of the fond dreams with which he had idly fed his imagination.

His captor called out in his own language, and presently another Indian came running up. A few words passed between them, when the latter stepping forward, Sassacus made a motion to Spikeman to follow, placing himself at the same time in the rear. Resistance would have been unavailing, and could serve no other purpose than to rouse the passions of the Indians, and invite immediate injury. Something might yet happen to his advantage. He might be rescued, or effect his escape, or the chapter of accidents might have something else favorable, he knew not what, in store. The Assistant, therefore, quietly submitted, and followed as ordered.

Their course lay directly through the densest portions of the forest, and as the rapidity of their progress was impeded by the constrained position of the captive's arms, Sassacus, as if in con-

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tempt of any effort to escape, cut the ligatures with the knife that hung at his neck, intimating the motive at the same time by an acceleration of speed. As Spikeman was thus hurried along, his thoughts went after Prudence, and he wondered what had become of her. Notwithstanding his own peril, he felt (and it proves the deep interest he cherished for the girl) a melancholy pleasure in the hope that she had escaped, not that even though she had fallen into the hands of the savages, he would have entertained fears for her life, but she might have been doomed to a hopeless captivity, far away from friends, whom she was never to see again, and condemned, in some distant wigwam, to exchange the comforts of civilization for a wild life, which, to her, could bring only wretchedness. Bad as was Spikeman, and lamentable as might be his infatuation for the girl, there was even in that, something which redeemed it from being utter evil.

Daylight had now faded entirely away, but the Indians abated not their speed, and pursued their course in a straight line, as though guided by an infallible instinct. In this manner they proceeded for nearly two hours, and, at the expiration of the time, arrived at a collection of three or four lodges of the rudest structure. Several of the natives were lying on the ground, smoking their pipes, but they took no other notice of the newcomers than looking at them as they came up. Sassacus led the way into the largest wigwam, and, having directed his prisoner to sit down, left the cabin.

Spikeman knew well enough that, with all this seeming inattention, he was vigilantly watched, yet could he not forbear from walking to the entrance, looking around at the same time, if, by chance, he might espy a weapon. He saw none, however, and two stout Indians made motions to him to return. Meditating on his situation, and casting about in his mind for expedients, either to evade his captors or to change the resolution of the Pequot chief, which, he doubted not, aimed at his life, he resumed

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his seat. He was unable to remain more than a few moments in quiet, and presently again approached the opening, and this time beheld a sight which curdled his blood.

It was a stake driven into the ground, at a distance of not more than a rod from where he stood, around which several Indians were heaping up faggots of dry sticks and broken branches. Spikeman shuddered, and tasted, in almost as lively a manner as if he were already experiencing them, the agonies that awaited him, for he could not doubt that the preparations were made on his account. The conduct of his keepers, therefore, was unnecessary, who pointed first to the pile, and then to himself, intimating thereby that one was designed for the other. The effect produced on him was such that he could hardly restrain himself from attempting to burst through his guards, either by some miracle to get free, or to obtain an easier death from the tomahawk or arrow. But in all the horrors of these dreadful moments, the mind of Spikeman remained as clear as ever, and he saw plainly the impossibility of evasion, and the folly of supposing that the Indians would be tempted to throw a tomahawk, or discharge an arrow against an unarmed man, whereby they might rob themselves of the fiendish pleasure they anticipated—besides, thought the miserable Spikeman, I should be more likely to receive the stroke of death when their passions are excited, than at present; and with a desperate calmness, and striving to defy the worst, he awaited what should happen.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

These the sole accents from his tongue that fell,
But volumes lurked below that fierce farewell.

BYRON.

WHEN Sassacus left Spikeman, it was only to step into a lodge not half a dozen rods distant. Though smaller than the one into which the prisoner had been introduced, it was superior in comfort, as was, indeed, to be expected, being that of the Sagamore himself. Here he found the soldier, Philip Joy.

"What means this, Sassacus?" exclaimed the soldier, as the Pequot entered. "Was it not our covenant that the life of the white man should be spared?"

"My brother did not mean what he said when he asked that his enemy might be permitted to run away. Who, when he catches a wolf, says, 'Wolf, Indian set the trap only to see whether it would hold fast your legs. The wise hunter talks not so, but strikes the wolf on the head.'"

"Sassacus," said Joy, "this may not be. If you had caught Master Spikeman, by your own cunning, it might have been different; but it was the white girl and I who devised the scheme, and I told you where to place the ambuscade, which has been successful. Were you to murder this man, the guilt would rest more on Prudence and me than on you, whose savage and un-Christian notions may partly excuse so dreadful an act."

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"My brother's heart is soft, like moss, but the heart of Sassacus is a stone. My brother must learn to harden his heart, and he shall soon behold a punishment becoming a great Sagamore. My brother thinks and feels like a Christian. Good! but he must let Sassacus feel like an Indian."

"Let him go," said Joy, "and he shall pay you store of wampompeag and colored cloth. Of what use can it be to you to put him to a horrid death?"

"Wampompeag and colored cloth are good, but Sassacus is a great chief, and they cannot make him forget an injury. Before the white men came, his ancestors punished and rewarded, and he will not surrender the prerogative of his family."

"By the bones of my father," swore the soldier, "I will not permit this cold-blooded murder. Hated I him ten-fold more than I do, I would defend his life at the hazard of my own. Where is my gun?" he demanded fiercely, seeking after it. "Who has dared to remove it?"

"Sassacus took it away, that his brother might do no mischief with it," said the Pequot.

"False Indian!" exclaimed the soldier, passionately; "call me not again your brother. I will have nothing to do with one whose promises cannot bind, and who loves revenge more than honor."

"Sassacus never breaks his word, but, if he did, it would be only imitating the white men. Would my brother speak to my prisoner, whom, at this moment, he loves more than the justice of an Indian?"

"Why should I speak to him, when I should hear only curses?"

"Then remain here to behold the punishment of the bad white man."

He strode out of the lodge, while the soldier, burning with indignation, disposed himself so that, unseen, he might notice all

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that was done, and determined, unarmed as he was, to interpose.

Presently Sassacus re-appeared, emerging from the larger lodge, followed by the Assistant, whose arms were bound again, and who was conducted by two savages, holding him by either arm. They led him straight to the pile around the stake, which the Chief ordered to be lighted, and whose billowy flames were kept rolling up by additions, from time to time, of the dry wood which lay in abundance around. Seated on a log not far from the fire, whose heat might indeed be felt, Sassacus commanded his prisoner to be brought before him.

"Bad white man," he said, "look on yon flames! Are they like that hell which thy powaws say is prepared for such as thou?"

Spikeman turned his ghastly face away from the blaze, with a shudder, but he said nothing.

"The white man is silent," said Sassacus. "He acknowledges the justice of his doom. Lead him to the fire."

Spikeman, notwithstanding the horror of his situation, succeeded in a measure in concealing his feelings, and, affecting an indifference to his fate, advanced a few steps with the two Indians, who held his arms, when, suddenly making a violent effort, he burst the withes with which he was carelessly bound, and, throwing them both off, started to run. The opportunity had probably been given purposely by the savages, for their diversion, and in order to protract the terrors of the captive, and knowing that flight was impossible. But, blinded by the glare of the fire, Spikeman remarked not a trunk of a tree in his path, and, stumbling over it, fell to the ground, bruised and torn, and before he could rise, found himself again held fast. Cursing his ill luck, he made no further resistance, but sullenly suffered himself to be led back. Philip Joy, on seeing Spikeman break away, started from his place of concealment; so that the two were confronted on the latter's return. The sight of Philip

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awoke a hope in Spikeman's bosom, who begged him to intercede with the savage.

"I have done so already," answered Philip; "but he will not listen to me, and has deprived me of my arms."

"Speak to him again—he will regard what you say. Save my life, and I will make recompense a thousandfold for any wrong I have done you or him."

The Pequot, smiling, stood by, quietly listening to the colloquy, and before Philip could address him, said:

"Did Sassacus promise his white brother to let the dog (pointing to Spikeman) run away?"

"You did; but care no more for your word than if you were no chief."

"My brother's, is a pappoos speech. Sassacus never broke his word; he only tried whether the dog was as brave as he was bad. White man," he added, turning to the Assistant, "thou art free. A great chief disdains to give thee the death of a warrior. Go back to thy people, and tell them what return the Sagamore of the Pequots makes for thy breach of hospitality. His promise to his brother saves thy life this time. But, beware! A Sagamore does not forget. Be a snail that keeps its head within its shell. If the snail puts it out, Sassacus will step upon it. Depart."

He gave directions to a couple of his sanops to conduct the Assistant to the verge of the forest, and, turning away, walked to his lodge. He was followed by Philip, who had now recovered from his amazement, and, understanding the conduct of the chief, felt ashamed at his own want of discernment and distrust.

"Is my brother satisfied?" inquired the Pequot.

"Sagamore," answered Philip, "I wronged thee. It shall be a lesson to make me more cautious in judging of thy actions."

"It is well. My brother will hereafter remember that the thoughts of a chief do not always shine in his face or sound in

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his words. My brother will forgive me," he added, smiling, "for shutting his eyes a little while very tight. It was that my brother might be the more pleased when he opened them."

"A trusty friend" this Indian, after all, in his way, (thought Philip, as he gazed on the face of the Pequot, which had settled into its usual gravity), and loves a jest, too. Who would have thought it? Methinks he has the better of it with Master Spikeman, though I misdoubt if he considers the score as settled."

As for the Assistant, thus suddenly and unexpectedly reprieved from a shocking death that seemed certain, he was stupified at the abrupt change in his circumstances, and, as he hurried on, half doubted whether it were not a dream. As he threaded the intricacies of the wood, he had time to compare and weigh events, and was thus enabled to come to some sort of conclusion. He recollected now many little things in the conduct of Prudence, which would have opened the eyes of any one not blinded by an absurd passion, and saw how, while seeming not averse to his pursuit, she had, in fact, only tempted on from one folly to another, until his whole being lay disclosed to her, without herself making any corresponding return. He doubted not that she had been all the time in correspondence with Joy, and with him had concerted the plan whereby he had been betrayed into the hands of the savage, to be outraged and mocked, and made to suffer all but the bitterness of death. He gnashed his teeth with rage as these reflections stormed through his mind, and, far from being grateful for his deliverance, resolved to exert the whole force and subtlety of which he was capable, to revenge himself on his tormentors. The fire of his indignation burnt not so fiercely against the Pequot, yet he, too, was embraced in the schemes for vengeance, for Spikeman fully comprehended, from his parting words, that the enmity betwixt them could be satisfied only by the destruction of one or both. Turning all these

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things over in his mind, he quickly formed a plan, which he determined to put as soon as possible into execution.

The dawn broke before his guides left the Assistant; but it was too early to venture to return home, instead of which, he sought his store-house, and there passed, meantime, awhile, brooding over schemes of revenge. Of himself he was powerless; it was therefore necessary to set other forces at work, and, in the letters which had been received reflecting on the character of the Knight, he thought he saw the means of driving, not only him, but Arundel also, out of the colony; and they being once removed, he trusted to his ingenuity to rid himself of the simple soldier and the Indian. The political power of the colony, in short, was to be compelled to effect his private designs. This, in the condition of the little State, was no difficult enterprise. In a strange land, hemmed in by savages, whose power they were unable to estimate with any degree of certainty, and who, however contemptible singly, were formidable by reason of their number—upon whose friendship they could never securely rely—on the eve of a war, probably, with the Taranteens—distrustful of even some of their own people, who murmured at the severity of the discipline they were subjected to—the government felt that they had need of all the eyes of Argus, and of as many ears, to guard against the dangers by which they were beset. They were like, in one respect, to the timorous rabbit, snuffing the faintest hint of danger in the breeze; but unlike him in that, they sought safety, not in avoiding, but in anticipating and confronting danger.

"Dear life!" cried Dame Spikeman, as the haggard face of her husband presented itself in the morning, "where hast thou been all the night? You look mightily cast down, and—O Lord! Heaven forgive me!—you have a wound on the side of your head. Husband, what is the matter?"

"Why, dame," answered the Assistant, "is it a new thing for

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me to be absent one night? Bethink thee how often my occasions call me to the plantation?"

"Out upon the weariful plantation! O, sweatheart!" said the jealous but fond wife, "I like not these absences. But, how got you this hurt?" she inquired, parting his hair on the temple, and exposing the dried blood.

"It is only a scratch I received in the forest, and hardly worthy thy notice, dame. But where is Mistress Eveline? and I see not Prudence?"

"The young lady is still in her chamber, and, as for the waiting maid, I heard her but five minutes since singing away as if there were no music in the world but her own. Truly, it sounded more like a snatch from some profane ballad than a godly hymn. I will tutor her about this levity. Now do not be angry, dear life," added the dame, whose heart was made more tender, and her tongue more communicative, by the anxieties she had suffered during the night, on her husband's account; "but I have fancied that you looked at the girl oftener, sometimes, than was becoming in a man who had a wedded wife who never said him nay."

"Fie, Dame," said the Assistant, laughing, and pinching, and kissing her still tempting cheek; "what crazy fancies be these? Consider my years, and profession, and dignity, and, most of all, my love for thee. Why, this is very midsummer madness."

"I suppose I am foolish," replied the dame, wiping a tear away, "but I feared, lest the girl might derive some encouragement from it, though otherwise, Prudence is a good lass, and obedient, and I have no other fault to find with her; but I recollect now, when I was a girl, how I did feel when you came near me, and I have not got over all these feelings yet, nor do I choose that Prudence should have them. So, dear husband, it were safer for the girl that you should look oftener at me, and less at her."

"My good, and faithful, and loving wife!" exclaimed the As-

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sistant, enclosing her in his arms, and feeling something like compunction at the moment, "you deserve a better mate. But trouble not thyself with such misgivings. Do not this wrong, sweet, to thine own charms, and to my profession and station, as one of the congregation and a magistrate."

"Nay," answered the pleased wife, "I distrusted thee not so much as the presumption of the damsel; and if the devil goes about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, as we know he does, from the precious book, what place is more likely for him to be in than these awful woods, filled with red heathens, whom I take to be little better than his children; and whom would he sooner devour, than a pretty maiden like Prudence?"

"Enough of this, dame," said the Assistant, with difficulty suppressing a smile at his help-meet's simplicity. "Bethink thee, that though thy loving words are a feast to the spirit, the body requires more substantial fare?"

"True, and you shall have it forthwith, although, you wicked man, I did sleep hardly a wink for thinking of thee." So saying, the dame hurried off to hasten the morning meal.

The Assistant watched the countenances of Eveline and her attendant that morning at breakfast, and, in spite of the efforts of the former to appear unconstrained, and the demureness of the latter, detected, he thought, sufficient to justify his suspicions. He doubted not that the girl had betrayed his weakness to her young mistress, and that all along he had been a laughing-stock for both. "I will teach them," he said to himself, as he reflected with bitterness on his failure, "how to offend one who has the power and the will to crush them. The banishment of her minion, who, a love-sick swain, has followed her across the sea, only to be sent back a disappointed fool, will answer for my young lady; and as for the girl, the slitting of Joy's ears and nose, and an acquaintance of her own pretty feet with the stocks, will suffice. It shall not be said that the sword of the magistrate was put into my hands in vain."

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While the Assistant was busying his brain with machinations like these, the opportune arrival of another ship from London, with letters to himself, containing accusations against Sir Christopher Gardiner, filled his heart with joy, and furnished additional means to facilitate his purpose. Without delay, he took them to Winthrop, and demanded a private audience. After reading the letters received by Spikeman, the Governor opened his desk, and handed to his councillor others addressed to himself, and which had arrived by the same opportunity. Greedily did the Assistant devour their contents, and unbounded, though concealed, was his joy at finding them in one particular of the same purport as his own. His face, however, was sad, and his voice mournful, as, returning the epistles, he said—

"A grievous thing is it, that hypocrisy, so finished, should walk the earth. It is a day of rebuke and of scandal to us, as magistrates, that we should be so deceived."

"I am not altogether convinced," said Winthrop, who, steady in his friendships, and prepossessed from the beginning in favor of the Knight, was loth to think evil of him, "that these charges are true. My own letters mention them only as reports—thine speak of them more positively. Vouch you for the truth of your correspondent?"

"There is no man more truthful," answered Spikeman, who, had it been necessary, would have been a guaranty for Beelzebub himself. "I have known him long. He has never deceived me, nor can I imagine motive therefor now."

"So fair, and yet so false!" murmured Winthrop; "and yet we know that the evil one appears sometimes as an angel of light. I will not trust in human appearance more. What shall be done with him on his return?"

"Let him be sent out of the colony, and they who are leagued in his plots with him," said Spikeman. "I understand now the wonderful eagerness of Master Arundel to be joined with him in

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this embassy. Birds of a feather, says the proverb, do fly with greatest joy together. Out upon this false Knight, for his pretended love of retirement; upon his leman, this lady Geraldine, forsooth; and this squire of dames, Master Miles Arundel, whose counterfeited affection for my ward may be only another cloak for most pernicious plots."

"Thou art becoming suspicious of all the world, Master Spikeman," said Winthrop, smiling.

"And is it not time to be suspicious, when those who have been honored with the confidence of our government, and to whom we have entrusted an important matter, are discovered to be no better than landlaufers and conspirators?"

"Dost distrust the good faith of the Knight in his embassy?" inquired the Governor.

"A bitter fountain cannot send forth sweet water, and should even the undertaking of this false Knight be successful in appearance, would not my suspicion be quieted."

"Come, Master Spikeman, remember that you may be called to sit as a judge on the fate of this gentleman, and that it becomes men in our positions to keep the mind free from injurious prepossessions, for only thus may justice, which is a ray from the effulgent countenance of Him who sits on the circle of the heavens, be attained."

"This is no private matter of mine own," answered the Assistant, "but a thing of public concernment; and I humbly trust, should ever my voice be demanded in its decision, that it will be raised to the glory of God, and the advancement of the interests of the colony which he has planted. But I should consider myself derelict to duty, and unworthy of the trust committed to me, were I to hold back my honest judgment, in view of the evidence now before me, subject to such modification as further examination may give rise to, especially when that judgment is asked for by the honored head of our oppressed Israel."

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"It is my purpose," said Winthrop, rising, wherein he was imitated by the other, "to call together, this evening, at this place, for the due consideration of this subject, such of the Assistants as may be here present in Boston, and to advise with them thereupon, when and where I shall hope to be favored with the presence and counsel of my friend, whose zeal is never slack in aught that may redound to the welfare of the Commonwealth."

"My presence, God willing, may be depended on, worshipful sir," answered Spikeman.

A meeting of the Assistants was accordingly held at the house of the Governor the same evening, and the subject of the letters received from England, and the course to be pursued in view of their contents, considered in all their aspects. No great diversity of opinion prevailed in respect to the necessity of caution, in reposing any further confidence in Sir Christopher; but as for the proceedings to be adopted on his return, there was a considerable difference of sentiment. The more moderate, and least prejudiced against the Knight, at the head of whom was Winthrop, advised that he should be received with all honor, and the charges laid privately before him, in the first instance, and an opportunity afforded him to refute them. This they urged was the more just and honorable mode, inasmuch as the accusations came not before them invested with any judicial authority. But an opposite party, headed by Spikeman, strenuously insisted on another course. They contended, that in a matter of the kind, severity, and even what might look like precipitation, was better than a slackness, which might defeat their object. They pressed the point, that such was the number of letters received (some of them by private persons) reflecting on the character of Sir Christopher, it was impossible the information they contained should be concealed from the public, and that, consequently, even before the return of the Knight, news of it would reach his house. This, they said, would put the false Lady Geraldine on her

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guard, and afford opportunity to destroy papers, or whatever else might be in existence to inculpate the Knight. It was, therefore, their opinion, that the lady, with whatever might be found in the house to assist their judgment, should be instantly seized, and such other measures taken as to insure the arrest of Sir Christopher. There was, however, too much nobleness of feeling in a majority of the Council to relish invading the privacy of a female, on mere suspicion, while her protector was absent, engaged in business of the State. Winthrop looked displeased at the suggestion, and even the brow of the rough Dudley was corrugated into a haughty frown. As usually happens between differing opinions, a half measure was resolved upon, which satisfied neither party. It was to keep so strict a watch, that the moment of Sir Christopher's return should be known, and a file of armed men despatched by night, who should serve partly as a guard of honor, and partly as a restraint upon the person, to escort him to Boston. At the same time, with apologies for its necessity, his books and papers were to be secured, and the lady brought in all honor with him. This was the plan, should the Knight visit his house before coming to Boston; but if he arrived at the settlement first, he was to be detained and examined, after an account of his mission had been received.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

"The flying rumors gathered as they rolled;
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargement too;—
In every ear it spread—on every tongue it grew."

POPE'S "*Temple of Fame.*"

IGNORANT, of course, of the events which had occurred during his absence, the Knight started from the Indian village in high spirits, as it appeared to Arundel, at the success of his embassy.

"These savages are more placable than I anticipated," said Sir Christopher, "for it must be admitted that, in appearance at least, they have cause for grievous resentment. One might almost suspect that, since their late defiance, a suspicion of the truth had somehow penetrated their untutored minds. At any rate, no war-whoop will be heard for the present, and we have been received and treated with all courtesy."

"A gentler race of wild chivalry," said the young man, "doth surely nowhere exist. Their free and careless lives make me more than ever in love with nature, and long shall I remember the noble Taranteens with pleasure."

"Admired you them enough to cast in your lot with them," said the Knight, with a smile, "I doubt not that you might become a king over regions as extensive as those which owe allegiance to the sceptre of our gracious monarch, Charles."

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"My admiration soars not to that height; yet, to my imagination, is there something delightful in the condition of these children of nature, thoughtful only of to-day, and careless of to-morrow, when compared with that of the painful delvers of civilization. The former are birds flying freely in the air; the latter, poultry scratching in a barn-yard."

Sir Christopher laughed good naturedly at the sally of his friend. "Verily," he said, "were it not for thy mistress, I do believe thou hadst remained amongst the Taranteens. Unfortunate for them is it that civilisation has an ally in love. Were this life all," he added, gravely, his whole manner changing, "there were some reason in what you say. It were wisdom, then, to sport like insects in sunbeams—to sink at night into dreamless sleep. But such is not man's destiny. What infinite concernments hang on the present moment! How imperative and urgent is our duty to wean these poor heathen from their wild ways and false creed, that they may be rescued from the intolerable perdition that awaits all who are not of Holy Church."

"It surely is a lamentable future for the poor creatures," said the young man; "and yet I suppose it must be so, because the learned of all creeds, which call themselves Christian, do agree therein. Ah, me! poor Sassacus!"

"I opine," said the gentle Knight, "that the flames of hell will be tempered to such poor wretches, in consideration of their ignorance."

"It is horrible to think of," said Arundel, shuddering; and, as if desirous to change the subject, he inquired, "May I ask, without offence, after the country of Sassacus?"

"Assuredly you may. It is some hundred miles to the south of Boston—the principal villages of the Pequots being on a river of the same name, and on a lesser stream called the Mystic, and along the reverberating shores of the Atlantic. It is a pleasant

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land of bright waters, and fair valleys, and towering hills, fit to produce a race of hardy warriors."

"Hast thou visited it thyself?"

"Once, on a hunting expedition, did I wander thus far, and partake of the hospitality of the Pequot Chief, who, in return, was prevailed upon to visit my poor quarters."

"I wonder what induces the noble savage to linger so long about Massachusetts Bay, after having made his visit to you, and confess to some apprehensions on his account."

"Have no fear on that score," said the Knight, cheerfully. "Sassacus is prudent as well as brave, and, as you saw on the night when he was attacked by the Taranteens, has some of his men with him; besides, the Aberginians are at peace with his tribe."

"It is only the ingenious malice of the Assistant Spikeman that I dread."

"Be assured, also, on that head. He will not venture into Boston during our absence, and will so carefully keep out of the way as to allow no opportunity for violence."

How mistaken was the Knight, is already known; but the most consummate tact and profoundest wisdom are not able to guard against every possible emergency.

With conversations of this kind did the two companions beguile the way, on their journey homeward, which occupied somewhat less time than it took to reach the Indian village. It was early in the morning—that is to say, the sun had just risen—when they stood on the edge of the clearing within which stood the Knight's habitation. Here they were met by an Indian, who, to Sir Christopher's inquiry if all was well, answered, sententiously, "All well." On arriving at the house, they found the soldier, Philip, who manifested his joy at seeing them again in a manner contrasting somewhat with that of the phlegmatic native.

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After the demonstrations of welcome, Philip said, "I know not, Sir Christopher, whether you have not got away from one danger, only to fall into another. According to my thinking, a man of any spirit may better trust himself with the salvages, whom I find nice, reasonable people enough, who will not interfere with him if he will let them alone, than with the meddlesome, crop-eared knaves down on the Bay."

"Remember in whose presence you are speaking, Philip," said the Knight, "and that it becomes not me to hear those whose ambassador I am, evil spoken of."

"I crave pardon," said Philip; "but, if all tales be true, they deserve no such forbearance. It was out of no friendship, they sent you to be murdered by them Taranteens, nor will they fire a culverin at your return."

"Out with thy news, at once," cried the impatient Arundel, "nor stand there hanging fire, like a musket when the priming is wet. What hast to tell?"

"Ill news, Master Arundel, folk say can travel a mile, while good is putting on his boots; but you seem not to be contented with its haste. Nay," added Philip, noticing that the Knight began to show impatience, "an' you will have it. It is little less than treason, I fear, they are charging against Sir Christopher. It is a kind of Guy-Fawks plot they are accusing him of hatching—that is to say, that he means to make himself king of both colonies."

"Is that all, Philip," said the Knight, laughing. "By our lady, I have heard worse stories about myself many a time, since I lived in these woods."

"I tell thee, Sir Christopher," said the soldier, earnestly, "this is no laughing matter. If I were in thy place, I would either fall back on Sassacus and his tribe of Pequots, or gather me forthwith a few hundred salvages, under arms, if you mean to stand your ground. It is true, bows and arrows are beggarly

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things against muskets, in a fight at arms-length, but at close quarters, knives and tomahawks can do somewhat."

"But, good Philip," said the Knight, "thy words convey little information. Canst not be more precise?"

"All I know," said the soldier, "is, that they say the trouble comes from certain letters which have just arrived from England, charging you, Sir Christopher, with I know not what horrid crimes. The person who told me was sure they were very bad; but what they were, knew, forsooth, no better than I."

"Perhaps the Lady Geraldine will be able to clear up the mystery," said the Knight to Arundel. "Let us dismiss all thought of it for the present. There will be time enough hereafter to disquiet ourselves."

"And I will hie me presently," said Arundel, "to Boston, to inform the Governor of your arrival, and to discover, if that be possible, what means the nonsense that has taken possession of Philip, unless Lady Geraldine can explain it, which will save me the trouble. Is it your pleasure to accompany me, or remain you later?"

"I have some trifling duties to attend to," answered Sir Christopher, "and shall remain. It will be enough for thee, with all convenient dispatch, to inform him of the successful issue of our mission."

They now entered the house together, and the Knight went immediately to seek the lady. He was absent but a short time, and, on his return, stated that the only information she had was derived from the soldier. "She bade me say," he added, "that her prayers have been earnest on thy behalf, and that she welcomes thee again to thy friends."

The young man, (who, meanwhile, had been listening to a communication from Philip,) as was meet, returned thanks, and desired his dutiful service to be presented to the lady.

Upon parting, Sir Christopher instructed him respecting his message.

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"Present to the Governor," he said, in conclusion, "my congratulations on the successful issue of our enterprise. Now may the husbandman, fearless, sow his seed, and his wife and little ones look with confidence for his return. Midnight treachery and savage cruelty shall not be known, but each one expect with a joyful heart the rising of the sun. But I counsel no attempt at nearer approach. It is better that the English and the Taranteens should avoid one another. Only therein is safety. Say also that I purpose, after needful rest, to wait upon him tomorrow, to enjoy once more the charm of his gracious society, and to possess him more fully of our deeds."

With these parting words, he waived adieu, and, turning, sought the apartment of Lady Geraldine.

The door was opened, as before, by the little Indian girl, Neebin, who, as soon as she had admitted the Knight, ran to the side of the lady, and, falling on her knees, began with curious eyes to examine a book which the lady held in her lap.

The Knight looked affectionately at the child, and, approaching her, placed his hand upon the raven hair that fell low upon the shoulders, and, caressing the bent head, said gently:

"Good little Neebin! Has she learned all about the pretty pictures?"

The girl turned up to him her bright eyes, and, in better English than that commonly used by the Indians, and even with a pronunciation that approached correctness, replied:

"No—Neebin knows very little now, but the lady says the book will talk to her by and by."

It was one of those illuminated missals on which, for want of other occupation, and sometimes with a feeling of superstitious piety, the monks spent incredible pains, and often a capricious and wonderful ingenuity, which the half-reclaimed little savage was looking at. As if unable to satisfy her curiosity fast enough, she turned the leaves over with childish impatience, uttering now

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and then a cry of delight as she beheld the figure of a bird or of a quadruped, while her eyes would sadden as they fell upon the mournful face of the crucified Saviour, whose image was delineated in several parts of the book.

"She knows all her letters," said Sister Celestina, whose true character as a Catholic and a nun the reader has long ago divined, "and I permit her, as a reward, to look at the missal whenever she has been diligent."

"Your task is something like taming a young hawk," said the Knight.

"Neebin is not a hawk!" exclaimed the child. "Hawks do not wear clothes, nor yellow chains, nor can they say *Pater noster* and *Ave Maria*."

"No," said the lady; "nor have they a soul to be saved, like Neebin."

"What is a soul?" inquired the girl.

Tears dimmed the eyes of Sister Celestina at the question, and, before she could reply, the Knight said:

"Thou hast asked a question, Neebin, which puzzles wiser heads; but it is something which lives when the body becomes dust."

"O, yes," said the child. "I have heard the lady (for so she had been taught to call Sister Celestina) talk about it. How does it look?"

"There thou askest a question beyond the boundaries of knowledge. No one has returned from the grave to answer it," said the Knight.

"I know," said the child; "my mother told me. It is Neebin's soul which looks at her when she bends over a clear spring; it lives in the water."

"I have tried," said the lady, "to impart the idea, but it seems only to begin to dawn upon her mind. I trust, by Heaven's grace, (crossing herself,) it will grow and bear fruit to the glory of sweet Jesus's name."

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"What magnificent results do flow from seemingly insignificant causes!" said Sir Christopher. "A spark shall light a conflagration of a mighty city; an acorn shall bear an oak to waft armies over oceans to conquest; and the conversion of a child to the true faith may change the destinies of nations. It may be thy blessed lot, Celestina, to plant a seed which shall grow into a tree, whose branches shall cover earth with grateful shade, and reach to heaven. There was a time when, influenced by the example of a king or queen, whose mind divine grace had illuminated, whole multitudes rushed to be laved in the saving waters of baptism. Wherefore should not those days return? Now doth the suffering Church mourn like a pelican in the wilderness, and though she gives her blood in streams from her torn bosom—alas! how flows that crimson river, as if in vain!"

"Not all in vain," said the lady. "Cheering accounts of the progress of our missionaries in the Southern portions of this vast continent reach us from time to time, and the prayers of the Church are sanctifying the land from the flood of the Mississippi to the forests of Canada. But tell me now, Sir Christopher, of thine adventures."

The Knight looked significantly at the Indian girl.

"Neebin," said the lady, "take the book and examine it by thyself. Sir Christopher and I desire to be alone. But beware that thou show it to no one, for all are not privileged like thee to see its beautiful pictures."

The child took the missal, but lingered, as if unwilling to depart, and it was not until after a more decided repetition of the command, that, with a pout, she left the room.

"Whom of the holy fathers saw you?" inquired Sister Celestina, after the door was shut.

"Only Father Le Vieux," answered Sir Christopher, "and he charged me with a commission which I now discharge." So saying, he took from his bosom the letter which the Jesuit missionary had entrusted him with, and handed it to the lady.

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Sister Celestina took it, and, imprinting a kiss upon the epistle which had come from the holy father's hand, laid it on the table.

"Let my presence be no restraint," said the Knight. "I have nought to say, which can be of equal importance with anything that comes from Father Le Vieux."

"Thanks for your courtesy," said the lady; and, taking up the letter, she broke the wrapper wherein it was contained, and which was fastened together by means of some unknown cement or gum, and commenced its perusal.

Perhaps the Knight had some design in desiring her to open it in his presence, for, during the whole time while she was engaged in reading, he watched her countenance, as if he expected to see the contents of the letter there; and though her training had been as complete as his own, yet, by reason of her more delicate organization, she was unable so to conceal her emotion that it should be entirely unobserved. The faintest possible color suffused her face as she proceeded, and when she raised her eyes at the conclusion, they had in them a look which, though it baffled the sagacity of her keen observer, betrayed a something which he did not like. It was not triumph, nor despondency, nor joy, nor grief, but, according to the fancy of Sir Christopher, a strange mingling of them all. The two had been in the habit, on their arrival in the country, and for some time thereafter, to show to each other their letters—a custom from which the Knight had never departed, but which, of late, had been observed with less scrupulousness by the lady; and he noticed now, that, instead of handing the epistle to him, as formerly, she hid it in her bosom. Something, indeed, she said about its being from her confessor, but the explanation, though natural, did not satisfy. He made no remark, however, but proceeded to give an account of what had befallen him and his companion. He told her how, by an arrangement with Mesandowit, (who had been sent by the

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Taranteens to inquire of him whether their second, viz., their hostile embassy, would be in danger from the English, and which, in consequence of Sir Christopher's assurances, had been ventured upon,) they had been taken prisoners—of the conversation which passed between himself and Father Le Vieux, and of the means resorted to, in order to remove Arundel from the Indian village. The lady listened with a pleased ear to the recital, and, at its conclusion, expressed her gratification at the dexterity with which the business had been managed, and the success which had crowned it.

"The holy saints and angels have watched over you, to guard you in your ways," she said, "and it proves the Divine approbation."

"Truly, Celestina, is such a belief necessary, else would the things I am called sometimes to do, break me down with their oppressive weight. Only by its means can I satisfy myself, when the commands of my superiors seem to conflict with mine honor."

"Honor! exclaimed sister Celestina—"what is it but a delusive phantom, whereby ye men are frighted from the noblest undertakings? What right has such a consideration to interfere, when you are called upon to act by them who are set over you, and whom you are bound to obey? It is a deadly sin to dream that they may err, and granting that they do, on them and not on you rests the responsibility."

"True; yet speak not slightingly of a feeling which is ever the parent of glorious deeds. Was it not inspired by honor, that the Roman Regulus returned to certain torture and death? that the chivalrous King of Israel, when fainting with thirst, poured out to the Lord the water for which his soul longed? that gallant hearts innumerable have crimsoned the battle-field with their heart's blood, rather than that even a suspicion should soil their escutcheon?"

"Were a profane heretic, or an accursed Jew, or a misguided

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heathen, to set these up to himself as ensamples, it might be excused," said the sister, scornfully; "but what has the soldier, who has enlisted under the banner of the blessed St. Ignatius, to do with imaginations alike fantastic and full of a sounding frenzy? Was it for the glory of God that these men died, or because they coveted the praise of the world, and gratified a ferocious instinct of their nature?"

"I deny not the superior nobility of the principle of my order," returned the Knight, "inasmuch as it excludes selfishness, save as it is of necessity, connected with the aspiration for salvation; still can I not be mistaken in the admiration of a sentiment which lifts man above all baseness, and prompts him to achieve exploits that shall send his name reverberating through the halls of princes and the cabins of laborers, to be warbled by the lips of beauty at the festival, or shouted in front of the charging host. Yet, mistake me not, Celestina, but believe, that while my heart loves not honor less, my understanding renders a deeper homage to the principle of Ignatius. But whither hath my wandering talk strayed?" he added, checking himself. "I did desire, after delivering thy letter, to say, that it is my purpose to follow hard on the heels of Master Arundel, and also to caution thee to continue to keep carefully concealed, during my absence, the sacred crucifix, and whatever else might betray us to our enemies. Forgive me that I give this advice, but I see that thou hast relaxed thy watchfulness over the missal."

"The warning is unnecessary. Nightly is the blessed cross, whereon the hands of his holiness have been laid, deposited with my missal and rosary in our place of concealment. And as for Neebin, fear not to trust her. She is as jealous of her treasure as could be thou or I. But leave me not until you receive tidings from the heretics. These ill-omened reports I like not. They may, indeed, be idle, yet it is only prudence to wait."

"I care not for them, yet, to pleasure thee, would I do more.

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I will remain, according to thy wish, and, meanwhile, to-night, seek Sassacus, who soon returns to his distant tribe."

"Be it so, then," said the lady. "Neebin!" she called to the Indian girl, who was in the adjoining apartment, and who, at the summons, came running up; "give me now the book, and I will tell thee a story about one of the pictures."

The Knight understood this as a signal to withdraw, and accordingly took his leave.

The lady, on his departure, instead of talking with the child, returned her the missal with an excuse, and drawing the letter of Father Le Vieux from her bosom, commenced reading it again.

"My judgment, then," she murmured, "is confirmed by that of the holy father. Thus writes he: 'I fear, my daughter, that the leaven hath not done its perfect office. There be many called, but alas, how few are fit for the work! In some things hesitancy is a deadly sin. Let the faint-hearted step aside, that more vigorous souls may take their place.' Whatever may be the consequences," she continued to herself, "I feel cheered, in that my course will be approved by the father. Thou knowest, holy Mary, that it was through no ignoble motive, but only for thy glory I did this thing, whereof, alas! my poor woman's heart more than half repented. Oh! pity, that one endowed with so many gracious qualities as Sir Christopher, should lack the iron firmness which gives consistency and dignity to life, and that his weakness compelled me to that which I would not, for the world, his noble nature should suspect! But since this letter from the father, no doubt assails me. The course I have adopted I will pursue, nor shall my constant soul falter. Sooner shall the needle desert the beloved pole."

The face of the woman assumed an expression of indomitable resolution. She looked like one incapable of a weakness—like one who, mastered by an engrossing purpose, feels that all else is trivial, and to be as little regarded as the dust which the traveller shakes from his soiled garment.

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CHAPTER XXV.

He hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
A dismal, universal hiss.

PARADISE LOST.

WHEN Arundel arrived at the little settlement, he proceeded straightway to the hostelry, which was his usual stopping place, and as he entered, was met by the landlord with those demonstrations of welcome, wherewith the publican is in the habit of greeting his customers.

"So you have got safe off from them bloody salvages, (praised be the Lord for all his mercies)," said goodman Nettles. "And you look browner, as though you'd caught some of their color from being with them, but hearty as my tapster, Zachariah Sider, who can begin with the head of an ox, and never stop till he wipes his mouth with the tuft on the end of the tail, washing it down, moreover, with a quantity of ale that ails me—ahem!—(here Nettles put his finger on the side of his nose, and grinned as if he had really said a capital thing,) to see wasted on his lean carcase. But, Master Arundel, you must be dry. There is some of the old Canary left."

"Let me have a bottle, and, if agreeable to thee, we will empty it together."

As the landlord left the room, Arundel, on looking round, discovered what he had not observed before, viz., our old friend, Master Prout, in a sort of recess, formed by the projection of the

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chimney. The worthy functionary was engaged, at the moment, in taking his eleven o'clock refreshment of a pot of beer, (a habit from which his exile from the old country had not been able to wean him,) but, at the approach of the young man, he rose, and gravely shook hands with him. Miles had barely time to offer a share of the wine, which, however, Master Prout refused, when Nettles returned with a bottle.

"There," said he, setting it down, and looking affectionately at it, "I warrant me you get no such soul of the grape among the red heathen, though if they had any wit they might have puncheons of it, if they only knew how to make them, for they say there is store of grape vines growing about."

"As for me," said Master Prout, after raising the tankard to his lips, and taking a draught, long and deep, "I'm a genuine Englishman in my taste. Give me, say I, your humming beer, with a body to it, in place of all the wishy-washy wines of the Frenchman or the Spaniard. They only pucker one's mouth, and heat one's blood; but there is neither bread nor cheese in them, as in good John Barleycorn."

"The ale deserves all your praise, Master Prout," said the host, "though I say it myself; nevertheless, is the good wine not to be despised. I know no reason why a true born Englishman may not like both."

"It may be well for thee, whose business is to get thy living from their sale, to talk thus," replied Master Prout; "but for all that, I relish not these foreign decoctions—your Canaries, your Sherries, and your Portos. Their very names have a smack of popery in them. Down with the Pope, and all his inventions to tickle men's palates and damn their souls."

"And so say I, down with the Pope, but up with good wine, and down with it too, so it only runs in the right place; but it grieves me to hear you, good Master Prout, evening down good wine to the Pope—why—"

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"Contradict me not, goodman Nettles," interrupted the guardian of public morals. "I say that I have ever remarked the man who prefers wine to ale, to be of an unsteady faith. It savors of a hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt. Let not such a man be trusted."

As the constable was speaking, Arundel could not help fancying that he looked hard at him, as if some personal application of the words were intended. He took no notice, however, of them, especially as mine host immediately rejoined:

"Dear, good Master Prout, speak not so. Why, if my customers were to hear you, the character of my house might be ruinated. Whoever heard before that the Pope had ever anything to do with wine? I do not believe he drinks it at all."

"Art thou a Christian man, and so ignorant of the things that pertain to salvation? Tells us not the Book of Revelations of the merchandise of the great city of Babylon, when it shall fall—cinnamon, and odors, and ointments, and frankincense, and wine; and sayest thou the Pope hath no part thereof?"

"An' you are for Scripture," answered mine host, "have at thee with a text in return? Saith not the Scripture, also, He giveth wine to gladden man's heart? Moreover, though there be wine at Rome, it doth not follow, therefrom, that it is drunk by the Pope."

"Contradict me not, I say, goodman, and pervert not the Scriptures with thy famulistical interpretations. I observed you spoke but a moment ago of the soul of the grape, as if it were possible that a divine principle could lodge therein. I caution thee against this, as a profane and indecent form of speech, unbecoming in one of the congregation; and, besides, an' thou wouldst retain my custom, take heed thou put more malt into thy ale."

"It is strong enough to answer thy purpose," muttered the offended landlord, but in so low a tone as to be unheard; and,

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as new customers began to come in, he left, in order to assist, in manipulations of the bottle and spigot, his tapster, Zachariah Sider, whom his late flourishing fortune had enabled him to add to the establishment.

"Has anything worthy of note occurred, during my absence of three weeks?" inquired Arundel of Master Prout.

"How were it possible otherwise?" replied the constable, whom the colloquy with the host seemed not to have left in the best of humors. "Here hath been Increase Faith Higginson twice coopered up in a barrel, once for drunkenness, and a second time on suspicion thereof; Jonathan Makepiece hath lain in the stocks for quarreling with, and using contumacious language toward David Battle; Susannah Silence hath sat tied in a chair, before her door, with a cleft stick upon her tongue, for being too free in the use of that member; divers godly persons have connected themselves with the congregation, and two unworthy Achans beendriven therefrom—the one for incontinence, until he repent thereof, and the other for denying the just power of the elders."

Arundel could not forbear smiling at this odd enumeration of important events, which his informant observing, and construing into disrespect, immediately added:

"Have a care, Master Miles Arundel, unto thyself. I wish thee well, for thou art a proper young man, and, did the inner garnishing correspond with the outer adornment, thou wert indeed a comely vessel of grace; and, therefore, say I unto thee, there be other matters touching thee more nearly than those things whereof I have spoken, and whereat, I know not wherefore, it pleased thee to smile."

"I pray you to pardon my involuntary offence," said the young man, "and to believe that my smiling betokened no disrespect. My mirth was awakened by the comical pictures which thine ingenious answer conjured before the imagination."

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"I trow," said Master Prout, "they who come under the displeasure of our magistrates, will find their punishments no such comical matters. There be such things as whippings and nose-slittings, as well as sittings in the stocks, and the like."

"I know," answered Arundel, "that your magistrates are no lambs. Yet of thy complaisance, tell me wherein I am interested in aught that has befallen in my absence."

"This Sir Christopher Gardiner, the man who is sometimes called 'The Knight of the Golden Melice,' is a great friend of thine, is he not?" asked Master Prout.

"I account it an honor to call him my friend. A worthier or more honorable gentleman lives not in the colony."

"There be different opinions on that head, my young master. The closer thy friendship, the worse, I fear, it will be for thee."

"Speak out, Master Prout," exclaimed Arundel, losing patience. "If thou knowest any talk prejudicial to the fair fame of the Sir Christopher, let me know it, that the calumniator may be dragged to light, and receive deserved punishment."

"It would take a long arm to reach his accusers, seeing they are on the other side of the ocean. Hark ye, young sir—it is in every one's mouth that thy famous Knight is an agent of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who makes unrighteous claim to the lands granted us by his Majesty King Charles, and, moreover, thou art connected with him, in men's minds, as in some sort an accomplice."

"Is that all?" said the young man, scornfully. "I judge from thy speech that these lies come in letters from England. Pray, are they credited by any one, save by them of the baser sort?"

"Callest thou me one of the baser sort? Wilt thou revile them who are set in authority over thee? Have a care, my young cockeril, or thy own comb may chance to be cut."

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"Out with thee, malapert knave," said the young man, in his vexation, "and know to respect thy betters. Truly, the world is come to a pretty pass, when a fowl like thee is permitted to ruffle his feathers at a gentleman."

"An' he were not in some sort an ambassador, whom I have heard it is unlawful for a constable to touch," growled Master Prout to himself, as Arundel angrily turned his back upon him, "I had taught him incontinently, better than to speak to me in this fashion. As it is, I will advise with Master Spikeman about this matter." So saying, with a flushed brow, the irate officer of the law departed.

"What means this, Colonel McMahon?" demanded Arundel. "Here have I been a bare three weeks away, on business of the commonwealth, and on my return I find myself rewarded with sour looks and unpleasant speeches, *sans* any consciousness of deserving them. I cannot ask a plain question, without being answered in riddles that would have crazed the brain of Œdipus."

The person addressed, a grave man, of middle age, and the same who had had the words with Endicott about the cutting out of the cross, took the questioner aside, and, as soon as they were out of hearing, answered:

"Truly am I afraid that I shall also be involved in thy condemnation of those who return answers after the manner of the sphynx; but, to be short, there have two ships lately arrived from England, bringing, it is said, unpleasant tidings touching Sir Christopher Gardiner."

"What be these tidings?" inquired Arundel, noticing that the speaker hesitated.

"I neither am, nor desire to be, in the confidence of the government," answered Colonel McMahon, haughtily, the wounds inflicted on whose loyalty by the mutilation of the standard, were not yet healed; "and the information I have is derived

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from a private source and uncertain rumor. For the former, the Knight is pointed at as an agent of Sir Ferdinando Gorges; for the latter, it becomes me not to heed the idle chatter of the vulgar."

"Comports it with your sense of propriety to reveal more?" asked Arundel.

"Were I never so desirous," said the Colonel, courteously, "I should be unable. In fact, what I have told is the sum of my knowledge. I could, indeed, indulge in surmises based on rumor, but that were too much like the gossiping of old women, and both unbecoming in me to speak and in you to hear, more especially as that rumor attaints in other respects the fair fame of your friend. It is different with the base-born scullions around us, who are licensed to utter whatever their unruly imaginations may conceive; but a gentleman will not allow epithets upon his tongue to the disparagement of another, which, after all, may be false."

Having thus spoken, the Colonel raised his steeple-crowned hat in a formal manner, slightly bending his body, and walked up to the landlord, to whom he paid his score, and then left the apartment.

"I will endure this no longer," said Arundel to himself, putting on his own hat. "I will seek the Governor immediately, and demand from him its explanation."

Upon arriving at the house of Winthrop, he learned, with a feeling of disappointment, that the Governor was absent on a visit at Plymouth, and he turned reluctantly away, in order to communicate to the rough Dudley, instead of the polished chief magistrate, the result of the mission, and to obtain that information which would enable him to give shape to the chaotic rumors.

He was received with neither cordiality nor incivility by the Deputy Governor, to whom the young man communicated the success of the conciliatory efforts of Sir Christopher with

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the Taranteens, and at the same time delivered the Knight's message. His auditor listened in grim silence, interrupting him by no inquiry, nor did he, when the communication was finished, vouchsafe a word of thanks for the service rendered. Dudley had been a soldier in his youth, having received a captain's commission from Queen Elizabeth, and commanded a company of volunteers under the chivalrous Henry Fourth of France, at the siege of Amiens, in 1597; and, if he had not the quality of frankness by nature, had acquired an appearance of it in the camp, together with a military decision and roughness of manner. It was not his wont to disguise his feelings, and on the present occasion they were obvious, even before he opened his lips to speak. When Arundel had concluded, he waited for the comments of the Deputy, nor had he to wait long. First, however, Dudley inquired,

"Is there nothing more thou wouldst communicate?"

"If there be any thing of importance or of public concern omitted, it is done unwittingly," said Arundel.

"Then is thy news most jejune and unsatisfactory, seeing that our condition is neither war nor peace, but a sort of armed truce, liable to be broken at any moment by these treacherous savages. I am not to be deceived by the promise, that, for the present, we need fear no hostilities. I know their craft. If they refuse formally to make peace, they are preparing for war. Well, they may try their hand. But I am disappointed in the opinion I had of the extent of the influence, by some means acquired, over the Indians by this Sir Christopher Gardiner, if he indeed have authority to bear the title."

"Who dares to say," exclaimed Arundel, whose irritation this fresh taunt increased, "that Sir Christopher assumes a title which belongs not to him, or to asperse in any respect his character?"

"It will come to light," said Dudley, "in its own time; but tell me now, wherefore made not the Knight, as you choose to

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call him, his appearance himself? Methinks such proceeding were more respectful to the authority which commissioned him."

The brow of the young man flushed at the rude speech, and it was with difficulty that he restrained his feelings; but he succeeded so far as to reply with an appearance of tolerable calmness, that it was only that morning they had returned, and that the Knight purposed to present himself on the morrow, being detained for the present by reasons which doubtless ought to be satisfactory.

"It were strange," said the surly Dudley, "if his private affairs should be of more importance than the interests of our Commonwealth; and yet it seems that the former do, in his estimation, outweigh the latter."

"I pray of your goodness to pardon the fault," said Arundel, who was determined that nothing should provoke his anger again that day. "Sure am I that, had the Knight of the Golden Melice known the importance attached to his presence, he had come forthwith, without stopping for rest, or to change his soiled garments, instead of sending me, his unfortunate and most unworthy substitute."

"I like not this fantastic title," said Dudley, whose ill-humor seemed not at all soothed by the gentle language of the young man, but rather to increase. "I like it not, whether it be an idle appendage stuck on by the humorous learning of Winthrop, as I have heard, or a quaint conceit springing out of the man's own vanity. I deny not honor and dignity, where they rightfully belong, but what is to become of the realities, if the shams receive an equal consideration?"

"I wander like a man in a mist, who sees not a foot before him," said Arundel. "I have entreated your Worship to deal more plainly with me, but it has been your pleasure to seem as if you heard me not; and, for the report which, in the discharge

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of my duty, I have made, I have received only innuendos against the fair fame of my friend, and which do, in some sense, alight upon myself. From whatever quarter they may proceed, I scorn and defy them, and brand them as false; and, I doubt not, the appearance of Sir Christopher will force his detractors to disappear, even like so many whipped curs."

Arundel spoke with a feeling of anger, notwithstanding his resolution to keep command over himself, and rose to take his leave. The spirit which he had shown in his last speech, so far from displeasing the Deputy, had a contrary effect; for, rising himself, Dudley grasped his visitor's hand, and dismissed him with less frigidity than he had received him. Something also he said, as if in excuse of his conduct, about the necessity of caution, amounting sometimes to unreasonable suspicions on the part of the rulers of a weak colony, depending more upon the wisdom of its counsels than upon force for its existence, intimating at the same time, that if any suspicions were attached to the young man, it was doubtless more in consequence of his accidental connection with Sir Christopher, than because he deserved them.

It is natural that Arundel, after his long absence, and the unpleasant events of the day, should desire to derive some consolation from the society of his mistress. We are not surprised, therefore, to find him taking his way toward the house of the Assistant Spikeman, in the hope of receiving some signal which would permit him to enter. Nor was he disappointed—Prudence, with a light kerchief thrown over her head, being just stepping out of the door on an errand to some neighbor as he came up. The girl gave a pretty start as she beheld Arundel, partly natural and partly affected, and then beckoned to him to enter.

"O! how you frighted me!" she said, after she had carefully closed the door. "You have sent all the blood into my heart; and it flutters so!"

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"I will bring it back again into thy cheeks, where it shows so prettily," replied Arundel, saluting her.

"Fie! Master Miles," exclaimed Prudence, but not looking at all displeased. "It is well Master Prout sees thee not. Well, what do you want? I suppose you came to see me?"

"I have seen thee, pretty Prudence, and am so unreasonable as to desire also to be shown to thy mistress. She is well?"

"I humbly thank your Worship," said the girl, curtseying awkwardly, and snuffling through her nose in a manner intended to ridicule the grave Puritans, "worthy Dame Spikeman is well in body, albeit ill in spirit, being afflicted with a grievous visitation called a husband."

"Come, come, you mad-cap girl," said the young man, laughing at the caricature, "pervert not my meaning, but show me the way to Mistress Eveline. If thou wilt, I promise thee a husband for thyself in good time."

"From plague, pestilence, famine, and husbands, (I did ever think the litany deficient,) good Lord deliver us," exclaimed Prudence, holding up her hands. "Do I look, forsooth, like one in need of a husband, or likely to assist my young mistress therewith? She deserves better at my hands. I see, besides, Master Miles, that you are ignorant of the law in this blessed country, which forbids young men to woo maidens. I know all about it, for I had it from the lips of a venerable Assistant. Shall I rehearse it to you?"

"Why, what has got into the girl?" said Arundel, tired of this foolery. "I prithee no more, sweet Prudence, but conduct me at once to Eveline. Consider how long it is since I saw her."

"Nay, an' you come to calling me sweet, there is no resisting you. I do love sweet things, and it is pleasant to be called sweet by some persons. I will delay you no longer," she added, resuming her natural manner, "since Mistress Eveline must by this time have made up her toilette. So, please you, follow me."

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So saying, she tripped forward, and ushered Arundel into a room, where we have already seen him, and retired. Almost instantly, the beautiful Eveline came in with a smile upon her lips and a blush on her cheeks, for from her room, the door of which was open in that warm season, she had overheard the whole conversation, as indeed Prudence had intended she should.

"A strange way, Miles," she said, biting her red lips to restrain a laugh, "to show the devotedness of your affection to the mistress by kissing the maid. Is it a fashion taught thee by the savages?"

Arundel, notwithstanding the words of Eveline, could not discover much severity either in the tones of her voice or the glances of her eyes, for those were days when scarcely so great a delicacy of manners prevailed as in the present; and, catching her to his bosom, he found little difficulty in obtaining pardon for his fault.

"Ah, you know, Miles," said Eveline, withdrawing herself from his embrace, "that a maiden who scolds her lover has more than half forgiven him already."

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the particulars of a meeting, which, even without experience of like scenes, the imagination will suggest, and which, lacking the spice of personal interest, might appear tame, even to those whose recollection of early emotions still has power to send the blood with a livelier glow through the heart. From his conversation with Eveline, the apprehensions in regard to Sir Christopher, which began to invade the mind of Arundel, were increased, although his fears were of an indefinite character. Without being able to determine exactly what were the accusations against the Knight, of one thing at least he became certain—that they were commonly considered of too serious a nature to be passed by in silence; that any services would hardly screen him from censure or punishment of some sort, if they were proved; and that Spikeman was exerting his malignity against him to an extraordinary degree.

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Upon leaving Eveline, Arundel meditated on the conduct he ought to adopt, whether to remain and await the arrival of Sir Christopher on the next day, as he originally intended, or to return and inform him of what he had learned. That some calamity threatened his friend, was plain. What it was, was not so evident. The only cause of complaint against him he could discern, was a supposed connection with Sir Ferdinando Gorges. On this point he knew that Winthrop and his council were extremely sensitive, warmly resenting the claim which that gentleman made, and was trying to prosecute in England, adverse to their patent, which he declared was void, and determined to punish whoever should assert the title of Sir Ferdinando as superior to their own, or should in any respect countenance or abet him in his schemes. As for other intimations, Arundel considered them as only additions, which stories, like rolling snowballs, naturally receive in their progress, and which, in the present instance, deserved even less credit than usual, on account of their vagueness and improbability. What motive could there be, for example, to induce Sir Christopher to arrogate a title which did not belong to him, when there was every chance of detection, and no important advantage to be gained? He had never noticed in the Knight any assumption of superiority, but, on the contrary, rather a careless cordiality, amounting almost to *bonhommie*. Everything which he had seen about his friend forbade the supposition. From the baselessness of this, he inferred the falsity of all other charges, whatever they might be; and yet, notwithstanding his conviction of the innocence of his friend, it appeared to him that information of the disposition of Dudley ought to be made known to Sir Christopher, in order to enable him to decide for himself upon the steps necessary to be taken, before he should be assailed unawares. Having arrived at this conclusion, Arundel lost no time in hurrying off to the residence of the Knight.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

"Ah! home let him speed, for the spoiler is nigh!
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?"

CAMPBELL'S "*Lochiel.*"

As ARUNDEL left the hostelry, whither he had returned after his snap-chance, he observed the figure of a man, whom he had seen several times during the day, standing at a distance in the street. Unless his suspicions had been excited, he would probably have paid no attention to the circumstance; but, in the present condition of his mind, he could not avoid connecting the man's frequent appearance with himself. It seemed, indeed, as if his motions were watched, though why, he knew not. In order to satisfy himself whether it were so, he stopped when he reached the edge of the forest, and, concealing himself, waited for the purpose of ascertaining whether he were followed; but, after remaining some time without seeing any person, he concluded that he must be mistaken, and more leisurely resumed his walk.

The day had been one of exceeding warmth, which circumstance, in connection with the excitement he had passed through, produced an exhaustion that indisposed the young man to exertion. In consequence of this, it was at a slow pace he proceeded, imagining any haste unnecessary, and esteeming it a matter of indifference at what hour he reached his destination.

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Hence it happened that the evening was considerably advanced before he had passed over half the distance which he had to go. He had advanced as far as the spot where he encountered the panther, and was thinking of his peril then, and of Sassacus, when he suddenly found himself surrounded by a number of armed men, one of whom demanded his piece. Arundel instantly recognised in the man who spoke, and appeared to be the leader, the Assistant Spikeman; and, suspecting mischief wherever he was concerned, and indignant at being stopped, refused to deliver up the gun. The refusal was useless, for it was forthwith wrested violently from his hands, after a struggle, in which he gave and received some unimportant hurts.

"What means this outrage, Master Spikeman," demanded Arundel, "on one in the king's peace, and quietly about his own business?"

"We desire your company," replied Spikeman. "It is out of our abundant affection therefor that we have been so bold, and in consideration of the motive, we pray you to pardon the offence."

"This is insulting one who is unable to defend himself," answered the young man; "but be sure, Master Spikeman, that for this, and other like favors, a day of bitter reckoning will come."

"Spare thy threats, beardless boy," said the Assistant, "and know that what I do is not without warrant. Thy wisdom consists in submission, for thou seest we have a force thou art unable to resist. But I may not waste further words. Place the prisoner in the middle; watch him closely; treat him well, if submissive; but should he attempt escape, shoot him down. Forward!"

After these orders, the men started on, taking Arundel with them, who entertained no purpose of flight, even though a favorable opportunity should present itself.

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If he had doubted at first whither the party were directing their steps, the doubt was soon dissipated, and he became sure that it was to the habitation of Sir Christopher. Meanwhile, he had been turning over in his mind his observations through the day, and became satisfied that he had been watched, and that the band by which he had been captured was sent after him, and, by taking a course somewhat different from his own, and hastening their speed, had succeeded in throwing themselves in front, so as to cut him off from the Knight's house, whither they rightly judged he was going. The determination was obvious, he thought, that, for the present, there should be no communication between Sir Christopher and himself.

Rapidly and in silence the party pushed on, until they came to the small clearing surrounding the Knight's house. Here they halted, and Spikeman placed his men around the open space so as completely to surround it, with orders for half of their number to advance simultaneously toward the centre, while the others remained in the shadow of the wood. The manœuvre was so skilfully executed, that it was impossible for any one within the house to escape—the men composing the circle, meeting at the same moment at the centre.

The deep silence of the night was first interrupted by the noise the Assistant made on the door with the handle of his dagger.

"Who is there?" inquired the drowsy voice of one as if just awakened.

"A person demanding admission," answered Spikeman.

"I know that, else would you not be knocking. Very well; abide a moment till I don some clothing and I will open, when we will become better acquainted."

Accordingly, in a few moments the door was opened, and Spikeman, with half a dozen men, rushed into the house, leaving

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the others to guard the exterior. Philip Joy (for it was he) was instantly seized, and ordered to tell where the Knight was to be found.

"It is easier to ask questions than to get answers," said Philip. "For me, I never could speak plain till I had been awake a half hour or so."

"Sirrah!" cried Spikeman, sternly; "trifle not, or I will have thee scourged within sight of the gates of death. Answer—where is Sir Christopher Gardiner?"

"An' I knew I would not tell thee," replied Philip. "Make no ugly faces at me, Master Spikeman, for it is of no use. Look for yourself, an' you like."

"He cannot avoid us, if he be in the house," said Spikeman, turning away. "Here, Ephraim," he added, addressing one of the men; "come thou with me. We will waste no more words with this fellow, but see whither this door leads."

"Stop!" exclaimed Philip; "it is the passage to the chamber of the Lady Geraldine."

"Forward! Ephraim," cried Spikeman; "we cannot be delayed in this way. Heed not his clamor."

By the light of the tallow candles, which they had brought with them, the two proceeded, in spite of the remonstrances of the soldier. The door admitting into the larger apartment of the lady, and into which we were introduced at our first acquaintance with her, was open, but the inner door to her own private chamber was barred. A slight rustling was heard within, as they listened, as of one putting on clothing.

"We have tracked the fox to his den," whispered Spikeman. "Open instantly," he added, aloud, "or we will burst in the door."

"Who are ye," inquired a woman's voice, "who, in the dead of night, assail the rest of innocent folk?"

"Open at once," cried Spikeman, impatiently, "or we will tear down the house."

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"I will not open," said the voice. "That were to assist you in your lawless proceedings. I may be murdered, but will lend no aid to my murderers."

"Silly woman," said the Assistant, who felt unwilling to resort to violence with a woman, believing that his prey was perfectly secure within—"silly woman, we are no murderers. I require thee, by authority of the Commonwealth, to unbar the door."

"Ye cannot be officers of the State," answered the woman, "else would ye not proceed thus rudely. Ye are robbers and assassins."

"We must not stand here trifling," said Spikeman. "Throw thyself against the door, Ephraim, and burst it in, since we are resisted."

His companion, accordingly, endeavored, by flinging the whole weight of his person against the barrier, wherein he was assisted by his superior, to break it down; but in vain, the stout planks defeating all their efforts.

"Bring an axe, quickly!" cried Spikeman. "We will try the virtue of steel blows."

Under the repeated strokes of the axe, wielded by brawny arms, the strong door presently fell with a crash into the room, and stepping over its fragments, the assailants stood in the presence of the occupants. By a taper, which was burning on a small table, the apartment was sufficiently lighted to make all objects visible, though indistinctly.

The dimensions of the room could not exceed a square of twelve feet. The sides, which rose to a height of perhaps eight feet, were hung all around with a black cloth, and overhead the same covering was extended. The furniture consisted of only a chair or two, and of the table above mentioned. In the centre stood the tall form of sister Celestina, clothed in garments as black as the drapery which surrounded her, and holding by the

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hand, the little Indian girl Neebin. Without stopping to notice them, Spikeman and Ephraim immediately commenced searching, with drawn rapiers, behind the hangings. The cloth, on being withdrawn, exposed to view nothing but unhewn logs, and a recess of a few feet, containing a rude couch. During the search, which was soon completed, the lady remained standing, with the little girl by her side, viewing the proceedings in silence, and with an air of offended dignity.

"What seek ye?" she demanded, when, with looks of disappointment, the men desisted. "Tell me, that I may render you that assistance whereof ye seem to stand in need."

"Madam," answered Spikeman, "where is Sir Christopher Gardiner? It is him we seek."

"And is it in my sleeping apartment, audacious wretch, that you expect to find him?" exclaimed the lady. "Your question is a greater insult than your violence."

"Madam," replied the Assistant, "it behooves you to be careful of your language. Ephraim," he added, turning to his companion, "do thou inquire without, whether the Knight be taken. He may have leaped from the window."

Upon Ephraim's departure, Spikeman again addressed the lady.

"Madam," he said, "I know that the work wherein I am engaged is ungracious. Sad is the necessity which compels me to invade the retirement of a lady whom I hold in all honor and respect, and who has it in her power to make our whole Commonwealth her grateful debtors."

"Speak quickly, sir," said the lady, "that I may the sooner be rid of your intrusive presence."

"You know me not, madam, nor my kind intentions, else would you not indulge this scorn."

"If to break open the house of a defenceless woman at midnight, to batter down the door of her chamber, to intrude therein,

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and to insult her, besides, with base suspicions, be your kindness, what must be your cruelty?"

"Necessity, madam—necessity must be our excuse. We will have Sir Christopher Gardiner, dead or alive. Judge by the importance which we attach to his capture, how great will be our gratitude, and the reward of him who shall enable us to lay hands on the traitor."

"He is no traitor, base slanderer. Thou hadst never dared to utter these injurious words in his presence."

"I would he were in presence," said Spikeman, sternly, "and you would soon be convinced of the contrary. But more plainly, madam. Let me entreat you, for your own sake, to disclose the hiding-place of this man, and to deliver to me his papers, for only by so doing can you escape severe and dreadful punishment."

A deeper pallor overspread the pale face of the lady, but recovering herself she said—

"If I understand thee aright, thou dost seek to make me an accomplice of thy crime."

"It is no crime, but an acceptable deed, to deliver a criminal to justice, to suffer for his deserts. On such conditions, and on such only, can I promise immunity for thyself."

"Justice! I trust not the justice of a State, where such as thou bear rule. Ye know not the meaning of the word. Sacred heaven! what would you have me do? Betray into your toils an innocent man, that I may avoid, I know not what consequences! Infamous tempter, I spurn thee! And know, that were I capable of such inexpressible shame, I could not commit it. I know not where is Sir Christopher."

But, evidently, Spikeman placed no confidence in the denial. He strode across the room, as though reflecting on some subject, and then stepping up to the lady, bent over, and whispered some inaudible words into her ear.

"It is false. Holy Virgin!" she exclaimed, forgetting herself

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in the excitement of feeling, "must I bear this? Leave me! leave me! Rid me of your hateful presence! The room is full of horrid shapes since you came in."

"Ha! madam," cried Spikeman, "you have betrayed yourself. I have your secret, and will find means to force you to speak the truth, ere I am quit of you," and scowling malignantly, he left the apartment.

The excitement which had hitherto sustained the lady, seemed now to desert her, and she sunk upon a seat. Sobs broke from her bosom, and tears, which she vainly tried to restrain, streamed down her cheeks.

"O, holy Virgin," she murmured—"immaculate lady, whose heart was pierced with so many sorrows, help me to bear my own. This is the sorest trial of all. Without thy preventing grace, divine Mary, I shall sink under it. Intercede with thy dear son for me."

The little Indian girl, who, during the whole time while Spikeman remained, had stood by the lady's side, showing no apprehension whatever, but listening attentively to every word, and following each motion with her keen eyes, now kneeled down by the lady, and looking into her face, said—

"Do not cry, lady. Owanux have not found the book with the pretty pictures, nor the man with the sweet face, with his eyes shut, and his head falling on one side, upon his shoulder, who makes Neebin feel like crying when she looks at him; and Sir Christopher is gone away, so that they cannot catch him."

"Dear Neebin," said the lady, "thine are timely words of consolation. Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings," she added, looking up, "dost thou ordain strength. I will be grateful for these mercies, nor allow a weakness to overcome me again."

The lady now, with more care, adjusted her garments, which, when wakened by the noise made at the entrance of the band

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into the house, she had hastily thrown on, and smoothed down the hair that, without a curl, lay on her temples. She paid the same attention to Neebin, and then, crossing her hands, sat down to await what should follow.

"Has any thing been heard or seen of him whom we seek?" demanded Spikeman of a soldier, as he entered the room wherein he had left Joy.

"Nothing, so please you," answered the man; "and Philip here says that our search will be bootless, for that he is not in the house."

"A fine soldier thou, and a shrewd," said Spikeman, contemptuously, "to trust what a prisoner may say! Call me Lieutenant Venn."

The soldier went out, and presently returned with the lieutenant.

"Hast thou discovered nothing on thy watch on the outside?" inquired Spikeman.

"We invested the building so closely," answered Venn, "that had a mouse attempted to run away, we had seen and captured it; but no sound has broken the silence, nor aught met our sight."

"Has the whole interior been thoroughly searched?"

"But short time does it require to unshell the kernel of a nut like this," returned the officer, looking round; "and Cowlson reports to me that everything in it, save in the woman's quarters, (which his modesty did not permit him to search,) is as well known to him as the contents of his own cabin."

"I fear that the principal object of our undertaking is defeated," said Spikeman, with a look of disappointment.

"Yea," said the officer, "the prey hath escaped even as a bird from the snare. What is to be done now, seeing that Sir Christopher is not to be found?"

Spikeman did not hesitate, for he had been considering the

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course to be adopted in the contingency, and he therefore promptly answered—

"We have not entirely failed. We have at least the woman, and important information may be obtained from her. The hope of working her deliverance, or of making terms with us on her account, may also induce the Knight to put himself in our power."

"I like not," said Venn, "a foray, whose achievement is the making prisoners of Miles Arundel, of honest Philip, and of a sorrowful-looking woman. Meseems it redounds but little to the credit of a file of twenty men."

"I understand not," continued Spikeman, as though the remark failed to reach him, "by what means the man was apprised of our design. Or it may be, that, by mere chance, he is absent; for some evil purpose, doubtless. It will, however, avail him nothing, for sooner or later he must fall into our net. I have lingered in the hope that he might return and be caught by the men on the margin of the wood—a hope I give not up yet, and, therefore, perhaps it were better to wait awhile."

"I pray you, sir," said Lieutenant Venn, "to do me a pleasure in one thing. Delay not our departure until it be so late that the sun is risen when we enter Boston. I confess to some shame on account of this night's work, and desire that what was begun in darkness may be ended in like manner."

"What fanciful follies be these?" said Spikeman. "Art thou degraded by any service which promotes the interests of the Commonwealth?"

"Nevertheless, be it a fanciful folly or grave wisdom, I will take the liberty to iterate the request, and will hold myself indebted if it be granted."

"Surely," said Spikeman, "it is a light thing, and because you wish it, it shall be done. Call in the men from the margin of the clearing, and we will begin preparations for return."

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Let no surprise be felt at the character of the conversation betwixt the superior and inferior officer, and at the influence exercised by the latter over the former. The men under the command of the Assistant for the occasion were not regular soldiers but ordinary citizens; liable, it is true, to be called out at any moment to do military duty whenever an exigency arose, but without being subject to any very strict discipline. The most of them were voters, and hence a source of power, and therefore to be courted by any one ambitious of political distinction. Such an one was the Assistant, and he stood in about the same relation to his men that a modern militia captain, who is desirous of civil office, does to his company of soldiers, and who, through fear of giving offence and so losing the object of his aspirations, is obliged to relax the strictness of military rule."

On receiving the order, Lieutenant Venn started off to execute it, and, as soon as he was gone, Spikeman took Ephraim Pike aside.

"Ephraim," he said, "the badger may lie hid in some cunning place of concealment in the house, and after all laugh at our simplicity at our departure without him."

"That can hardly be," said Pike. "The house has been thoroughly searched, and I would pledge my life the Knight is not in it."

"Verily thou mayest be right, yet is there a possibility of mistake. Ephraim, with our hands on the plough, we will not look back. We must burn this nest of hornets, and should the Knight of the Melice be burned with it, there will be no harm done."

"I suppose," said Ephraim, rather sulkily, "this is a service you want to put on my shoulders, but an' you wish to burn the house, you can burn it yourself."

"That can I not do," answered Spikeman. "The thing must be done secretly, so that it may appear the consequence of some accident. Were I to absent myself I should be missed, but thou canst do it without suspicion."

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"And suppose it done, what then?" asked Pike.

"Thou shalt have a gold piece for that which costs thee but little trouble and no risk."

"How shall it be done?"

"I will presently take all the inmates of the cabin with us on our return. After we have gone a few rods, do thou retrace thy steps and fire the building, and hurry back immediately."

"But should I be missed?"

"There is little probability of that; but thou knowest me, Ephraim, and can be certain that I will be able to account satisfactorily therefor should it happen."

"Yea, I do know thee," said Ephraim to himself, "for as cunning a one as Beelzebub himself; but thou hast never failed me, and I will trust thee yet again. I will do the thing," he said aloud, "since thy mind is set thereon; but it rubs mightily against the grain."

"Thou shalt not repent it," replied Spikeman. "We are in some sort confederates, and our fates are so interwoven that thy fortunes depend on mine."

With these prophetic words the Assistant left his co-adjutor, and returning to the apartment of the lady, requested her to prepare herself and the Indian child to accompany him. She made no reply, and, on his departure, sat some little time pondering what it became her to do; after which, she rose and prepared some articles of clothing.

Spikeman soon re-appeared, and directing one of his soldiers to carry the clothing, begged the lady to follow him. This she did without objection, holding the girl by the hand, and appearing indifferent to all that happened. She found Arundel and Joy, with a number of strange persons, in the largest room of the building, preparing for departure. The countenances of the two men expressed the indignation which they felt, but they were obliged to content themselves with the offer of such services, as

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their situation permitted. This the lady graciously acknowledged in a few words, but seemed more inclined to indulge in her own private thoughts than to encourage any conversation. They all left the house together, and, when in the open air, were committed to the special guard of half a dozen of the party, who composed the centre; and, in this order, led by Spikeman, the cavalcade commenced their march. They had proceeded at a slow pace, on account of the females, and in silence, broken only by an occasional question and answer, for perhaps half an hour, when one of the men observed that either the moon had risen or the morning was breaking.

"There is no moon, Cowlson," said a soldier; "nor, according to my reckoning, can it be much past midnight. The light ye see comes from the North; and, an' it were winter, I should think it was the shooting of the Northern lights."

"These be no Northern lights, nor Southern, nor moon, nor morning," said another. "An' it be not a fire, my name is not Job Bloyce."

"How can it be a fire?" said Ephraim Pike, who had contrived to join the band without his absence being noticed, after accomplishing his purpose. "There is nothing in that direction but the house we just left, and sure it cannot be that."

"I know not," said Spikeman. "It may be the work of the desperate man whom we failed to take, and who has done the deed, in order to throw disgrace in some sort on us."

"That is a strange supposition," said Lieutenant Venn. "A man would hardly be likely to destroy his own property."

"Not without some malicious design, I grant ye; but that were motive sufficient with Sir Christopher. Besides, what is it he would burn up but a heap of old logs, whose whole value could scarcely exceed ten pounds?"

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By this time the fire had gained such an ascendancy over the building, as to throw a light which could no longer be mistaken, and all were satisfied that it must proceed from the habitation of the Knight. The majority of the men adopted, without reflection, the idea thrown out by the wily Assistant, but there were others who were unable to satisfy themselves as easily.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

When the King of Tars saw that sight,
Wood he was for wrath aplight:
In hand he hent a spear,
And to the Soudan he rode full right;
With a dunt of much might,
Adown he gan him bear.

OLD ENGLISH METRICAL ROMANCES.

ONLY the accidental absence of the Knight saved him from the indignity to which his household was subjected. Well were the measures of his enemies taken, and the time chosen, for it was reasonable to suppose, that after so long a journey, he would certainly be found at his domicile the first night. His erratic habits were well known, and it was this knowledge which induced the choice of the time for the arrest, and indeed had assisted to deepen suspicions, in a suspicious community, against him. It would not have suited the purposes of Spikeman to wait, and thus afford the Knight an opportunity to present himself in town. He chose to bring in Sir Christopher as a criminal, knowing that having committed his associates thus far, to an act of violence, they would not be likely to rest until they had expelled Sir Christopher from the colony.

At the time Spikeman was rifling his house, and injuriously treating its inmates, the Knight, unsuspicious of harm, was lying in the wigwam of Sassacus, which was distant but a mile or two from his own residence. Lying on his side, with his head supported on one hand by the elbow resting on the ground, he was

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addressing the Sagamore, who, seated in Indian fashion, with the soothing pipe at his lips, was listening to his discourse. A flickering fire sent up now and then a bright flame, by means of which the two became ever and anon more distinctly discernible to each other, while in the intervals, there was only light enough to distinguish the outlines of their persons. Even through the studied apathy of the Pequot, it was obvious that the subject possessed considerable interest for him, for occasionally he would remove his pipe from his mouth, and gaze fixedly on the ground, as if lost in profound thought.

"Wonderful, O chief," he said, after the Knight had ceased speaking, "are the things which thou hast told, and I believe, because the white men are very strange, and I have never caught thee in a lie. Truly, as thou sayest, are the red men children, and the white men exceed them in wisdom, even as the beaver the wolf. The wise beaver is warm in his lodge, when the wolf howls for hunger and cold in the forest. The white man is the beaver, and the red man the wolf. The Great Spirit made them so, for so it pleased him, and so they must remain."

"Nay," said the Knight. "There was a time when the white race was like thine own, without that knowledge which makes them so powerful."

"And can the chief say why the Great Spirit gave Owanux the wisdom which he denied to us?"

"That is a question I cannot answer, any more than why thy skin is red and mine white; but the Christian religion was the means whereby the change was effected."

"There is but one Great Spirit, who made all things," said Sassacus, solemnly, "and we worship him as well as the white men. Lightnings are the glances of his eyes; thunder is his voice; the sun is the fire before his lodge, which he extinguishes when he sleeps, and the moon and stars are the sparks which fly up into the air when it goes out."

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"Thou hast indeed, in some sort, a religion, for He hath not left even the most barbarous nations without some knowledge of himself, howbeit it is not unto wisdom. But it is only with his true religion that he has connected that acquaintance with himself, which makes men to advance in all that is worthy to be known here, and happy hereafter."

"Our wise men say," replied Sassacus, "that for the spirits of brave and just warriors there are happy hunting grounds, far away towards the setting sun, which the Indian travels to, over the white path in the middle of the sky, where deer, and elk, and bears never fail, and where the hunter is never tired, nor very hungry."

"Alas!" said the Knight; "these are but figments of the imagination—fond dreams as unsubstantial as morning mist, and deceitful as the wandering fire, which lures the ignorant traveller into the morass."

"O, wise chief," said Sassacus, "our tribes have also their traditions, and I know not why they may not be as true as thine. We do not think, as your powahs teach, that our traditions come from Hobbamocki, while yours all proceed from the Master of life."

"Hobbamocki is thy name for the Evil Spirit?"

"My brother has said it. Would he like to know how he was created?"

"I listen," said the Knight.

"A long, long time ago," said Sassacus, "the Master of Life, Kiehtan, went to a large flat island, in order to complete his work of creation. He there created a multitude of animals, some of which were so large that he was unable to control them. It is said that remains of gigantic beasts are still to be found upon the island, which were never finished. It was out of clay that Kiehtan formed the beasts, while the inferior manitos looked on and rejoiced in his labor. He made in the side of each animal

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an opening, whereinto he crept, and so warmed it into life. If the animals pleased him he permitted them to swim to the great pasture land, and to fill the woods; if they pleased him not, he first withdrew the life, and then turned them into clay again. Once he made so large a beast that he was afraid to give him life. There were also other smaller, to whom he gave not life, because he considered them not useful. Once he made a creature, in the form of a man, which he also rejected, but he forgot to take the life away from him, and this is the evil spirit, Hobbamocki."

"And thou believest this fable, as wild as ever sprung from the unbridled license of an Oriental story-teller?"

"Sassacus believes as the wise men of his nation believed, when he was a little pappoose, and as their fathers believed, when they were papooses, and as his people have always believed, for more summers than there are stars in the sky. But do not the white men believe in Hobbamocki?"

"They do, though they give him a different name," answered the Knight. "He was a Great Spirit, who was expelled from heaven, or the happy hunting grounds, because of his wickedness."

"Was he not very happy there, and had all that he wanted?" inquired the Pequot.

"He was happy and preëminent above all other manitos in glory and power."

"How then became he wicked?"

"That is a question which our wise men have never been able to answer. But he envied the greatness of the Master of Life, and desired to occupy his place."

"Can your Hobbamocki be in two places at once?"

"No. Being a created spirit, he is limited."

"It cannot be, then, that he was such a fool," said the chief, decisively. "Behold! the Master of Life is every where! He is like the air and the light. Manitos are very little things beside

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him, and all together cannot fill his place. Your powahs have deceived you, and told a foolish story of their own invention. No. Hobbamocki was vexed because the Great Spirit did not like him, and for that reason tries to revenge himself, by troubling those whom the Great Spirit loves."

"At least," said the Knight, "our two traditions agree in this—that there is an evil spirit, who injures and leads men into wickedness, and therein do thy legends confirm the truth of the Catholic religion."

"Do the people at Shawmut, under Sagamore Winthrop, believe in all things, as my brother?"

"Nay. They are heretics, and given over to believe a lie—from whom this land shall be taken, and bestowed as an heritage on others, who shall be the Indians' friends, and they shall all live together."

"Listen! My brother has spoken of this before, and Sassacus has thought much about it. It seems to me that when the Great Spirit spoke to the white men, they could not understand his words, but his voice was to them like the sighing of the wind among the trees, or the dashing of the green water on the shore, for they cannot agree about their religion. But the ears of the Indians were sharper, and they all understood alike, and therefore they do not differ about what the Master of Life said, and they also know better concerning Hobbamocki. Has not my brother told me that the white men fight and kill one another about their religion?"

"Alas! it is too true," replied Sir Christopher.

"Indians never do so. Let us do a great thing," added Sassacus, his face suddenly kindling, as with the inspiration of a magnificent thought—"we will teach the English our religion, which we never fight about, because we know it to be true, and the English shall teach us how to build ships, and make guns and powder; and, together, we will drive the Taranteens into the salt lake."

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"It is in vain," said the Knight to himself, on hearing this extraordinary proposition. "He doth, ever in his childlike simplicity, say something to confound me. His untutored mind is yet incapable of receiving the mysteries of our holy religion, but, in lieu thereof, perpetually runs after the practical and immemediate advantages of powder and guns. Direct the conversation as I may, this target doth it hit at last."

At this moment an Indian stepped into the lodge, and, uttering the word "fire!" accompanied by a gesture of the arm, retired.

The Knight and Sassacus sprung up, and, looking in the direction indicated, beheld the heavens all aglow with the conflagration.

"It is my lodge!" exclaimed Sir Christopher. "I will hasten thither instantly."

"Come with us, Towanquattick," said the Chief, calling to the Indian, and the three at once directed their course toward the dwelling of the Knight.

With all their haste, they did not reach it until the fire had made such progress that it was impossible to suppress it, or even save anything from the building. The flames were pouring out in billows from the doors and windows, and a moment after their arrival the roof fell in. They approached as near as the heat would permit, but were unable to distinguish anything in the interior, nor was a sound to be heard, save that of the rushing flames and falling timbers. No one was present, except the three —the natives who lived near having retired deeper into the wood on the first alarm. Leaning on his gun, the Knight gazed sadly on the burning ruin, reflecting on what had probably become of its former occupants. If he had any doubts, they were soon dissipated by Sassacus, whose attention, with that of the other Indian, had been attracted by marks upon the ground which had escaped the notice of Sir Christopher. These plainly revealed to

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them by the light of the fire, the two, like well-bred hounds, had been examining in every direction, until, gathering together the various tracks into one trail, they had followed it into the wood. Returning to the Knight, and pointing out the traces, the chief said:

"Many Owanux have been here, and all are gone to Shawmut."

"I surmised as much," said Sir Christopher, partly to himself. "We will follow, Sagamore, and assure ourselves with our own eyes."

No time was lost in lamentation, but the three instantly started after the band.

Sir Christopher could see the trail until it reached the wood; but here, notwithstanding his experience in woodcraft, he frequently lost all trace of it, though to the Indians it seemed as plain as a beaten highway. Never hesitating, even in the obscurest recesses of the forest where penetrated no ray of a star, with rapid steps they pursued their way.

Meanwhile, the party of soldiers, conscious of their strength, and encumbered with their prisoners, though pushing on at first at a good pace, had of late been proceeding more leisurely. Even Lieutenant Venn, satisfied that they would be able without haste to reach their destination before daylight, ceased to hurry. As they approached nearer the village, their vigilance diminished —the men talked loud and jested with one another, and it was obvious that no apprehensions of danger were entertained.

This state of things had not been unnoticed by Philip, who had been meditating over the question, whether it were not better make an attempt to escape. "There is no great hazard in it," he said to himself; "but were I to get away I should be about as badly off as now, unless I could meet Sir Christopher or the Sagamore; and perhaps they have been captured by some other party, for our folk do not things by halves. They have

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taken away my snap-chance, too, and I cannot shoot with arrows like a savage, so that, as one may say, I am a sort of cat without claws. I know not what they can have against me now, or why I should be afraid of them; and yet, when I think of their purgatory of a prison, it makes me crawl all over. A week's lodging there would about make an end of me. I think I have never been quite the man I was before, since they stuck me there."

Thus revolving in his mind the advantages and disadvantages of his position, the remembrance of his sufferings during his imprisonment, at last turned the scales in favor of liberty, and Philip began to think of means to accomplish his purpose. He tried, by lagging behind and falling down once or twice, to get into the rear; but this manœuvre the vigilant eyes of Lieutenant Venn detected, who ordered him nearer to the front, and directed that he should be watched closer. Foiled in this manner, that freedom which but a moment before, and when apparently in his power, seemed almost a matter of indifference, assumed a constantly increasing importance, and the mind of Philip worked more actively than ever. In a short time they would be out of the forest, when any attempt at evasion would be folly, for, should he succeed in shaking off his guard, he would run great risk of being shot down in the open space. It was therefore necessary to think quickly.

"If I only had Prudence with me," thought Philip, "I be bound she would have invented a dozen ways to get off by this time. Sweet wench! there is some difference between sitting on a log with her and stealing a smack once in a while, though a slap be pretty sure to follow, and dragging my legs in the dark among the briers. But she is not here, and so I will e'en take up with Master Arundel, and suck his wits a bit."

"What think you," he whispered to his companion in captivity, "of making a rush, and showing our heels to the Philistines?"

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"It were madness," answered the young man, in the same manner. "Thou wert sure to be retaken, perhaps shot."

"I have no fancy for either; but cannot your wit devise some mode to save me from yon lock-up? My bones ache when I think of it."

"I have no desire to get away," answered Arundel; "nor understand I how it can advantage thee, seeing that, sooner or later, thou art tolerably certain of being made prisoner again."

"Nevertheless, there is a chance of better things; and I say once more I like not the thoughts of the close quarters they intend for us. An' you will not run for it yourself, at least help a poor fellow, whose ideas are like a skein of tangled silk, to avoid the bilboes."

"Assuredly, if you wish, what I can I will do to facilitate thy escape. Only tell me how."

"You have me there in a Cornish hug," said Philip. "An' I knew, I had not asked."

"You would not have us fight for our liberty?"

"I am not so crazy as that. Ten to one is odds that any one, except Sampson, might avoid without disgrace, and even he would not stand much chance, for all his bushy head, when bullets were flying."

"We must out-manœuvre them by some stratagem."

"If Sassacus were here," said Philip, "he could show us the way. There is not a tree or a rock but would have something to say to him about a contrivance."

"What would you think, Philip," asked Arundel, (the direction of Sassacus to sound the notes of the robin, whenever he desired to see him, occurring to his mind,) "were I to conjure up the Chief?"

"I would think thee more cunning than any powah of them all, and, moreover, advise thee to keep out of the way of the elders and magistrates."

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"Keep quiet a moment, and I will try my powahing."

So saying, the young man whistled the peculiar notes of the bird, which, in the dewy silence of night, rung wide through the woods.

"Halt!" cried Spikeman, who instantly suspected some treachery. "Close up around the prisoners. Who dared make those sounds?"

No answer was returned; and, after a vain attempt to discover their author, the party resumed its march.

"If your powahing has done no other good, Master Arundel," said Philip, "it at least frightened the General."

"I am a beginner," answered the young man, jestingly, "and it would not be surprising should I fail at first. If it raise not the sagamore or one of his men before we reach the open space, I will try the spell again."

But the notes had struck the quick ears of the Pequot chief, and at their sound he bounded forward at a pace which his companions vainly endeavored to equal, and which shortly left them out of sight; but they could hear the rustling he made tearing through the bushes, and, guided by it, followed. The noise occasioned by the movements of so large a party, and the conversation among them, prevented the approach of the sagamore being heard, especially as when he drew nearer he proceeded with more caution. Gliding from tree to tree, he was able to advance quite close without being discovered. What was the rage of the chief, when, at the head of the band, he beheld his enemy, the Assistant Spikeman, leading as prisoners his friends and the little Indian girl. Not waiting for the Knight and the Paniese to come up, fitting an arrow, he drew the deer's sinew till the head of the missile touched the hand that held the bow, and sent it whizzing through the air. The cavalcade had passed on, so that the front ranks were in advance of Sassacus, when he discharged the shaft, and the back of the Assistant was turned to him. It entered just below the

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right shoulder, and was sent with such vigor, that, passing between the ribs, it stopped not until arrested on the other side by the steel corselet which Spikeman wore on his breast. Shouting then his war-whoop, and drawing his tomahawk from his girdle, the Pequot leaped among the band. Like lightning it sunk into the head of one man, who fell to the ground. The chief raised it again, but before it could descend, a blow prostrated him, and, in an instant, he was overpowered and disarmed. So rapidly followed these occurrences, that before the Knight and Towanquattick came up, the chief was a prisoner, and every man on his guard was prepared and watching for an enemy. To attack would have been certain death or captivity; they, therefore, bitterly lamenting the passionate impetuosity of the sagamore, kept themselves concealed in order to take advantage of circumstances.

Having disposed his Company so as to face in every direction, to repel attack, Lieutenant Venn approached to examine the fallen men. A corpse was all that remained of Ephraim Pike, who must have instantly expired on receiving the blow. His head was cleft to the neck, and portions of the brain were lying on the leaves. He had probably been selected by the sagamore (from his neighborhod to the Assistant, by whose side he marched) as second in command, and thus expiated with his life his evil devotion to his master. Spikeman lay upon his face, groaning, while the blood slowly oozed from his wound. The lieutenant, with one of the men, raised him up, while Lady Geraldine strove to stanch the bleeding. An attempt was made to withdraw the arrow, but the pain it occasioned and the amount of blood which followed were so great, that it was abandoned. All that could be done was to carry the wounded man as gently as possible home. Venn, now at the head of half a dozen men, scoured the woods in the immediate vicinity all around; and, finding no enemy, returned, and ordered a couple of trestles to be made, on one of which was to be placed the body of Pike, and on the other the

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groaning Spikeman. Upon mustering the company, it was found that all were present, with the exception of Philip Joy, who had escaped in the confusion. Four men being assigned to each of the trestles, to be relieved as occasion should require, the remainder having charge of the prisoners, and composing the van and rear, Lieutenant Venn re-commenced his march—Arundel walking by the side of the Pequot chief, to whom he expressed regret at his capture.

"It is a summer cloud," said the sagamore.

As for Philip, on effecting his escape, he felt some embarrassment what to do with himself. There he was, alone and without arms, in the forest, wandering helplessly about, and, if unable to find Sir Christopher, in a worse condition than before. He had half a mind to pursue the band and surrender himself, when, remembering the powahing, as he called it, of Arundel, he determined to try it himself. Imitating, therefore, to the best of his ability, the sounds made by the young man, he sat down and waited for the effect. Presently the figure of Towanquattick, followed by that of the Knight, stole out of a thicket and stood before him.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

But, gasping, heaved the breath that Lara drew,
And dull the film along his dim eye grew.

BYRON.

On the arrival of the party at the settlement, Lieutenant Venn divided it into two detachments; at the head of one of which he carried the Assistant to his own house, while the other, under the command of an inferior officer, was charged with the security of the prisoners. Only the sagamore was strictly confined, being ironed and placed in the same dungeon which Joy had occupied. Sassacus made no resistance, but submitted with a stoical impassivity as to an irresistible fate. The lady and Indian girl, as those from whom flight was less to be feared, and with whom it would be more difficult to effect, and also out of deference to the weakness of their sex, were committed to the care of Dame Bars, by whom they were to be closely watched. As for Arundel, he was permitted to depart, the lieutenant informing him that he had been arrested only to prevent the carrying of information to the Knight. It is doubtful, however, whether, if Spikeman had still been in command, he would have escaped on as easy terms.

The little community was thrown into some commotion by these events. The dangerous wound of so prominent a person as the Assistant, and the capture of the renowned Indian sachem

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—not to speak of the lady—could not fail to occasion a lively interest. As soon as the results of the night expedition were known, (and the news flew with wonted celerity,) every body was in the streets, giving and receiving information, or what purported to be such, and making and listening to comments thereupon. We cannot, however, remain to hear the conversation of the grave citizens at the corners, but must follow those whose particular fortunes we have undertaken to portray.

The unfortunate Spikeman, unable to suppress his groans at the pain occasioned by the motions of his bearers—his clothing saturated with blood, which kept oozing from the orifices of the wound—was borne to his dwelling, and delivered to the weeping household. It would be absurd to suppose that any great grief was felt by Dame Spikeman, and hers was partly the feeling arising from early associations and long familiarity; but it is impossible for the most stoical to contemplate, without emotion, one in the condition of the suffering man, and the tears of Eveline and of Prudence were mingled with those of the dame.

It happened that Dr. Samuel Fuller, of the Plymouth colony, who had come over with the first Pilgrims, was in Boston at the time. He was immediately brought to the wounded man, and was soon followed by Governor Winthrop, Mr. Eliot, and other friends. The corselet had been removed, and a portion of the clothing cut away, and Spikeman lay on his side, spasmodically breathing. Yet had resolution not entirely deserted him. His strong character still spoke in his face, and he looked like one who, though conquered, was not subdued.

Doctor Fuller approached the couch and gently touched the arrow, but it produced such a spasm that he did not repeat the experiment. The eyes of Spikeman were fastened on the countenance of the surgeon, and read therein his doom.

"There is no hope?" he gasped.

"I humbly trust," said the doctor, who was "not only useful

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in his faculty, but otherwise, as he was a godly man, and served Christ in the office of a deacon in the Church for many years, and forward to do good in his place," according to an old chronicle —"I humbly trust that a crown of glory awaits thee in the other world whither thou art hastening."

A groan, which shook the couch whereon he was lying, and sent the blood gushing from the wound, burst from Spikeman, as he heard the answer.

"Yea," said good and tender-hearted Mr. Eliot, "let our brother anchor his mind on the promises which are very comfortable—'For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but ye have received the spirit of adoption whereby we cry, Abba, Father.' For I reckon that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us. 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, and their works do follow them.'"

"Works?" interrupted Spikeman. "Who speaks of works? They are filthy rags."

"They are indeed but filthy rags," said Mr. Eliot, "to them who rely upon them for salvation; yet are they not unpleasing as being the fruits of saving faith."

"I will not hear of works," said Spikeman. "Moreover, whom he did predestinate—them"—a sudden pang prevented the conclusion of the sentence, but it was finished by Mr. Eliot.

"He also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified."

A silence followed, which was interrupted only by the sobs of Dame Spikeman, until the wounded man inquired:

"How long shall I live?"

"It may be two hours; it may be only one," answered the physician.

"A short time!" murmured the Assistant. "My soul doth travail with anguish," he said, fixing his burning eyes on Mr. Eliot.

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"O, my brother!" exclaimed the divine, "the precious blood of Christ cleanseth from all sins, though they be as crimson. Faint not now, when thou art about to cross the river of Jordan, but think upon thy Redeemer."

"I strive," said Spikeman, "but there are thoughts which—which rise up, as a mist, between me and him."

"O, cleanse thy bosom of this perilous stuff," said Winthrop. "If there be a sin which persecutes thee, confess it and repent."

"Is that the voice of the Governor?" asked Spikeman, who seemed to have forgotten his entrance. "Repentance! Repentance! it is too late."

Those around the couch looked at one another with dismay.

"Our dear brother," said Mr. Eliot, "of what specially wouldst thou repent? Believe me—it is never too late to trust God's mercies. Think of the penitent thief upon the Cross."

"Do you dare to call me a thief?" said Spikeman, hoarsely. "Ah!" he added, "how I talk! These are strange feelings. What I have to do must be done quickly. Call Eveline Dunning."

"Who is in the room?" he inquired, after the young lady had entered.

The names of those present were enumerated. "Let them remain," he said. "They are of the congregation, but I would not that the world should know my shame. Look not thus at me," he exclaimed, as soon as he saw Eveline. "Thy face is like thy father's, the friend whom I wronged. Be nigh to hear, but let me not see thee. Eveline, the property which should be thine, I have misapplied, and it has melted from my grasp. It was that my misdeed might not be discovered that I denied thee to Miles Arundel, though thy father wished the nuptials. Yet, Eveline, marry him not; he is of the corrupt Church of England."

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These words he uttered with many interruptions of pain, resuming when the paroxysm passed away.

"Would you see Miles?" inquired the weeping girl.

"To what end? I care not for him. He is not of the congregation. Go now. I have done."

"My spirit is lightened," he said, as she left the room. "Edmund Dunning," he added, as his mind temporarily wandered, "why do you fasten your accusing eyes on me? I have made all the reparation that I can. What more?"

"Alas!" said Mr. Eliot, aside, to Governor Winthrop, "who would have thought this of one so zealous for our Israel?"

Low as was the tone, the words struck the ear of Spikeman.

"Whatever be my sins," he said, "even though dark as those of David, I have been zealous unto slaying for the people of God, Is the enemy taken?" he inquired.

"Whom mean you?" asked Winthrop.

"Whom should I mean, but the man ye call the Knight of the Golden Melice?"

"He is not yet taken," answered the Governor.

"Let him be hunted, as a partridge on the mountains; let him be run down and seized; kill him, if he resists."

"This is no fitting frame of mind for a parting spirit," said Mr. Eliot. "Let me beseech you to turn your thoughts on the Saviour."

But delirium had now taken possession of the mind of the dying man, and made him insensible alike of all that was said and of pain.

"Away with him!" he cried, "who lays snares for the feet of my people. Hew him down, though he hugged the arms of the altar."

"Shall we not, beloved brother, unite our supplications to the throne of grace, for the last time on earth?" asked Mr. Eliot, bending over him.

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"Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God who justifies," said Spikeman, turning on the minister his glazing eyes.

"It is in vain," said Winthrop. "He heeds not nor understands what you say."

"Papistical mummeries! Your croziers, your mitres, your mumbled prayers from the mass-book! I hate them! Forty years long they wandered in the wilderness, but they prevailed at last. Stay ye the hands of our Moses! Be strong! Quit ye like men."

"His mind, even in its wanderings, doth remember Israel," said Dr. Fuller.

"He hath, indeed," said Winthrop, "ever avouched himself a devoted servant of our cause. Unhappy is it ——"

He looked at the weeping wife, and left the sentence unfinished.

"Let him who is without sin cast the first stone," said good Mr. Eliot.

"Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound!" exclaimed the dying man.

"Dear husband," said Dame Spikeman, sobbing, and taking his hand, "know you me?"

"What woman speaks?" said Spikeman. "It is the voice of Prudence—sweet Pru——"

His wife let the hand fall, and covering her face with her handkerchief, burst into a flood of tears. A severer spasm than any before shook the Assistant's frame; a more copious gush of blood poured from the wound; and in the effort to speak the name of the girl, the spirit passed to its account.

"Strange," said pure-minded Mr. Eliot, "that he should utter the name of the serving-maid."

A look of intelligence passed between the Governor and the physician, but neither spoke.

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"He is silent," said the divine; "he is stiller, and feels less pain."

"He will never feel pain again in this world," said the doctor, approaching the bed, at a little distance from which he had been sitting, and gazing on the corpse.

Dame Spikeman screamed, and was borne, fainting, from the apartment in the arms of Eveline and Prudence, who hastened in at the sound.

"Behold," said Mr. Eliot, who, after the manner of clergymen, was anxious to "improve the solemn occasion," "another warning addressed to us all, to be ready, for we know not neither the day nor the hour. How suddenly hath our friend been forever removed from the scene of his labors and his hopes. 'As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more; he shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more.' But, though the spirit be gone, its memory remains behind. Out of the good and the evil it hath done, shall be erected its monument on earth. O, let us hope that the former, sprinkled and cleansed by the blood that maketh all things pure, may be accepted, and the latter forgiven, for His sake who shed it. For He who made us knoweth whereof we are made; He remembereth that we are dust; He seeth not as man seeth. Only He knows all the secrets of the weak, trembling heart, its temptations, its trials, its struggles, its sorrows, its triumphs, its despairs. Our friend was a captain in Israel. He hath fallen with his armor on, and girded for the battle. He loved the suffering Church. Be that a remembrance to rise like a sweet-smelling incense before the congregation; and if Thou, whose pure eyes cannot behold iniquity, wilt not be extreme to mark what is done amiss, neither may we, the work of thy hands, dare to assume Thy prerogative; but as the sons of sinning Noah, with averted eyes, covered the nakedness of their father with their garments, so will we hide in forgetfulness each short-coming and each transgression."

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As the good man, with a swelling heart and sad eyes, in which glittered the sacred drops of human feeling, uttered these words, he looked like a pitying angel from whose lips reproach could not fall, and whose blessed office was only to instruct and to forgive.

The death of one as important as the Assistant Spikeman could not but be sensibly felt in so small a community. He had been a man whose daring nature would not allow him to be at rest, and who was never contented, except in the exercise of all his faculties. Hence he had been not only active and scheming in private life, but also busy and bold in public, driven forward, as it were, by a sort of inborn necessity. Though not deeply regretted, he yet was missed. Those whom his adventurous spirit employed in the fisheries, and the just-commencing fur trade, missed him; his brethren of the congregation, wherein his voice, to the edification of his hearers, had often been lifted up in the "gift of prophecying," missed him; and his coadjutors in the government, to whom in more than one instance his keen natural sagacity had been a guide, and his zeal a stimulus and support, missed him; but it was only for a short time. How often has it been remarked, that few things are as capable of making us feel our insignificance, as the shortness of time in which we are forgotten. Active, prominent, influential as he had been, Spikeman was soon remembered only as yesterday is remembered. There were no loves twining around his memory, reaching beyond the grave, and bringing him back to earth; no tender recollections of benefits conferred, which the heart cherishes as an inestimable treasure. There was naught for the mind to dwell upon, save his public duties, which he had indeed discharged respectably, but no more. Another Assistant could fill his place as well; another exercise the gift of prophecying to the use of edifying; and other merchants succeed to his trade. Verily is the life of man as the track of an arrow in the air; as smoke lost in

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the clouds; as a flake of snow that falls upon the water; as a childish grief, or aught else that is most transient.

But the death of the wicked is a benefit to earth. A gloomy shadow hath passed away; the blight of its presence will fall no more on the innocent. The purpose for which he was sent into this world, that from its joys and its sorrows he might become a nobler being, seems to have been defeated. But I know not. Pass, then, dark spirit; my eyes seek not to follow thy track.

The relation which existed between Arundel and Eveline was, of course, affected by the disclosure of Spikeman on his death-bed—no opposition being henceforth made to the free intercourse of the two young people. There were, indeed, some who lamented that the daughter of precious Edmund Dunning should become the wife of one who had not cast in his lot with the saints; but then, again, Arundel was no enemy to their cause, no railing Rabsheka, but a well-behaved and modest youth, who paid, at least, an outward respect to the customs of the congregation, and might yet, from the influence of godly Edmund Dunning's child, be converted into a vessel of grace. Moreover, the story was pretty well known, and the romantic love which had attracted him from New-England, and the wrong the two had suffered from Spikeman, worked in their favor in the hearts of the Puritans. The marked attention which the generous Winthrop manifested now toward them, seeming as if anxious by present kindness to atone for former injustice, contributed also not a little to the feeling; and, honored and beloved, the young couple, with the sanguine anticipations of youth, looked forward to a cloudless future. Yet was their happiness, especially that of Arundel, damped by reflections upon the condition of the Pequot chief and the lady in the prison, and of the Knight wandering homeless in the forest, with no place of shelter for his defenceless head save the wigwams of the friendly savages. Knowing the severity of the government, the foreboding mind of the young

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man was harrassed with apprehensions for the fate which might befall them. Access to the Lady Geraldine was permitted to him and Eveline, and thus were they able to bestow upon the unhappy lady at least their sympathy, for of nothing else would she accept; but no one was allowed to see the Sagamore. In vain Arundel pleaded and intreated; in vain he recounted his personal obligations to the Chief; he was firmly repulsed, and told that though the feeling was honorable, it constituted no claim for the violation of a rule which their circumstances imposed.

Disappointed and somewhat incensed at the unnecessary harshness, as he conceived, wherewith the Chief was treated, and at the suspicion implied toward himself, he, one day on his return from an unsuccessful attempt to obtain an order for admission to the prison, from Winthrop, poured out his vexation and wounded pride to his mistress.

"Is it not," he said, "most extraordinary, this refusal to allow me to say to a man who saved my life, that I have not forgotten him? Is it because their treatment of the unfortunate Sagamore is so bad that they are unwilling it should be known? or do they think that in open day I would attempt to rescue him?"

"It is more likely," said Eveline, "to conceal the weakness of the prison."

"By heaven, Eveline, thy woman's wit hath discovered the cause. I have been thinking over his wrongous confinement, and my debt, till I can endure my inaction no longer, and I swear by St. George of England, that I will soon seek an opportunity to deliver the noble savage from the undeserved death, which sure am I, is his intended doom."

"I blame thee not, Miles," said Eveline. "One were craven to forget a benefit. Only show me how I can aid thee, and my assistance shall not be wanting."

"Nay," said her lover. "This is no matter wherein soft, small hands like thine must interfere."

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"It is not so big as thine," she said, measuring the little hand on the palm of Arundel, "but such as it is, it shall ever be at the service of honor and justice. Were I a man I would strike a blow for the sake of the generous chief, even although sure of being prostrated to the earth by a hundred the next instant."

The color of Eveline was heightened, and her voice trembled a little, as she made the declaration.

"Thy language, dearest, is a spur to a determination already formed. Were Sassacus to lose his life, and I to leave this land, conscious of having omitted anything to save it, (at present so greatly imperilled,) the thought would cast a gloom over the remainder of my days, which, even thy love could not chase away."

"Yet run into no unnecessary danger—do not be rash. What have I done by my imprudent words?" said the young lady, tears swelling into her eyes, as the possible consequences of what she had said, occurred to her mind. "O Miles, heed me not. What do I know of such things!"

"To prudence and courage," said Arundel, "there is little danger in any enterprise; but sooner shall life desert me, than I the Pequot chief."

They parted, he to ponder means to accomplish his purpose, and she alternately to reproach and to forgive herself, for encouraging her lover in an undertaking full of peril, yet demanded by gratitude and honor.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

No wound, which warlike hand of enemy
nflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth light,
As doth the poisonous sting which infamy
Infixeth in the name of noble wight;
For by no art, nor any leeches might,
It ever can recovered be again.

SPENSER'S FAIRY QUEEN.

THE reader is introduced, once more, into the company of the assembled magnates of the Massachusetts Bay, in New-England, and into the same room where we beheld them before. Governor Winthrop, upon the elevated dais, in his elbow chair, presides, while, ranged around the central table, is a full attendance of the Assistants. Not as before, however, are spectators admitted. Saving the honorable Council, no person is present, for the business before them has reference to concerns of State, as well as to a judicial examination, and it is considered expedient to conduct it in secrecy. The members, at the moment we enter, are engaged in an earnest discussion, and it is the rough voice of Deputy Governor Dudley which first salutes the ear.

"It were of little avail," he said, as if objecting to something which had been proposed. "Let us not, like the ancient Pharisees, lay upon the shoulders of the people burdens too heavy to be borne."

"Thy comparison," said Endicott, in reply, "is somewhat unpleasing, and the shoe fits us not; but in vain hath been our pilgrimage hither, if we continue to imitate the unhappy model we left behind."

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"Call you," said Dudley, "the accidental shaping of a ruff, or the manner of disposing of the folds of my galligaskins, an imitation of a prelatical model?"

"And call you," retorted Endicott, "the requiring of people vowed to the Lord, to dress themselves in a plain and unpretentious manner, a burden too heavy to be borne?"

"Gentlemen," said Winthrop, "yé be both in the right. *Procul dubio*, it becomes us, of all men, to apparel ourselves in a sober manner, as thus protesting against the foolish vanities of the world, and yet is it in some sort a burden, to be required to change the fashion of our garments."

"I perceive, already, with much sadness of heart," said Endicott, "a declension in that strictness of regimen which marked the earlier time. Have ye not heard of the godly man who, long time, had been prisoner at Norwich for the cause, and was by Judge Cook set at liberty? Now, this man, desiring to go into the Low Countries by ship from Yarmouth, did turn into the house of an ancient woman in the city, who had been very kind and helpful to him in his sufferings, in order to return thanks, and she knowing his voice, made him welcome. But when he was ready to depart, she came up to him and felt of his band, (for her eyes were dim with age,) and perceiving it was somewhat stiffened with starch, she was much displeased, and reproved him very sharply, fearing God would not prosper his journey. Yet was the man a plain countryman, clad in grey russet, without either welt or guard, (as the proverb is,) and the band he wore scarce worth three pence, made of their own homespinning. What would such professors, if they were now living, say to the excess of our times?"

"Thy tale," said Dudley, a little sarcastically, "reproaches thine own band."

"I did instance this case," replied Endicott, slightly abashed, "not as acknowledging myself literally bound to accept it as a

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guide for mine own conduct, but for the wholesome admonition therein contained."

"That is to say," returned Dudley, "inasmuch as it jumps not with thy humor, thou wilt none of it; but being fitted, as thou conceivest, to reproach us withal, thou dost accept it." But having sufficiently annoyed the other, he added, by way of make-peace, "there is one custom which my soul abhors, and against the which I desire with thee, Master Endicott, to bear my testimony, and that is the coming of women unveiled into the congregation. I remember that the venerable Countess of Lincoln had a falling veil to conceal her features, when she came into the house of the Lord, to worship with his people."

In spite of himself, a smile passed over the face of Winthrop, as it did also over those of several Assistants.

"What excites your risibles, gentlemen," asked Dudley, severely. "I trust that I am not the subject of your mirth."

"For me, sir," said Master Simon Bradstreet, on whom the eyes of the deputy happened to rest at the conclusion of the sentence, "if thou desirest an answer, I will crave permission first to inquire, if this discreet lady, who, from thy epithet, I infer to be somewhat advanced in life, was preëminently distinguished for beauty?"

"Although of a gracious presence, I cannot say that she greatly excelled in that respect," answered Dudley.

"Then," replied Master Bradstreet, "I see not how the view of her face could disturb the devotions of the congregation."

"Ye smile, my masters," said Dudley, looking round, "as though ye had me at advantage; but ye consider not the importance of the example of a lady so high in station, and so exemplary in her Christian calling. Not so much on account of herself, but for other's sakes, was it done by the godly and honorable lady."

"I see no foundation therefor in Scripture," said an Assist-

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ant. "Surely married women have no pretext to wear veils as virgins, neither would married nor unmarried choose to do so from the example of Tamar the wanton, nor need they do it for sueh purpose as Ruth did, in her widowhood."

"We claim no certain warrant of Scripture for the practice," said Endicott, coming up to the rescue of the deputy, "but only as being based on the propriety and fitness of things."

"Fall you not then into the very condemnation of the Scribes and Pharisees, who imposed upon the people burdens enjoined neither by Moses nor the prophets?" said the same Assistant, using the deputy's own argument.

"Nay," said Master Increase Nowell. "If we confine ourselves strictly to what we find in the Scripture, I fear it might strike, in some respects, at the proceedings of our government. The sounder rule, it appears to me, is to follow Scripture as far as we may, having regard to the difference of our circumstances."

"Such hath been our endeavor," said Endicott. "The manner of our dealing with the vile and pernicious weed, tobacco, sufficiently illustrates the principle of our government. The wisdom of the godly founders of the plantation at Salem, the charge whereof was entrusted to my weak hands, did clearly perceive the lamentable effects, both to the souls and bodies of the users, hebetating the former, and debauching the latter, likely to arise from an indulgence therein, and they did therefore, both in their first and second letter of instructions to myself and the Council, straightly enjoin that no tobacco should be planted by any of the new planters under our government, saving under close restrictions, and that the same might be taken by ancient men and none other, and that privately. Now, there were those affecting to be pinched with tender consciences, who said that this was an infringement of their natural liberty, authorized by no rule of Scripture, to whom we made answer that the said abominable weed, the smoke whereof may fitly be compared to the vapor from

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the bottomless pit, was not known in those primitive days, and for that reason, no rule regarding it was to be found, showing at the same time that other things, less objectionable, (as it would seem,) were prohibited, and thus by parity of reasoning, establishing our point. Concerning this matter, as I understand, there is little difference of opinion among us, although a report hath of late reached my ears, that certain men in high position, even elders, having become addicted to the use thereof, are beating about for reasons to excuse their backsliding."

"A calumny, doubtless," said Winthrop. "But touching the principle involved in matters of government, I will deliver my opinion. Of things coming within the scope of government, I judge there are two classes; whereof, the one class may be said to consist of things *mala in se*—that is, of those which, by an inner quality or essence, are evil; and the other, of such as are *mala ab extero*, or what may be connected with them and made evil only by a positive law of the State, in which is vested the duty of watching over the common good. The fantastic notions of certain libertines, who, setting at naught the experience of the world, and fondly imagining that wisdom will die with themselves, have insinuated a doubt of the rightful power of the law-giver in this latter particular, I condemn, and see not how government can exist without it. Now, as for things embraced in the former category—such, for example, as those prohibited in the decalogue—there can be no doubt of the duty of every Christian State to see that the prohibition be sustained and enforced even by extreme penalties, if otherwise the end cannot be reached. But as for those contained in the latter category, a wide latitude of opinion may and doth exist among brethren with regard to the extent whereunto the Sovereign power should go in imposing restraint. Some, with queasy consciences, are for making most of the duties of life to be practised, whether of a civil or religious nature, and also the vices to be avoided, matters of public enactment; while

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others as honestly hold, that the cause of virtue is not thereby promoted, but that, contrariwise, the very prohibition, when not based either on the law of God or the plain and unequivocal reason of the thing, doth act oft-times as a stimulus or uneasy incitement to the breach of law, besides making men hypocrites and time-servers. I may not dilate, but merely hint this much, not doubting that your quick-conceiving minds have already sounded the depths of the subject. And now, touching the matter more immediately in hand, which is the proposition of Master Endicott concerning apparel, and also the expediency of females wearing veils in the congregation, it seems to me to belong plainly to things indifferent, and not to be of instant or pressing importance, requiring present action; and as there is a difference of opinion in the Council respecting it, I propose that it be postponed, and meanwhile referred to the grave judgments of the elders, more especially as the wearing of veils is a thing connected with the assembling together of the congregation in the Lord's house."

"We are content that it should take that course," cried several voices. And such, accordingly, was the disposition made of Master Endicott's sumptuary motion.

"Time doth wear," said Sir Richard Saltonstall. "Were it not well to proceed to the examination of the woman?"

"If no objection be offered, I will consider such to be your minds," said the Governor. A silence following, the servitor was ordered to conduct the person calling herself Lady Geraldine De Vaux to the presence.

While awaiting her arrival, the conversation re-commenced upon a subject which seemed to possess peculiar interest for Endicott.

"I cannot abide it," said he to his next neighbor.

"May I inquire what excites your indignation, master Endicott?" said Winthrop.

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"The detestable fashion of wearing long hair, after the manner of ruffians and barbarous Indians, which is beginning to invade our Canaan, contrary to the rule of God's word, which says that it is a shame for a man to wear long hair, and contrary also to the commendable custom generally of all the godly of our nation, until within these few years."

"You have flushed a new covey," said Winthrop, with a smile.

"Nay; it is a chicken of the same brood," said an Assistant.

"Call it what you will," answered Endicott. "It may be a chicken, if you please, or a hawk, or whatever else your learnings may call it, but I do declare and manifest my dislike and detestation of such wearing of long hair, as against a thing uncivil and unmanly, whereby men deform themselves, and offend sober and modest persons, and corrupt good manners."

"This is but a thing indifferent," broke in Dudley. "It will be time enough to think thereof, when no business of moment is before us."

"Call you that a thing indifferent," demanded Endicott, "which is plainly reprobated in Scripture?"

"I would have you notice," answered the Deputy, "that the custom is nowhere prohibited. The apostle doth merely speak of it as of something contrary to usage in his days."

"Brother Dudley—Brother Dudley," said Endicott, "I read not so the Epistle of Paul. Thus speaks he: 'Doth not nature itself teach you that if a man have long hair it is a shame unto him?'"

"Spoke Paul in this wise," inquired Dudley, "as Paul the inspired messenger, or as Paul the fallible man?"

"Have a care, brother Dudley," said Endicott. "These be dangerous distinctions. What is written is written for our learning, and I will not curiously inquire into the amount of inspiration therein, having no guage whereby to determine its measure."

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The conversation, much to the relief of Dudley, who found himself, somehow or other, speaking in opposition to Endicott in a matter wherein the opinions and feelings of the two did not after all materially differ, was here interrupted by the opening of a door and the introduction of the lady. She was clothed entirely in black, with a veil of the same color covering her head, and falling so low as completely to conceal her features. With a modest mien she followed the servitor, and, at a courteous wave of the hand and inclination of the body from Winthrop, took a seat near the Secretary, a little aback from the table.

"She is attired," said an Assistant to another, "as if she did divine the thoughts of Endicott. For the sake of her veil she ought to find favor in his eyes."

"Yet see how he doth eye her, as if his fiery glances longed to burn up the envious screen. He would tell us, I fancy, that he confines his rule to meetings of the congregation, and would consider it an invasion of his Christian liberty to be denied the sight of beauty elsewhere, to compensate his self-denial."

"Madam," said Winthrop, "it pains me and every member of the Council that we meet under these circumstances. Let me trust that you will be able to dispel certain suspicions, and that the frankness of your answers to the questions to be propounded will lighten for you and make less onerous for us the sad duty we are performing."

The lady said something in reply, but either on account of the the low tone in which she spoke, or of the interposition of the veil, the words were inaudible.

"I hear not what she says," cried Dudley. "Let her throw back her veil. Master Endicott," he added, turning to the Ex-Governor of Salem, "here hast thou evidence that thy rule is not of universal application."

Endicott turned his steady eyes upon the Deputy, and began to caress his chin beard with his hand, but, before he could speak, Winthrop's voice was heard.

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"Do us the favor, madam," he said, "to remove the covering from your face."

"Allow me," said the lady, with a voice which trembled a little, "to keep hid a face which ye would cover with shame."

"Think not so evil of us," answered Winthrop. "Nought would more glad our hearts than your innocence."

He waited an instant, as if to see whether she would comply with his request, and, upon her failing to do so, added, "for myself, I will not press what I see is unpleasant."

But this concession appeared not to meet with general approval. Murmurs circulated about the table, and presently Dudley spoke.

"It is contrary to the custom of every civilized court," he said, "to permit a witness or an accused person to conceal his features. The reason thereof is too patent to need explication."

"We do entreat you, madam," said Sir Richard, "to pleasure us thus far, and to believe that no want of consideration is designed."

Again a pause followed, which was broken by the impatient Dudley.

"It were painful," he said, looking sternly at the lady, "to use force."

"It shall not need," she replied, with a tremulous voice, which, however, acquired steadiness as she proceeded. "I am in your power, and will obey your commands."

So saying, without raising her eyes, she withdrew the veil, and exposed her pale face to view. It was seen for the first time by most of the Assistants, and it was obvious, from the whispered comments, that no unfavorable impression had been made.

"A modest looking gentlewoman enough," quoth Sir Richard.

"Discreet in her bearing," said another.

"All is not gold that glitters," said Dudley. "The beautiful skin of the snake covers, after all, a snake."

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"For shame, Master Deputy," said Bradstreet.

"We desire to learn of you your knowledge of the person calling himself Sir Christopher Gardiner," said Winthrop. "Know you by what right he doth assume the title?"

"I will answer your question," replied the lady, protesting against the coercion exercised over me. "He is a worthy and honorable gentleman of my own personal knowledge, and of the family of the Gardiners, of whom Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, was an illustrious scion."

"How know you of the relationship?" inquired Winthrop.

"Sir Christopher hath himself told me so," answered the lady.

"A manifest invention," said Endicott, in a low voice to Dudley, "to raise himself in the estimation of his paramour."

"Our minds do meet in the same conclusion," said Dudley, in a like tone. "Hear, too, the boasting manner in which she rolls the word 'bishop' over her tongue."

"When and where became you first acquainted with the Knight?" inquired Winthrop.

"From early youth, at Boirdly, in Salopshire, England."

"Know you when he was knighted?"

"I know not," answered the lady.

"What is the relation," inquired Winthrop, with some hesitation, "wherein you stand to him?"

"I apprehend not the meaning of your question."

"Hath he not been your protector since leaving England?"

"He hath," answered the lady.

A look of intelligence passed between Dudley and Endicott at the answer.

"For what purpose came ye into these parts?"

"Am I at a confessional," demanded the lady, "that I am bound to expose the secrets of my soul?"

"If, madam," said Endicott, "you are familiar with the

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popish device, practice will enable you to answer the more glibly."

"Have pity upon me, gentlemen," said the lady. "I am quite deject and wretched. Take not advantage of your power to humiliate me into the dust."

"The question doth still remain unanswered," exclaimed Dudley, looking at Winthrop.

"Be not hasty, Master Deputy," said Winthrop. "Give the gentlewoman time to frame her answers."

"I ever liked a quick and unpremeditated response," said Endicott. "It is more like to savor of the truth."

"Madam," said Winthrop, "we await your reply."

"How can I make answer thereto?" she said; "for what know I of the private motions of the mind of Sir Christopher?"

"At least, you can tell the purpose wherefor you came?"

"It was with no evil intent. I had no motive wherefor I need be ashamed before God or man."

"Then why hesitate to avow it?"

"I came influenced by like motives to those which have brought others to this land."

"Know you aught of a report that the father of this Sir Christopher did disinherit him, by reason of his long-continued travels in various parts of Europe?"

"Supposing him to be dead," said the lady; "I cannot deny it, and therefore will not."

"What know you of any wife or wives he may have had?"

"I know nothing of them."

"What!" interrupted Dudley: "hath he not confessed unto thee that he married a wife on his travels, from whom he was divorced, and that she is long since dead?"

"Ye do strive to put words into my mouth, and to entangle me in my talk," said the lady. "Call you this justice?"

"We are the interrogators, madam," said Dudley. Looking

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at Winthrop, he saw that the Governor had fallen back in his seat, with his eyes cast upon the floor, and was silent, as if tired of his part of the examination, and willing to relinquish it to others. Observing this, the Deputy proceeded.

"May it please you, madam, to answer the question?"

"Heaven help me," she said. "My poor brain is so bewildered that I hardly know what it is."

"Thou hast a treacherous memory," answered Dudley; "but I will repeat it. It was concerning certain confessions about this Gardiner's wife."

"What confessions?" said the lady.

"Prevaricate not, nor think to blind me," he answered. "The facts are of public notoriety, and it will not profit to deny them."

"If I deny them I am not to be believed, and the denial would only bring down upon my head additional insult; then why tempt so hard a fate? Tell me what you would have me say, and I will endeavor to conform to your wishes."

"Woman!" said Dudley, sternly, "trifle not. Answer me—aye, or nay."

"Thou hast thine answer," said the lady, with some spirit, as if goaded into resistance by the severity of the treatment.

"I am content," said Dudley. "Thou knowest that falsehood were in vain."

"Madam," now took up Endicott the word, "we have not as yet been favored with your name."

"It is Geraldine De Vaux."

"Hast never another?"

"What mean you, sir!" she exclaimed, with a startled air. "What other name?"

"I mean, plainly—is not thy name Mary Grove?"

At the question, the lady, unable longer to control herself,

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burst into tears. Quickly recovering herself, however, and drying her eyes, she said:

"The wicked man who first insulted me with the name and the infamy connected therewith is dead. Dread ye not a like judgment on yourselves?"

"Thou dost ill to remind us," observed an Assistant, "that thou art, according to thine own opinion, in some sort, a cause of the death of our brother, Spikeman, and to threaten us with his fate."

"I threatened not. I did but repel a wrongful accusation," said the lady, more humbly.

"Yet dost thou not deny the name?" persisted Endicott.

"If it availed, I would deny it; but I see that ye are all leagued together to persecute me unto the death. Not my will," she sighed, folding her hands and looking up, "but Thine be done!"

"Wilt thou say nothing more touching this subject?" inquired Endicott.

"I desire to say nothing thereupon, except to protest against the injurious constructions you seem determined to put on all that I can say."

"How hath it happened," continued Endicott, "that you have never appeared with the congregation, in the Lord's house?"

"Consider the distance we did live in the woods, and the difficulty of the travel," answered the lady, deprecatingly. "But, has not Sir Christopher attended?"

Endicott paid no attention to the question, but went on.

"What is thy profession of faith?"

"I am a Christian, and most miserable sinner."

"Aye, but Protestant or Catholic?"

"Protestant," answered the lady, with an inflexion of the voice which made it difficult to decide whether the word was in-

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tended for an ejaculation, a question, or a declaration. "Holy Virgin!" she murmured, so low as not to be overheard, "forgive me this half lie. Not for my own sake do my lips utter it, and my heart abhors it."

The answer seemed to take Endicott by surprise.

"Have heed to thy words," he said. "We are well advised that this runnigadoe and thyself were, until of late at least, at Rome."

"You seem to know all things," said the lady, scornfully, "and I wonder why ye trouble yourselves with anything that an ignorant woman can say. Have it as you will."

"Hath not our examination proceeded far enough?" asked Sir Richard. "Is there aught else ye expect to elicit?"

"The woman, I think, hath confessed the whole," said Dudley. "She openly admits that this Gardiner, or whatever else be his name, is her paramour; and, for the remainder, what hath been wrested from her by her own contradictions, sufficiently confounds her."

"Base man, it is false!" cried the lady, roused into indignation by the charge. I have confessed to naught whereof a woman should be ashamed. There is no infamy attached to my name; and as high as Heaven is above the earth, so far is Sir Christopher above thy craven nature."

"Heyday!" said Dudley; "it thunders and lightens. I bandy not words with thee, but the record of the Secretary will show."

"I find not the exact word," said the Secretary, Master Nowell, after examining his minutes, "but she doth acknowledge this pretended Knight as her protector since they left England, and the terms are equivalent."

"I meant it not so. I have acknowledged nothing to my disgrace," exclaimed the lady. "Ye have enveigled and entrapped me by artful questions, and then put constructions on my an-

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swers which do not belong to them. A worthy business, truly, for grave and learned men to be engaged in, to set their wits to work against a forlorn woman, to pervert her language into shameful meanings."

"Madam," said Winthrop, "you have permission to retire. Bring with thee," he added, addressing the beadle, "the little Indian girl, without letting her come to speech with this gentlewoman, and also Sassacus, properly guarded."

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CHAPTER XXX.

"Vainly, but well, that Chief had fought,
He was a captive now;
Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,
Was written on his brow.
The scars his dark, broad bosom wore,
Showed warrior true and brave;
A prince among his tribe before ——"

BRYANT.

"A MANIFEST Papist! I can scent one of them out as easily as a hound doth the hare," said Endicott, after the lady had retired.

"Beyond a peradventure," echoed Dudley; "and the attempt at deception doth aggravate her guilt."

"I, too, remarked," said an Assistant, "that she possesses not the shibboleth whereunto she laid claim."

"Yet, wherefore should they, being Papists, come hither?" said Master Nowell. "I understand not the mystery that surrounds them."

"A circumstance in itself suspicious," said Endicott, "wherefore needs an honest intent to hide its head?"

"On the contrary, it is ever ready to show itself in the sunlight," said Master Nowell.

"Know you what is expected to be learned from the child?" asked an Assistant, of Dudley.

"I surmise our Governor desires something further to quiet his ever-anxious and doubting mind," answered Dudley.

"I lack no light to form a judgment," said Endicott, "and a further inquiry is supererogatory."

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"Nevertheless," said Master Bradstreet, "there be some of us on whom a clear light hath not yet shined. My charity strongly inclines me to view this poor woman in a less unfavorable light since she hath avowed herself not to be an idolater of Rome."

"Well saith the Scripture," exclaimed Dudley, "that charity doth cover a multitude of sins. The rule is good in the exercise of judgment in things pertaining to private concerns, but in public business it is naught. But your scruples, and those of Master Winthrop, are likely soon to be satisfied, for here comes the little Canaanite."

And as he spoke the door was opened, and the servitor appeared, bringing in the child.

"Where is the other Indian?" inquired Endicott.

"He will be here incontinently, your worship," replied the man. "As there was some delay in the needful preparation, I did think it expedient not to keep your worships waiting, more especially as it would not be becoming that ye should be put to inconvenience for a heathen red skin."

"Reasoned like Aristoteles," said Dudley, laughing. "Give me a man of thy humor, Hezekiah Negus, who rightly apprehends the value of time, and the danger of keeping his superiors dependent on his laziness."

"Bring hither the child," said Winthrop.

"The servitor, in obedience to the order, led the girl to the Governor's seat, and placed her standing by his side.

"What is thy name, little one?" asked Winthrop, putting his hand upon her head.

"Neebin," answered the girl, whose eyes, from the moment of her entrance, had been scanning the company and the room in that quiet, covert way, in which the Indian is wont to gratify his curiosity while endeavoring to conceal it. At the same time, if she felt fear, neither her voice nor manner betrayed it.

"Neebin!" repeated Winthrop. "A very pretty name, and hath a pretty meaning in English, I doubt not."

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The child, encouraged by the gentleness of his voice and looks, and perhaps proud of showing her knowledge of the language of the whites, answered:

"Neebin is summer."

"Darling Neebin," said Winthrop, whose countenance really expressed an interest in the little Indian, "hast ever been taught thy prayers?"

"Neebin knows two prayers."

"Will she say them for me?"

The child crossed her arms upon her bosom, after having first made the sign of the cross upon her brow, her lips, and breast; and then, letting fall the long, black lashes of her eye-lids, commenced repeating the "pater-noster." At the sign of the cross, Dudley started; but, as if recollecting himself, sunk back with a groan. After finishing the pater-noster, the little girl began the "Ave Maria;" but this was more than the scandalized deputy could endure.

'I may not," he cried, starting up, "listen without sin to this idolatry. Better to smite ——"

"I pray thee to have a little patience," said Winthrop, interrupting him. "None of its guilt attaches itself to us."

"I know not that," replied Dudley. "I will not, like Naaman the Syrian, bow myself down in the house of Rimmon, even although my master leaneth on my hand. I do bear my testimony against these popish incantations."

The face of Winthrop flushed at the taunt conveyed, both in the manner and in the language; but, as his custom was, he paused before replying, which gave opportunity to Endicott to say:

"My teeth, also, as well as those of Master Dudley, are set on edge; and I think that any farther inquiry on this branch of the subject may well be pretermitted."

"In my judgment," said Sir Richard Saltonstall, "it were well,

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inasmuch as, though not partaking to the degree of their delicacy of the scruples of the Deputy-Governor and of Master Endicott, yet do I respect them, considering the fountain whence they flow. I also highly approve of and thank the Governor for his judicious questions, whereby the truth hath been brought to light, and what was a little dark before hath been made plain. But the end being sufficiently attained, it were better, perhaps, not to press in this way after further knowledge, seeing we neither need nor desire it."

"I accede to your wishes, gentlemen," said Winthrop, "though I hardly approve of this cutting short the answer of a witness. Ye shall have, however, your will."

"What!" exclaimed Dudley; "not when the answer is blasphemous, or idolatrous, or otherwise impious?"

"We will have no argument thereupon, Master Dudley," said Winthrop. "Your desire is granted, and that, methinks, should satisfy you."

The door now opened, and Sassacus entered between two soldiers, clanking the fetters on his wrists as he moved. Alas! confinement, though short, had not been without baleful effect on the Sagamore. Not that he appeared cast down or humiliated; not that his gait was uncertain, or his bearing less proud; but a shadow, the shadow of a prison-house, encompassed him. The iron was evidently beginning to enter his soul. The free denizen of the boundless forest could no more live without liberty, than flame without air. He was like an eagle struck down from his home in the clouds,

> "Sailing with supreme dominion,
> Through the azure deep of air,"

to be chained upon a stump, and approached and gazed at by every wayfarer. The imperial bird darts round the lightning of his eyes, but he knows them to be innocuous, and his head droops at the consciousness.

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"Remain where ye are," said an Assistant to the soldiers. "The Governor is engaged at this moment."

"Can Neebin," said Winthrop, resuming his interrogatories, "tell me where is Sir Christopher Gardiner?"

"Flower of the forest and of the wild rushing stream," exclaimed Sassacus, in his own language, "be to him as the rock to which the wind whispers an idle tale."

"What says he?" inquired the Assistants of one another, not one of whom understood more than here and there a word."

"Let the chief keep silent," said Winthrop, addressing Sassacus. "He will soon have an opportunity to say what he will;" and he repeated the question.

But the little Indian showed herself no longer docile as before, but to every question returned a stubborn silence.

"We have made a mistake in bringing in the chief," said an Assistant. "She will not open her lips again. He hath said something to frustrate our inquiries."

"Thou hast rightly divined," said Winthrop, after another vain attempt to induce the child to speak. "And now what shall be done? for I hold it unmeet that she should be sent back to the source whence, instead of the Gospel truth she should have been taught, she hath sucked only error."

"That were indeed a deadly unkindness to the poor fawn," said Sir Richard, "seeing it would be imperiling her eternal salvation."

"Better," said Endicott, "that she should continue in a darkness penetrated only by the dim light of nature than be made a victim of Roman superstition."

"If any one of ye, gentlemen, will take her in charge," said Winthrop, "gladly will I resign the child into your hands; but if not, then will I receive her into mine own household, where, by God's grace, the tares which the enemy hath sown may be eradicated."

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"No one manifesting a desire to accept the offer of Winthrop, he ordered the child to be removed to his own house.

As the little girl on her way out of the apartment passed nigh the chief, she stopped, and with childish impatience strove to take the manacles from his arms. A sad smile crossed the face of Sassacus at her vain attempt, and he said:

"They are the presents of Owanux. Neebin will not forget."

"Allow no farther speech between them," cried Winthrop, as the Sagamore commenced saying something more. "Part them, and take her instantly away."

"Waqua, or Sassacus, or whatever be thy name," said Winthrop, "wherefore, being at peace with my people, have you slain two of my men."

The chief looked steadily at the questioner, but returned no answer.

"We know," said the Governor, "that thou hast sufficient knowledge of our tongue to make thyself intelligible, for thou hast conversed with me. Speak, lest for thy refusal it should go the harder with thee."

Thus addressed, Sassacus surveyed with an indignant look his chains, and then stretching out one of his arms as far as his bonds permitted, spoke in a bold tone several sentences in his own language in reply.

"The spirit of the old proverb," said an Assistant, "that one may lead a horse to water, nathless it will be impossible to compel him to drink, applies, it seems, as well to Indians as to horses."

"Why sit here to be scorned by this unbreeched heathen?" cried Dudley. "Away with him! He was taken in the very act, and can render no excuse for this devilish malignity."

"Under favor," said Sir Richard, "that were but a hasty conclusion. It is only Christian mercy to labor with him a little more."

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"It may be," said Winthrop, "that on an occasion so momentous, he distrusts his ability worthily to defend himself in a speech wherewith he is imperfectly acquainted. He must not be condemned unheard. The flashes of nobility I have discovered in him did once prepossess me greatly in his favor, and, therefore, if for nought else, would I be indulgent. But, besides, he is a man whose blood is not to be spilled like a wild animal's."

"Be it so," said Dudley. "If ye can make him speak, I will promise to listen."

"Samoset is in the settlement, and may be instantly forthcoming," suggested Master Nowell.

"Let him then be called," said Winthrop.

But a short time elapsed before the messenger returned with the Indian, Samoset, who, in consequence of his superior acquaintance with the English language, had often acted as interpreter between his countrymen and the white strangers. This knowledge he had acquired from his intercourse with the English fishermen, before the wanderers who erected their tabernacle at Shawmut arrived in the country. He was a quick, apprehensive fellow, who, on account of the services he had rendered the colonists, stood high in their favor, and was treated with considerable confidence. No sign of recognition passed betwixt him and Sassacus on his entrance, but they regarded one another as strangers.

"We have called thee, Samoset," said Winthrop, "to interpret between us and this prisoner. Ask him if he acknowledges himself to be the famous chief of the Pequots."

"Tell him," replied Sassacus, "that I am that eagle at whose scream the Narraghansetts hide themselves like little birds in the bushes."

"A bold answer," said Winthrop. "Ask him now, wherefore he hath been lurking in the woods in the vicinity of our lodges."

"The feet of Sassacus," answered the chief, "tread upon the

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forest leaves at his pleasure. His ancestors never inquired of the Taranteens nor of the Narraghansetts where they should hunt, and he will not ask permission of the strangers with beards."

"Frank and defiant," muttered Endicott. "Come, I like this."

"The forests are very wide," said Winthrop, "and the game is not so abundant in our immediate neighborhood. There must be some more particular reason for thy conduct."

"Listen, O, white chief!" returned the Indian. "The path whereon the tongue of Sassacus travels is a straight path. A great chief disdains to tell a lie. Know then, that, for a long, long time—our oldest men cannot recollect so far back, for they heard the legend from their grandfathers, and they again from theirs—it hath been told among us, that a race with a skin like the snow should come to our land, with strange manners, and speaking a strange language; and when I heard of Owanux, I came to see whether they were the men, for it becomes a chief to watch for his people."

"And what said the tradition," asked Winthrop, "should be the fate of the two races?"

"Tell him not, O, Samoset! my friend, who hast eaten with me from the same pot—that the legend, sadder than the wail of warriors from an unsuccessful expedition over the dead; than the sobs of the wintry wind around the grave of my first-born—that, like the cloud in the full moon, we were to waste away, and the intruders to occupy our hunting grounds."

"He says," said Samoset, interpreting to suit the chief, "that the Indians were to drive the strangers, as the wind whirls the leaves into little heaps."

"There will be two words to that bargain," said Dudley. "I trow it will take more than one Powah to make me believe such a story."

"It is the inspiration of the devil, who is ever the father of lies," observed Endicott. "Go to, with nonsense like this, but I do admire the brave bearing of the savage."

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"Yet is it an unfortunate belief to prevail among the natives," said Master Bradstreet. "If extensively entertained, it may be fraught with great peril."

"A cunning invention of the Powahs, no doubt, to sustain the fainting courage of their deluded followers," said Sir Richard.

"Give me three hundred stout and well-armed fellows, trusting in the Lord, and careful to keep their powder dry and bullets ready, and I will so take the conceit out of their red-skins, from the Kennebec to the mouth of the Connecticut, that they will never tell this story again," said Endicott.

"Ask him," proceeded Winthrop, "if this Sir Christopher Gardiner is his friend."

"Soog-u-gest is my brother," answered the Sagamore.

"Does he know the occasions of Soog-u-gest's frequent absences from home?"

"He hunted sometimes with Sassacus," was the answer.

"And what knows he of the woman?"

"She is the sister of Soog-u-gest."

"Is she not his wife?" demanded Dudley.

But Sassacus, merely shaking his head, made no reply.

"The proud savage disdains to answer your question, Master Dudley," observed Endicott, with a smile.

"Nay," answered Dudley. "It is because he cannot deny it."

"We will see," said Winthrop; and he put the question.

It was as Endicott (better acquainted from his longer residence in the country than the others with the feelings of the natives) had suggested, for now Sassacus spoke without hesitation.

"Soog-u-gest is the woman's brother. His wigwam is large. The woman and Neebin, the little sister of Sassacus, live in one part, and Soog-u-gest and his men in the other."

An expression of great astonishment was visible in the faces of the members of the Council, as Sassacus avowed his relationship to the little girl, but nothing was said. The thoughtful

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countenance of Winthrop became still more grave, and a moment or two passed before he asked the next question.

"Why did Sassacus give away his own sister?"

"He gave her not away. She was to remain to learn the wisdom of the white man, as the little bird stays in the nest until it is strong enough to fly."

Another pause ensued, for the reply of the Sagamore had furnished pregnant matter for thought, until the silence was broken by the voice of Winthrop.

"Why did Sassacus attack my people, and kill two of my men?"

"A superfluous question, after what we have heard," said Sir Richard Saltonstall.

"Nevertheless, it is involved in the purpose for which the Indian was brought before us, and he shall have the benefit of a reply, Sir Richard," answered the Governor.

"Is it an earnest question the white chief asks," demanded the Pequot chief. "Why does the bear attack the hunter who has robbed her of her cubs? Shall Sassacus love Neebin less than a bear its cub? Owanux burned the lodge of my friend. They seized his sister and Neebin, and carried them away, and their chief asks why Sassacus fought for his friends, and for the daughter of many Sachems! What white man ever before was hurt by Sassacus? Who ever came to his lodge, and he set not a meal before him? Who ever was tired, and Sassacus gave him not a skin whereon to lay his limbs? When the white chief burns our lodges, and carries away captive our women and children in the dark, must Sassacus run with a bowl of succotash to refresh him, after his great victory?"

"A shrewd retort withal, and, according to the law of nature, and of the woods, an all-sufficient justification," said Sir Richard Saltonstall, who had been opposed to the plan to capture the Knight from the beginning.

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"And yet none other than I expected," said Winthrop, whose generous design in allowing the chief to exculpate himself in his own way was only now understood. "Gentlemen," he added, desirous to take advantage of the favorable impression produced by the Sagamore's reply, "what remains but to remand our prisoner, unless it be your intention to discharge him in consideration of the provocation, and that he can hardly be said to be as fully amenable to our laws as they who understand what these laws are."

"I desire to express my hearty astonishment," exclaimed Deputy Dudley, "at the extraordinary proposition of the Governor. The consequences which lie hid therein are horrible. Are our friends, engaged in the execution of our orders, to be slaughtered with impunity, and thus others to be encouraged to like atrocities?"

"Blood for blood," thundered Endicott. "If that of Abel fell not to the ground unavenged, though the slayer knew no law, save that written in his heart, to forbid the deed, so now may not this savage escape. Besides, the example were impolitic, as hath been already set forth."

Similar opinions were uttered by almost all of the Assistants, being none other than were anticipated by the wily Governor, who meant not what he said, but desired to mitigate the severer counsels of his associates.

During these remarks, a conversation in a low tone had been passing betwixt the Sagamore and Samoset.

"Has the heart of Samoset turned white?" asked the Pequot.

"Samoset is an Indian," replied the interpreter, "and his heart is red."

"Has he forgotten the time when, with Sassacus and his Paniese, he drank of the Shetucket, where it bounds into the river of the Pequots, when he was thirsty with driving the Narraghansetts over the hills, like leaves chased by the wind?"

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"Samoset has not forgotten."

"Does he powah with Owanux, or is he true to the faith of his fathers?"

"The feet of Samoset will chase the deer and the bear over the happy hunting grounds, whither his fathers have gone. He would not know what to do in the heaven of Owanux."

"Then is not Samoset my brother, and lies he not close to the heart of Sassacus, as a pappoose nestles up to its mother?"

"Samoset will do the bidding of the great Sagamore," said the interpreter, anticipating what was to follow.

"Go then, my friend, my brother, terror of the Narraghansetts, praise of the valiant Pequots, and find Soog-u-gest. Tell him that the blood of Sassacus is running away, like water from an overturned vessel, and that soon all will be spilled, unless he comes to set up the vessel. Tell him to come quickly, and deliver the great Sagamore of the Pequots, and his sister, and the young man with eyes like the sky."

"The feet of the blue eyes are free," said Samoset. "I saw him only a little while ago."

"Good!" said the chief. "Then seek first my young friend, for he loves Sassacus, and tell him, and do what he says. But if they cannot help, fly, like the swallow over the hills and streams, to the hunting grounds of my tribe, and say to my people that their Sachem is a wolf in a trap, and Neebin a slave to Owanux."

"What says he?" inquired Endicott, whose attention had been attracted by the longer speech, and somewhat raised tone of the Sagamore's voice.

"He says," answered Samoset, drawing readily on his invention, "that a great Sachem ought not to be put into a box for killing wolves who run into his wigwam."

A pleased expression lighted up the face of the captive chief at the answer, which he perfectly understood, as indeed he had much that had been spoken. His avoiding to use the English lan-

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guage, as through ignorance, having had for him, at least, the advantage of putting his examiners off their guard, and inducing them to speak more freely in his hearing. The tone of Samoset's voice, and the reply, satisfied the Pequot that he was secure of the interpreter's fidelity, and he stretched out both his arms, as though grasping his recovered liberty.

Endicott bent his brow at the reply, as a suspicion darted through his jealous mind; but the stolid mien of the Indian, who bore the look as if he had been a statue carved out of the heart of the cedars of his native hills, baffled his penetration.

"Why do I distrust him?" he murmured, under his thick moustache. "Yet is distrust the mother of safety, and in our situation a duty."

"Let him return now," said Winthrop, "and take order that every comfort be supplied consistent with safe keeping. Noble Sassacus," he added, "it grieves me that we meet and part thus."

The savage, who, through the whole interview, could not mistake the favorable sentiments of Winthrop, answered as before, in his own Pequot tongue.

"Sassacus understands the thoughts of chiefs, for he is one himself. The voice of the long knife (alluding to the rapier worn by Winthrop) is not so unpleasant to him as those of these counsellors, and he hopes that what he is about to say will be listened to as the words of a great Sagamore. Sassacus is very tired of lying in a box, but not afraid to die. Let him depart to his own country, or if the white chief will kill, let him, with his long knife, pierce the bosom of Sassacus, for the blood of a chief should be shed by a chief."

"It may not be, noble savage," said Winthrop, mournfully. "Such is not our custom. Yet be not cast down, but rely upon our justice."

The withdrawal of the captives was a signal for the discussion of what had been elicited by their examination. It had con-

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firmed suspicions before entertained, and more than that, revealed an intimacy betwixt the Knight and Pequots, a warlike and restless, though not numerous tribe, which filled the minds of the Assistants with apprehension. If the influence of Sir Christopher (whom not one doubted to be a Catholic) extended as far as they suspected, he might make himself a formidable enemy. He had been able to induce the chief of the Pequots to intrust to him his own sister, to be taught the Catholic faith, doubtless intending to make her conversion the means of extending among the tribes the superstitions of Popery. The success of the plan was fraught with danger to the colony, for the new religion would be a means of reconciling the differences of the tribes, and binding them together, in a common union with the Eastern Indians, already much under the influence of the Romish priests. Favored secretly or openly by the French government, which they were sure to be, and supplied with fire-arms, they might become too powerful to be resisted, and, reversing the campaign of the Israelites in the wilderness, drive out those who had intruded into their Canaan, only themselves to fall finally a prey to the French, and to have one form of idolatry substituted for another. Sternly frowned Dudley, and grimly stroked Endicott his tufted chin, as they revolved such thoughts, and inly vowed, as they trusted in the God of Jacob, that such things should not be. The conclusion to which the council came, was that the Pequot and the woman should be detained in custody until the Knight was taken, whose capture they considered not difficult, and that then the fate of the three should be decided.

As for Samoset, he sought Arundel at the earliest opportunity when he could do so unnoticed, and acquainted him with the message of the chief. With this coadjutor it was easy to establish a communication with his friends in the forest, the consequences of which will presently be seen.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

The walthman goode of Silverwoode,
That bowman stout and hende,
In donjon gloom abides his doom—
God dele him gentil ende.

It breaks true herte to see him stert,
When as the small birds sing,
And then to hear his sighynges drere,
Whereas his fetters ring.

OLD BALLAD.

IN order to secure the person of the Knight of the Golden Melice, several small parties were dispatched to scour the forest—another object being to protect the remoter colonists against wandering Taranteens, should any have the temerity to venture near the settlement. A reward was offered to the Indians for the apprehension of Sir Christopher—strict injunctions being given that he should be taken alive. An increased vigilance also was exercised over the rude prison wherein the captives were confined—a soldier being kept constantly on guard before its entrance.

On the plot in front the sentry was pacing his round on a night which was dark and threatening. No rain had fallen, but the clouds were constantly becoming denser, and it was plain that a storm might soon be expected. With the wind rose also the voice of the ocean, murmuring along the curving shores of the

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bay, distinctly heard in the silence of the night by the solitary soldier, whose thoughts it carried back to the sea-beaten island he had left.

"An' my guns deceive me not," he said to himself, "it should be past midnight. There is no moon, nor star, to be sure, to tell by, but I have mounted guard before, and my feelings let me know as surely as a dial what's the hour. Hark! (as a measured step was heard approaching) that must be Cowlson. Stand," he cried, "and give the countersign!"

"Poh! Job Bloyce," answered a voice. "You know my croak as well as your own; but babes and sucklings must be taught, and it is regular, so I will let you know lest you may have forgotten—the sling of David."

"Always full of thy nonsense," said Bloyce. "But what made thee so late?"

"Late is it? It can be but a matter of ten minutes past twelve, and it takes a little while to rub one's eyes and get them open after being called. Hast seen or heard anything on thy watch?"

"Nothing. I had better have been in my warm bed and asleep, considering the hoeing I must give my corn-field to-morrow, than be watching a skeary Indian and a woman."

"Thou hast little need to trouble thy gizzard on that score," returned Cowlson; "for, an' I mistake not greatly, the rain will fall heavy enough to spoil thy chance at hoeing. It is blacker than the darkness in Egypt. I cannot see the tip of thy nose."

"That is of no consequence. My nose is a white nose and no Indian's, and I take it that it is for the copper skins you are to watch."

"And they will be still harder to be seen. But I care not. I am good for ten Indians any day, though I expect not that they will venture to sneak into our streets, be it light or dark."

"Nevertheless, keep your eyes open, for thou mayest need them; so good night."

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"Good night, and shut thine own, so soon as Dame Bloyce will permit thee."

The two knew not, so dark was the night, that a third person stood so near to them that he had overheard the whole of their dialogue. Soon after the departure of the first sentinel, his successor, Cowlson, seemed to consider it of very little importance to make his rounds with much diligence, and to be more intent on protecting himself from the rain, which began to fall, than to perform his duty. He, therefore, after a few turns, ensconced himself as comfortably as possible on the lee side of the building during the violence of the storm, taking advantage of occasional intermissions to resume his walk. The stranger waited until the little vigilance of the sentinel was relaxed, and, noting exactly the place where he had bestowed himself, stole noiselessly back to a group of three or four persons. Here a whispered conversation was carried on until the rain began to pour more violently, when, as if they thought it a favorable moment for their enterprise, the whole party began to move forward in Indian file—that is to say, following one another in a line—led by the man who had overheard the conversation of the soldiers. Such was the noise made by the falling drops, and so dark the night, that they had approached close to the sentry before he became aware of any one's presence. An accidental slipping of one of the men betrayed them, and, presenting his piece, he demanded the countersign.

"The sling of David," was the reply, and the sentry dropped the breech of the musket on the earth. He had hardly done so before he was violently seized. A strong hand grasped his throat; another was applied to his mouth; his piece was wrested from him, and, disarmed and unable to utter a cry, he was hurled to the ground. His hands and feet were then bound; a gag inserted into his mouth; his coat taken off and muffled around his head to stifle the least sound, and he was then removed to a little distance

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behind the building, and one left to guard him and give notice of any approach. The rest of the party next proceeded to the door of the cabin occupied by the jailer Bars. A light was burning inside, but it was impossible, through the oiled paper, to see anything within. He who appeared to be the leader, having disposed his men on each side of the door, rapped upon it. No answer was returned, and it was not until after repeated rappings, and the patience of the strangers was becoming exhausted, and they had begun to consult respecting bursting open the door, when some one was heard moving and growling at the disturbance of his slumbers.

"Who is there?" he demanded, impatiently.

A low voice from the outside now entreated to be let in, for a moment, out of the rain.

"Nay," returned Bars. "You put no foot into my house, at this time of night, without the countersign."

"The sling of David," replied the voice.

"All right," said Bars, beginning to unbar the door. "But what do you"—

He was unable to finish the sentence, for, as soon as the door turned on its hinges, a rush was made by those on the outside, and poor Bars, half clothed, rudely upset on the floor. "Murder," he undertook to cry, but his throat was choked whenever he attempted to make a sound, and he was soon disposed of in like manner as the sentinel, and thrust into a corner, after having discovered that his assailants were Indians. All this, with however little noise accomplished, could not be done without disturbing Dame Bars, who, from the closet where she slept, inquired what was the matter. One of the party thereupon gliding over the floor with moccasoned feet, presented himself with finger on lip before her. Terror benumbed the tongue of the poor woman at the sight, and the cry she strove to utter died in her throat. By smiles and gestures the Indian endeavored to satisfy

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her that no injury was designed, and then, as if to confirm his peaceable intentions, retired, drawing the door after him; and frightened, though in some slight degree re-assured, the dame employed the respite in clothing herself in her day-apparel.

Meanwhile, one of the Indians, who had found two or three large keys tied together, had taken them from the peg where they hung and proceeded to the prison. His actions evinced a strange familiarity with the place. He advanced straight to the prison door, and, fitting the key, presently stood in the narrow passage which ran round the two cells into which the central part was divided. Only one of these was locked. Opening it, he called, in a low tone—"Sassacus."

"Who wants Sassacus?" asked the chief in his own language out of the darkness, for the stranger had come without a light.

"I do not understand your gibberish," answered the other. "Know you not Philip's voice?"

"Thou hast come to place the feet of Sassacus on the forest leaves. Quick! O good white man! and free him," cried the impatient chief.

Philip, guided by the sounds, bent down, and feeling for the shackles which confined the legs of the captive, soon unfastened them, and the liberated Sagamore stretched out with delight his cramped limbs. "Sassacus," he said, "shall see again the pleasant river of the Pequots, and he will deliver Neebin from the robbers." Then following Joy, the two entered, noiselessly, the cabin of the jailer.

During the absence of Joy, a scene of a different kind had been passing. The Lady Geraldine, aroused by the sounds, had left her couch, and appeared among the intruders. She manifested no fear at sight of the Indians, (for what had she to dread from those who had always shown her kindness?) and

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when one of them glided to her side, she strove not to avoid him.

"Celestina!" said a well-known voice in her ear, "hasten to accompany me from this wretched den, and the tyranny of your oppressors."

She started at the first sound, but quickly recovering herself, replied, in a tone as low:

"Of what avail? My usefulness here is ended. I will give place to another, and Heaven will employ me somewhere else."

"Be it so," said the Knight; "yet fly, for the sake of thy liberty, perhaps of thy life."

"I fear not for my life," she added; "and as for my liberty, I cannot long be deprived of it."

"Time flies! What madness is this? I have risked my life to rescue thee, and now dost thou reject my service?"

"I cannot fly with thee. Better to die."

"What strange language do I hear? What mean you? Explain quickly, for our time is short."

"I have no explanation, except that I will not go. The heretics may rage, but the virgin will protect me."

"O, listen!" urged the Knight. "You shall be delivered from this atrocious persecution. I will take thee to the French settlements, where thou wilt be secure, and mistress of thine own movements."

"And thereby seem to admit the truth of all wherewith we are charged. That were in some sort a betrayal of our trust, and what neither thou nor I may do."

"Call you the preservation of our liberty and lives a betrayal of trust? Celestina, grief hath crazed thy brain."

"Nay, Sir Christopher, I have thought over all these things, and the virgin inspires my determination. I will do nought to confirm a suspicion already entertained, that we are Catholics,

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which would be turned into certainty, were we to take refuge among our French neighbors. Thus should we make the task more difficult for the successors who must take our places, since we have been found unworthy."

"Then we will remain among the Indians, if that please thee better."

"To bring trouble upon them for their hospitality; to cause them to be hunted on our account, like wild beasts. Thy generosity would disdain safety purchased by another's suffering."

"We will go to some distant tribe. Anything is better than to remain in the hands of these pitiless fanatics."

"I dread them not," answered Sister Celestina, loftily. "The talisman of the true faith will preserve me."

"Is, then, thy resolution fixed beyond change? Will no prayers, no entreaties change thee?"

"It is better thus: the poor Sister Celestina knows how to suffer and to die, but not how to desert the post entrusted to her by her superiors."

At this moment Joy and Sassacus entered, and the former, approaching the Knight, informed him that all was ready for a start.

"I am ready," said the Knight. "Yet, once again, before I hasten away, O, Celestina, come! I cannot bear to leave thee with these men with natures rougher than the savage."

"If I were to tell thee all," she said, moved by his importunities, "thou thyself wouldst bid me remain. Noble gentleman! unfortunate and slandered Knight, save thyself from thine enemies. Hasten away; there is danger in every moment's delay. Whatever may become of me, no fault is thine."

She took his hand in hers, and as she pressed it to her lips, the Knight felt a tear trickling over its surface.

"Farewell, then," he said, "since it must be so; but I

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will hover near to assist thee, shouldst thou change thy resolution."

He turned away, greeted the Sagamore, and, with his followers, began to leave the cabin. As he passed the jailer, he stooped, and, removing the gag from his mouth, looked at him steadily an instant, and then placed two broad gold pieces on the floor before him.

The lady pursued with her eyes the retreating figures till swallowed up by the darkness. "I will bear my cross as I may," she said to herself, "for I deserve it for all my unhappy suspicions of his generous nature. But I will do nothing which may give further color to the malignant charge devised by the justly-slain Spikeman, and taken up by his associates. An escape with him were sure to do that. The tongue of calumny would wag, and the finger of scorn be universally pointed at me, and all would cry, 'aha! we said it.' Such triumph shall not mine enemies have over me."

Her meditations were interrupted by Bars, who now begged her to release him from bondage, or call his wife to do the friendly office for him.

"I desire to take you to witness," said the lady, "that, though flight was in my power, I have not availed myself of the opportunity. Say that to my oppressors, to increase the guilt of their cruelty."

"I will say what you please," answered Bars, peevishly, "an' you will untie me."

"I will do so, if you promise to make no hue and cry."

"What should I want of tramping after Indians in the dark, and perhaps catch an arrow in my paunch for my pains?" groaned the jailer; "though I have some notions of my own about the Indian part of the business."

"Trusting thy promise, I will relieve thee from thy bonds," said the lady, cutting the cords.

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"I made no promise," said Bars, as soon as he was set at liberty, "though I will behave as if I had. These be brave Indians," he said to himself, slyly taking up the gold, "and pay handsomely for their right to be considered such. An' it be thy pleasure that it should be so," he added aloud, "these golden Indians shall remain Indians till the day of judgment, for all Bars ——"

Dame Bars, now, from her nook, made her appearance on the scene.

"O, Sam!" she exclaimed, "be they gone, and have not they scalped you?"

"You can look for yourself, wife," answered Sam, passing his fingers through his shock of hair, as if to satisfy any doubts of his own. "But what should they want with my scalp, I wonder."

"I am sure I can't tell what they do with such things," said the dame, "unless to cover their own heads when they get bald."

"A pretty figure," grunted Bars, "my red crop would make on the top of one of them salvages. It never will come to that, goody. But I must not stay here talking about scalps, when, perhaps, the poor sentinel may have lost his." And he started toward the door.

"O do not go, do not go, Sam!" said his wife, throwing her arms around him; "they may be watching for thee on the outside."

"Women be always cowards," said the jailer; "but thou need not hug me so tight now. I warrant, having got what they wanted, they are in the woods before this time."

"Yet stay a little longer," persisted his wife. "If the poor soldier be murdered, thou canst do him no good."

"You forget, goody, that I am a public officer, and must do my duty," said Sam, extricating himself from her grasp; and, lighting a lantern, he went out of doors.

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Bars directed his course straight to the door of the prison, which he found open.

"It is as I expected," he thought. "There is no use in going in. The Indian's long legs are loping far away in the forest, be sure. Cowlson! friend Cowlson!" he asked, "art thou dead, or only scalped?"

He listened for an answer, but none was returned. Proceeding round the little building, he soon found what he sought—the soldier, tied by the neck and heels, in a most uncomfortable posture, and soaked with the rain.

"Humph!" ejaculated Bars; "these salvages be learning civilization fast. An' I had done it myself, I could not have tied the knot with more judgment."

The soldier (to add to whose misfortunes, his musket was gone, together with the powder and ball wherewith he had been furnished) felt in no talking humor, and sulkily followed the jailer into the house, where he recovered his speech, and recounted his portion of the adventures of the night. Bars pretended to believe that the party consisted entirely of Indians; of which, however, Cowlson could by no means be persuaded; "for how," asked he, "could they learn our countersign?"

"They be cunning vermin," said Bars. "But now, that I recollect, methinks that when they deceived me it sounded a little heathenish."

"Then, why did you admit them?" demanded Cowlson.

"A fine question for you to ask, Jim Cowlson. An' I had not, the chance is they would have bowled you off with them, as a hostage for the sachem, and like as not burned us up besides. But the fact is, I was half asleep. An' I had been wide awake, perhaps I would have discovered the trick. And who would have guessed that Indians knew anything about countersigns? I wonder how they found it out."

"I must report this night's work forthwith," said Cowlson,

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rising; "but I had almost as lief have lost my scalp as my musket."

The disconsolate soldier accordingly wended on his way, to tell the best story he could to save himself from blame; while Bars, after relocking his empty prison, and barring his door, snuggled himself alongside his partner to busy his rather obtuse brain with schemes of a like nature on his own behalf.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

"This monument shall utter of the past
It hath no tongue; and yet Demosthenes,
Or Roman Tully, never stirred the breasts
Of gaping citizens with subtler speech,
Than shall this pile of stones the wayfarers.
Who pass this way."

ANONYMOUS.

WHILE with rapid steps through the tempestuous night the retiring party were seeking the forest, one of them, the only one in the dress of the whites, and who for that reason had not ventured into the cabin of the jailer, but had kept watch on the outside, approaching Sassacus, said:

"Let the feet of the chief be swift, for many warriors will be after him with the morning light."

"My brother!" said the delighted Sagamore, recognizing the voice of Arundel. "Let not my brother be afraid. The forest loves Sassacus, and tells him all its secrets."

"Yet remain not here, my friend, my Sassacus, nor be troubled about Neebin. I will take care of her, and she shall be restored to thee."

"Sassacus trusts his young white brother," said the Indian. "He hears Neebin singing by the river of the Pequots."

"We part here, and perhaps forever," said Arundel. "Farewell, Sagamore. A nobler heart than thine never beat in savage or Christian bosom. I will never forget you."

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He wrung the hand of the chief, and, turning, was instantly lost in the darkness.

The occasion permitted no further words, and, as the two separated, it was with a glow of pleasure on the part of each. Arundel reflected with satisfaction on the success of his enterprise, and the Sagamore's enjoyment of his recovered freedom was heightened by the thought that he had been remembered by one who had so much attracted him. The young man succeeded in reaching his quarters without being discovered, and we now leave him, to accompany those with whom he had been associated.

So well had their measures been taken, and with such good fortune executed, that they were already deep in the woods before the settlement was aroused by the alarm given by the sentinel.

"They may make as much noise as they choose, for their own pleasure," said Philip, laughing, as the report of the culverins, which startled the colonists from their sleep, were heard; "but it is only a useless pother, and a vain rubbing of drowsy eyes. I should like to see how valiant Captain Endicott will look, when he finds that the bird has flown."

"In thy present habiliments of a savage?" said the Knight.

"Nay," answered the soldier. "I care not to be seen naked, and stained up like an Aberginian. I was half ashamed of myself, especially before the lady, though there was not much light."

"It were well," said the Knight, "to cast our slough before we chance to be seen by Indians, notwithstanding they may be friendly. We must retire deep, too, into the forest, for I mistake much the character of Winthrop and his council, if desperate means be not adopted to avenge the doings of this night."

This indeed appeared to be the opinion of all, to judge from the haste with which they pushed steadily on, resting not until they had reached the wigwam of the chief whereto Spikeman had

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been taken. Here, the first care of the white men was to wash off the paint from their persons, not without a half-jesting objection from the Sagamore.

"The two friends of Sassacus," he said, "have Indian hearts; why should they not keep their Indian skins? Let them come with me, and they shall become great sachems over the tribes that listen to the voice of the little salt lake."

Philip, who was in high spirits at the success of their enterprise, and whose philosophy enabled him always to enjoy the present moment, was ready with an answer.

"A tempting offer," he said; "and, by the head of King Charles, (his favorite oath), better, I trow, than this hand-to-mouth life we have lately been leading. Plenty of bear's meat and venison, and no prisons, Sagamore! Verily, thy words are pleasant."

"The deer shall come to lick the hands of my brothers, and the bear offer his steaks, and they will be as free as the wind on the tops of the hills. They shall also have many squaws, and young wives shall smile on them when the old are wrinkled and cross."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Philip. "I misdoubt whether that would suit all round. But, Sagamore, if I should ever have the luck to get a nice white squaw, I will ask her opinion; and if she fancies the plan of my having half a dozen wives, I will consider it."

"A truce to this trifling," said Sir Christopher. "It is all sport with thee, Philip, but dost not remark it begins to be earnest with the chief?"

"He is quick-witted enough to understand," answered Joy. "Why, Sir Christopher, these salvages laugh so seldom, that they ought to be encouraged when they begin. I fear me that the long faces of the folk at the settlement are catching, and that the poor Indians are more than half spoiled already. Now, ac-

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cording to my judgment, it is a human privilege to laugh. Some say, to be sure, that dogs and horses laugh, but I never heard anything that amounted to more than a snicker, and that I suppose they caught from being with people."

"Sassacus," said the Knight, "this is no longer any place for thee. The white men are at this moment seeking me, and will soon be also on thy track, and show no mercy. The voices of thy tribe are shouting thy name through the forest, and calling thee home. Here and now we part."

"Sassacus is troubled," replied the Sagamore, "about his little sister. How shall he answer his mother, when she asks after Neebin?"

"Neebin is in no danger," said the Knight; "and though she were, thy remaining could do no good. But I will stay, and if artifice can avail—for force we have none—Neebin shall be restored to her mother."

"My brother speaks well," said the Sagamore, having thus secured another guardian for the sister whom he tenderly loved. "He shall stay, but Sassacus will return to the river of the Pequots, and will speak a loud word in the ears of his tribe, and they shall fill their quivers with arrows, and sharpen their tomahawks, and many will come back with him to ask for Neebin. Sassacus will go alone, and will leave Towanquattick."

"Leave not the Paniese behind," said the Knight. "That were only to expose him to unnecessary danger."

But the chief was not be diverted from his purpose. To every objection he replied: "A great chief takes not back the word he has spoken. Were he to do so, what would become of the respect of his people?"

Yet, notwithstanding the peremptory tone wherewith he had announced his determination, very soft was the voice, and gentle the manner of the Sagamore, as he addressed his follower:

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"Towanquattick," he said, "is my friend, and will watch over the little Pequot bird that has strayed into the trap of Owanux."

"Towanquattick will watch," was the answer.

"Stay to teach the little bird to fly away, or until I return with my warriors. Sassacus goes now like a brook just starting from the ground; but he will come back like a mighty river when angry 'Hpoon pours its swollen waters into the salt lake. Sassacus hath said."

The words were pronounced with a dignity and gravity that impressed those who heard them, and seemed to communicate some of the daring of the speaker; but the wiser Knight saw the rashness of their import, and determined to convince the Sagamore of the impolicy of the course proposed. Taking him for that purpose on one side, that the chief might speak uninfluenced by the presence of his follower, he represented to him the superior strength of the English, and the impossibility of prevailing in any contest until a complete union was established among the tribes.

"Behold!" he said: "these strangers are as one man, and across the salt lake come in ships from time to time fresh forces. They are clad in armor thy arrows cannot pierce, and wield the thunder and the lightning. What have the Pequots to oppose, but naked bodies and uncertain arrows?"

"Owanux are few, and the Indians many," replied the Sagamore. "Sassacus will bury the tomahawk with the Narraghansetts, and exchange wampompeag with the Taranteens, and they unite against the strangers. The eyes of Sassacus are opened. There can be no peace with Owanux."

"Good!" answered the Knight, whose apprehensions, lest plans which he cherished might be defeated by the precipitancy of the chief, were quieted by the answer, knowing that the pacification

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of the tribes among themselves was no easy matter, and would require time. "Good! the eyes of the Sagamore are sharp. He is wise when he says that he will do nothing until he has made friends with the Narraghansetts and the Taranteens. Farewell, then, and be that the compact between us."

The chief now turned away, and, calling Towanquattick, the two began to dig a hole in the ground with pointed sticks. The white men looked on in silence, rightly judging it to be some ceremony, and waiting for its explanation. After a cavity of a foot in depth, and about the same diameter was dug, the Indians ceased their labor, and the chief answered the wondering eyes of his friends.

"This hole," he said, "shall tell all Indians who see it of the captivity of Sassacus, and of the white men, his deliverers."

"I never heard before of a hole talking," said Joy.

"It will talk," said the chief. "When Sassacus passes by with his Paniese he will tell them that here was a great parting, and Towanquattick will do so also, and they shall tell it it to their children, and so the tale shall run, as the waters of a spring follow one another until they become a lake. So the hole shall speak, long after I have departed with my friends for the happy hunting grounds. Hole!" he added, addressing it as if it were capable of understanding what he said, "Sassacus is sad because he leaves Neebin behind, but say thou not that. Say to all who behold thee, that Soog-u-gest and Sassacus were friends; say that when Owanux put Sassacus into a box, Soog-u-gest and two other white men, and Towanquattick, let him out; say that Soog-u-gest and the other white men, and Towanquattick, remain to watch that no harm shall happen to Neebin, whom Owanux have made a prisoner; and say that Sassacus has gone after his warriors. This is enough for thee, O hole, to remember. Forget not lest thou be ashamed."

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While the Pequot chief was speaking, the Paniese paid the strictest attention, evidently striving to fasten the speech in his memory. It was a custom common among the natives, though witnessed by the Knight and Joy for the first time, whereby, on the same principle that more civilized communities erect monuments to perpetuate the memory of events, the Indians transmitted to posterity matters of interest. The hole was usually dug either by the side of some traveled path or on the spot where the event desired to be commemorated took place. They who passed by naturally inquired into its meaning, and the facts, known to few at first, became of public notoriety.

When the ceremony was completed, the Sagamore of the Pequots, as if unwilling by further words to confuse the record, turned away in silence, and took his solitary way through the forest, to seek the seat of his tribe.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth, exposed, he lies.

DRYDEN

THE colonists were exasperated at the breaking of the prison, justly concluding that it was not entirely the work of Indians, notwithstanding Bars, faithful to the impression made on him by the gold pieces, stoutly maintained such to be the fact; and that Cowlson was unable to contradict him. But it was, after all, only suspicion—a suspicion, too, that pointed at various persons. While some, with a lucky sagacity, ascribed the violence done their authority to the Knight, as a leader; there were those who suspected others, of whom they would gladly be rid. For, however desirous the great bulk of the colonists were that only they of their own moral habits and modes of thinking should be connected with their enterprise, it was impossible completely to exclude the obnoxious. Some would creep in, and the colony resembled a draught of fishes from the rivers in the spring, when the schools are running; wherein, although the great majority are shad or salmon, occasional intruders of other scales and stripes are found. This little minority were watched with Argus eyes—every transgression being visited with exemplary punishment—the hand of Justice being made heavier by two consider-

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ations, viz: difference of opinion, and a desire to drive away recusants, who were regarded as vessels doomed to destruction, and whose presence was held to be dangerous. That was no era of toleration, but of fierce, intractable dogma. The breach betwixt Protestants then was almost, if not quite, as wide as between Protestants and Catholics now. Opinion, bold, enthusiastic opinion, calling itself by the gracious name of saving faith, usurped the place and prerogative of reason; and, as from a Papal chair, denounced, as damnable error, whatever harmonized not with itself. In this strife of ignorances, the amenities and charities of life were lost sight of and forgotten; and, if not quite trampled out of existence, it was owing more to that celestial spark which, with a dimmer or a brighter light, guides every man who comes into the world than to the lessons of the teachers. Men were dismissed from the colony, or otherwise punished, on bare suspicion of wrong-doing or wrong-thinking. Nor is it unlikely that hostility in high places may have availed itself of this laxity of law to gratify private malignity.

Hence, let it not be wondered at, that, in consequence of the prison breach, several innocent persons were arrested, whose modes of life or principles of faith came not up to the orthodox standard. If their apprehension answered no other purpose, it, at least, served to weaken the desire of the suspected persons to remain where they were not wanted.

Hitherto the magistrates had been foiled, but failure only increased their vigilance and activity. Additional men were despatched to scour the woods; word was sent to Salem and to Plymouth, and co-operation to capture the fugitives asked for; rewards were offered for their seizure; and, in fine, no means omitted which indomitable will and ingenuity could devise. So hot, at length, became the chase, that, familiar as they were with the woods, Sir Christopher and his companions found it difficult to avoid capture. They had it, indeed, in their power to place them-

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selves in comparative safety, either by following the steps of the Pequot chief, or seeking the Taranteens—for to the west they dared not go, for fear of the tribes in that direction, who were at feud with those on the Atlantic border—but various considerations interfered to prevent. With neither Sir Christopher nor the Indian was mere personal safety a ruling motive. The former had not abandoned all hope of changing the strange resolution of Sister Celestina, with whom he determined, on accomplishing her release, to proceed with Neebin to the country of the Pequots—in this way only transferring their labors to another place—and with the latter, the charge wherewith he was entrusted was too sacred for any cause to be neglected. Flying from their posts, even though bands of enemies were after them, was therefore not to be thought of. As for Philip, his wild, reckless nature took pleasure in their adventurous mode of life; satisfied, besides, that were he even made prisoner, no serious punishment could befall him, unless his participation in the prison-breach became known, which, he confided too much in the fidelity of his associates to believe was possible. Seldom daring, therefore, to discharge their fire-locks, but depending principally on the arrows of the Indian, and snares they set for subsistence, occasionally aided by the friendly natives with whom the Knight was a favorite, and constantly changing their places, the three continued to elude the search, and the baffled soldiers were obliged to return, digesting their disappointment as they might, and asserting that those whom they sought had left the neighborhood. To make assurance sure and to stimulate the Indians to exertions, which the magistrates were certain had never been made, higher rewards were offered for the capture of Sir Christopher in particular, which, it was supposed, the cupidity of the natives would be unable to resist.

Among the Indians trusted by Sir Christopher, none had contrived to secure a greater share of his confidence than Quecheco,

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the frequent and favored companion of his hunts. The skill of the Indian in hunting had, at first, recommended him to the Knight, and afterwards, the interest of the latter in his protegé was increased by the attention with which Quecheco listened to instruction and by the intelligence of his questions. Hitherto he had always been found faithful, in consequence whereof the haunts of the outlyers were not concealed from him, and he was employed to procure information from the English settlements, and depended on, generally, as a confederate. Quecheco was not without affection; in proof whereof, he had withstood the bribe at first offered for the capture of Sir Christopher, but his feeble virtue finally succumbed. There was one temptation which he was unable to withstand. He had frequently been a witness of the effectiveness of the gun in the hands of the Knight, and, with a hunter's love, conceived a longing to possess one. This was no easy matter to be accomplished, furnishing guns to Indians being strictly prohibited, and such weapons taken away whenever found in their possession. Quecheco now thought he saw an opportunity of gratifying a desire that had become a mania, and determined that a gun should be the price of his friend's liberty.

With this view, at one of his visits to Plymouth, or Accomac, he sought Governor Bradford, with whom he was acquainted, and proposed to deliver the Knight into his hands, in consideration of the coveted gun and a certain quantity of powder and ball. Much as was desired the capture of Sir Christopher, Bradford hesitated, but finally promised the bribe, stipulating for the life of the Knight, considering that the rule might bear infringement in a single instance, for the sake of the object to be attained; and from that moment Quecheco begun his work of treachery.

In consequence of the activity of the search, the fugitives had been obliged not only often to change their hiding-place, but

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sometimes to remove to a considerable distance from Boston. One of their favorite resorts was near Plymouth, both because they were less likely to be suspected to lurk in a vicinity where the Knight had no acquaintances, and also on account of a greater abundance of game. Here the two white men often remained without Towanquattick, who, less liable to discovery, hovered around the spot where was the sister of his Sagamore.

Such being the state of things, Quecheco selected the neighborhood of Plymouth (on account of the absence of Towanquattick, betwixt whom and himself a feeling of mutual dislike existed, caused in his jealous mind by the favor which the Knight had lately shown the Pequot, and which he esteemed a derogation of his rights) as the theatre of his plot, and here we find Sir Christopher at this moment.

"Our larder is exhausted, Philip," said the Knight one morning, "and must be replenished. Shall we try our fortune together?"

"I am always ready," answered Philip. "It is two days since I stretched my legs, and, by my halidome, I shall forget how to use them, without more practice."

"Methinks," replied the Knight, smiling, "it is less than a week since I saw legs much resembling thine moving with marvellous celerity."

"When this copper-hide here showed us Venn's band, within a hundred yards of the old wigwam, right under Winthrop's nose, in the swamp. Aye, it was high time to be moving; but it was unkind of Venn to burn our quarters, seeing that I had been a sergeant in his company."

"Quecheco, my fine fellow," said Sir Christopher, "thou didst us a service on that day not to be forgotten, and now we must look to thee for another. Where shall we hunt?"

"Let Soog-u-gest and Quecheco go a little towards Accomack,

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where I saw yesterday some deer, and the sanop toward the setting sun," answered the Indian.

"Go thou with Philip, and I will take my chance alone," said the Knight.

"The chief must not go alone," said the Indian. "Quecheco will go to carry the deer which Soog-u-gest will shoot."

"A sensible Indian," said Philip. "Take him with you, Sir Christopher. For my part, I do not want his copper skin gliding like a snake among the bushes; and, Sir Christopher, look sharp, and see if I bring not back as much game as you and your friend."

"I accept the challenge," said the Knight, good-humoredly, "and will take him, since you prefer to go alone."

"I will none of him. He is thy valley-doo-doo—a murrain on mounseer for his hard words; and why a waiting-man should be called a valley, more than a mountain, or a river, doth pass my understanding."

"An interesting mystery. Yet is its solution unnecessary at the present. Get thy bow and quiver, Quecheco, and we will see by evening how Philip's boastings will turn out."

"And, hark ye, red-skin," cried the soldier, "take care that thou bring back Soog-u-gest, as thou callest Sir Christopher, safe, and with a good appetite to eat my game."

In spite of his habitual self-possession, the Indian started. A guilty conscience began already to affright him, and for an instant he fancied his purpose detected.

"What ails thee?" asked the Knight, regarding him with a quick, keen glance.

"Quecheco hurt his foot," answered the Indian, with a limp, and bending down to hide his face from the sharp eyes.

"Poor fellow, then, remain behind, and we will hunt for thee, who hast done so often for us."

"Quah!" exclaimed the Indian, with a gesture of disdain. "It

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is nothing. See, Quecheco can run like a deer." And with that he sprung round with great agility, as if to make good his words.

"Enough," said the Knight; "reserve thy breath until it is wanted."

The course taken by the two was toward the south, as recommended by the savage, in order to find the herd which he said he had seen the day before.

"Why, then, brought you back no venison?" asked the Knight.

"The deer was quicker than the arrow of Quecheco," returned the Indian; "but he will not escape," he added, looking with admiring eyes at Sir Christopher's gun, "the round stone which Soog-u-gest will throw at him."

"I have often seen thee," said the Knight, "gaze at my piece with such eyes as the sight of thy squaw, after long absence, might kindle up. Were it not sure to be thy ruin, I could find it in my heart to give it thee."

The eyes of Quecheco flashed. "Give me the stick," he cried, "that makes a loud noise, and Quecheco will do a great thing."

"I have done wrong," thought the Knight, "in raising his expectations. Nay, Quecheco," he said, "it would be taken away from thee by the white men, and who would sell thee powder and ball?"

"Nin-e-yi-u wa-wee," (it is well,) said the Indian. "Soog-u-gest flies so high that he sees a great way, and Quecheco spoke like a pappoose. What has he to do with guns?"

The gift of the gun would have diverted the savage from his purpose, by awakening the affection which covetousness had put to sleep, and probably altered the fate of Sir Christopher and himself; but the answer of the Knight dispelled the hope that for a single instant warmed the heart of Quecheco with better feeling, and he persisted in his original design.

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They had walked several miles without seeing any game of importance, or such as was thought worthy of other attention than the arrows of the Indian, before they reached the spot indicated by him as where he had marked the deer the day previous. It was a falsehood invented by Quecheco, and great was his astonishment, on approaching, to behold a herd of a dozen of these timid creatures.

It was a sort of lawn, of six or seven acres in extent, with a few trees scattered over it, where they were feeding. The shape of the ground was an irregular oblong, in some places not more than a hundred yards across, and in others of double the distance, being like a basin, at a depression of twenty or thirty feet below where the Knight stood, concealed by trees and bushes. At the bottom flowed a small, rapid stream, perhaps three rods wide, interposing itself betwixt him and the herd. Sir Christopher had visited the locality before, and was familiar with its features; and expecting game, from the story of Quecheco, had taken care to approach with the wind in his face, to avoid the scent of his person being carried to the delicate nostrils of the animals while he stepped noiselessly along. The Indian, in order the better to carry out his meditated deceit, had been imitating the Knight's conduct, and on the discovery of the deer, his hunter's instinct induced him to continue what his hypocrisy had begun. Selecting the finest buck from the herd, Sir Christopher levelled his piece and fired. A single instant stood, with erected heads, the beautiful creatures, as if stupefied with astonishment, and then all but one vanished in the wood—all but the stricken buck, who made one bound, and fell to the earth. The prodigious leap testified to the extremity of his terror and his hurt; and vain struggles to rise from his knees, to its fatal character. With eyes fixed upon the struggling deer, the Knight reloaded his gun, and then bounded down the declivity after him.

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Arrived at the margin of the stream, he discovered a canoe drawn up a little way on the bank, approaching which, to push it into the water, he suddenly found himself surrounded by a number of Indians. They were the confederates of Quecheco, who had been for some time lying in wait in the thick bushes. Simultaneously rushing forward, they attempted to seize him; but this was no easy matter. A resolute, athletic man, with body and sinews hardened by his hunter's life, and accustomed to exercise command over the natives, Sir Christopher shook roughly off the hands laid on him, and shouting, "ha, villains! —death to traitors!" presented his gun, before the terror of whose fatal lightning his assailants recoiled. Keeping the muzzle of the piece directed at them, and threatening with it any one who made a motion to draw near, the Knight succeeded in getting the canoe afloat, when, jumping in, he pushed from the shore. With a pole found in the canoe, he strove to urge it across the stream; but, embarrassed with watching his enemies, and swept down by the current, the effort was attended with great difficulty. Meanwhile, the savages, who had hitherto forborne any act that might endanger life, bearing in mind their instructions, became apprehensive of losing him, and excited by his resistance, began to shoot arrows at him. One of the missiles took effect in the right arm of the Knight, just above the elbow, and the pole dropped from his hand. At the same instant the canoe struck against a submerged rock and upset. Taking advantage of the accident, the Indians sprung into the water, and succeeded in mastering his person.

"Quecheco," said the Knight, reproachfully, as he stood upon the bank, "is it thou, and thou, too, Negabamat, who treat me as an enemy? Why this violence?"

"Soog-u-gest is wanted among his own people," said Quecheco, who had possessed himself of the much coveted gun

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which had fallen into the water. "Indians will not hurt him."

"Quecheco, thou art a villain," said the Knight; "but if not an incarnate demon, outrage me not further than is necessary for thy base purpose."

Thus spoke Sir Christopher, seeing that preparations were made to confine his arms with withes. The Indians said something among themselves, and at length Quecheco replied:

"Soog-u-gest always speaks the truth. Let him promise not to run away, and his arms shall be free."

"I promise," said the Knight, who, in spite of his treatment, could not but feel pleased at this evidence of the confidence in his truth with which he had inspired the natives. "Take the powder horn and bullets," he added, detaching them from his person. "I will attend you."

At a sign from Quecheco the Indians released Sir Christopher, nor seemed after that to trouble themselves much with watching him.

An Indian, who had crossed the stream, now returned bearing the slain buck on his back, and threw it down on the grass, and his companions with pleased faces gathered around it. Sir Christopher, notwithstanding the unpleasantness of his situation, could not avoid smiling.

"Nature's children!" he said to himself. "It would have pained me had I unfortunately killed one of them. Blessed Jesu, I thank thee for saving me from bloodshedding."

He threw himself on the ground, and watched their proceedings in cooking the venison with some interest, for he was hungry, and, when it was ready, partook of it with them as though they had been a party of friendly hunters, nor would any one have suspected that he was a prisoner. Having thus placed himself on terms as little disagreeable as possible with his captors, Sir Christopher endeavored, while they were under the influence

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of the welcome dinner, to dissuade them from their purpose in regard to himself, but on this point he found remonstrance useless. The Indians were not inclined to talk about it, and either preserved a total silence, or simply said that the white chief at Accomack had sent them. When they had eaten up the buck, they started with the Knight in the direction of Plymouth.

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CHAPTER XXXV.

Well skilled he was in regulating laws,
So as by law he could defend the cause
Of poor distressed plaintiff, when he brought
His case before him and for help besought.
Above all other men he loved those
Who gospel truths most faithfully unclose,
Who were with grace and learning fully fraught

MORTON'S NEW ENGLAND'S MEMORIAL.

THE ancient town of Plymouth has probably about as much resemblance to what it was two hundred years ago, as an antediluvian at a like age had to his boyhood. Were Governor Bradford, whose worth is more quaintly than poetically delineated in the above lines, Captain Miles Standish, Master Thomas Prince, or any other worthies of those days of peaked hats and falling bands to revisit the scenes of their pilgrim labors, I fancy that they would find it difficult at first to recognize them. By the eternal features, only, of nature, the sparkling waters of the bay, the waving line of its shore, and by the eminences not wholly levelled, would the site be identified, and the likeness traced. Only with memory, assisted by these marks, might they be able, as the moonbeams fell upon their pale faces, and they stroked their solemn beards, to exclaim—here stood *our* Plymouth.

As it presented itself that day to the eyes of Sir Christopher Gardiner, surrounded by his Indian escort, it seemed an inconsiderable village lying on the slope of a hill, dropping towards

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the sea. A broad street, some eight hundred yards long, led down the hill, and was crossed nearly in the middle by another, the ends of which were protected by gates made of solid planks—the fourth end, viz: that on the bay, being without any barricade. The houses were rude and small, constructed of hewn planks, and stood in areas, around which were thrown fences made also of plank, serving as very effectual stockades against any sudden attack, and bidding defiance to the simple enginery of the natives. Near the centre was the Governor's house (built in like manner), and in front of it, at the intersection of the streets, a square block, answering the purposes of a fort, and mounted with four patereros, or small cannon, commanded the streets and four points of entrance. On the top of the hill, a large square edifice with a flat roof, whereupon were placed six cannons, shooting balls of four or five pounds, dominated the surrounding country. The upper part of this building served for a fort, and the lower for public worship and meetings generally. On the whole, as against arrows and tomahawks, it was a very pretty fortified place, and would not have been found fault with by Vauban himself, could he have had the good fortune to behold it.

The Knight passed through one of the open gates, which were closed only at night, and proceeded straight to the residence of the Governor. Here he was delivered by the Indians to Bradford, who chid them for wounding Sir Christopher. They excused themselves on the ground of his resistance, declaring that the wound was trivial, and had merely numbed his arm for a moment. (Such, indeed, proved to be a fact, when, shortly afterwards, the broken piece of the arrow was cut out.) The Indians were dismissed with the promised presents, Quecheco being permitted to retain the coveted gun of the Knight as part of his reward. A moment's digression to record the fate of the savage, and we will return to Sir Christopher.

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Proud was the Indian of his new acquisition, with its gold and silver ornaments, so far surpassing in beauty all other pieces he had seen, and affectionately he caressed it, calling it his week-subuck otaw, (sweetheart,) and often repeating, gee-wawee-fee-yi-ee, i. e., you are welcome. He was alone in the forest, the others having departed in different directions, and was on his way to Boston, where he expected to get more of the powder and ball for which he had covenanted. It was the day after his treachery, and he had nearly accomplished his journey, only three or four miles remaining between him and his place of destination, when he heard a rustling in the bushes, and saw Towanquattick advancing. He had first been seen by the Pequot, who, recognizing him, came unsuspiciously forward. Instantly saw Quecheco the consequences of being found by Towanquattick in possession of the gun, with which the latter was familiar as the property of Sir Christopher, and this thought, combining with his hatred, made him suddenly raise the weapon and fire at the approaching Pequot. The forest rang with the report, and as Quecheco, unpractised in the use of fire-arms, having discharged the piece but a few times, recovered himself, he beheld Towanquattick fitting an arrow to his bow. Seizing the tomahawk out of his belt, Quecheco hurled it at the Pequot as the arrow whizzed from the string, but both weapons failed of their mark. Drawing his own tomahawk, the Pequot in turn threw it at his foe, who escaped by a sudden movement of the body.

The two Indians now stood regarding one another with looks of rage, and took the knives off their necks. Neither spoke a word. Each understood the other, and with flashing eyes watched to take an advantage. They were both powerful men, well matched in size and age, and equally armed, so that upon fortune and skill, more than upon brute strength, the result was likely to depend.

Presently, each grasping the knife in his right hand, and bend-

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ing over, ready for a spring, they began, with eyes fixed on one another, to move round and round, watching for a favorable opportunity to make the fatal dart. Thus, occasionally increasing the rapidity of their movements, then relaxing their swiftness again, they moved in circles several times, but without drawing within striking distance. The thought occurred to both of throwing the knife, which, if skilfully done, might terminate the contest, but the consideration that if the stroke failed, the unsuccessful combatant would be left at the mercy of the other, deterred from the hazardous experiment. After various feints and stratagems foiled, by mutual cunning the two foes stopped, as if by agreement, to devise more effectual schemes of destruction. In this truce of a moment, the eyes of Quecheco fell upon a tomahawk lying near the feet of his opponent, and unobserved by him. His efforts were now directed to getting possession of the weapon, and he re-commenced the system of attack he had practised. It was no difficult thing, by a series of retreats and advances, and constant changes of position, to entice the Pequot, ignorant of the other's design, from the place whereon he stood, and presently the foot of Quecheco touched the missile. The movement of his foe's limbs in searching for the tomahawk had caught the notice of Towanquattick, and before it was touched by Quecheco's foot he had seen it. At the sight, throwing aside the caution he had practised, the Pequot sprung straight at his enemy, and, without seeking to protect himself, plunged his knife into the breast of Quecheco. The force of the blow threw the stooping savage upon his back, and before he could rise, the tomahawk, caught from the ground by the hand of the Pequot, crashed into the brain of the dying traitor. Drawing out, then, the knife, the Pequot, with a rapid turn that indicated a practised hand, passed it round the head of his foe, and tearing off the bloody trophy, hung it at his girdle. A little while the Pequot stood contemplating the body, and as his eyes wandered from the corpse

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to the gun, which lay on the ground, and back again to the corpse, a ferocious gleam of gratified revenge, like the lurid gleam of fires at night, swept over his swarthy face. Picking up, then, the gun, the knives and tomahawks, and stripping the corpse of the articles containing the powder and bullets, the Indian started in search of Joy.

Meanwhile, the Knight had been entertained with all humanity and honor by the Governor of Plymouth; nor was other treatment to be expected from the learned and accomplished Bradford. In appearance he was somewhat less than fifty years of age, with a mild and thoughtful expression of countenance, which revealed to the close observer as much of the meditative student as of the man of action. A thorough receiver and admirer of the principles of the sect to which he belonged, it was the business of his life to illustrate them by his learning, and enforce them by his example.

That strange charm of manner for which the Knight of the Golden Melice was so distinguished, his persuasive voice and intellectual cultivation, failed not to exert their wonted fascination over one so likely to be influenced by exactly such qualities and acquirements as Bradford, and, indeed, nowhere were they calculated to exercise so great a power as in a country where they were uncommon.

The two gentlemen had met before, but the interview had never ripened into acquaintance; and now, that fortune had thrown them together in relations which might seem none of the most agreeable, but which the kindness of the one and the polish of the other hid in flowers, it appeared as if they were welcome to both.

"We have become acquainted under singular circumstances, Sir Christopher," said Bradford, a day or two after the Knight came to Plymouth; "and, although wishing they were somewhat different, I can scarcely regret the providence which has brought

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so every way accomplished a gentleman to honor my roof. Your mind, wonderfully imbued with the gentler humanities, sweetly accords with mine own, and when you are gone I shall look back with refreshment and a sad longing to our thoughtful conferences. Never have the strains of the divine harper of Israel, whether exulting in the favor of Jehovah or sorrowing for sin, so affected my spirit as when read by you in the original speech of Eden."

"For your kind expressions, right worshipful sir," answered the Knight, "and the delicate attentions which make my imprisonment sweet, receive my unforgetting gratitude. I, too, whatever unjust suspicion may inflict, will revert to these our religious and philosophic hours, wherein we discussed questions nobler than those which, in the shades of Tusculum, engaged the minds of the great Roman orator and of his friends, with a satisfaction which shall not run out with the sands in the hour-glass of time."

"If outraged, by I scarcely know what wild reports, for the moment," replied Bradford, "I entreat you to forgive it, and to believe me that I believe them not. Remember that David fled before his enemies, yet the Lord delivered him and brought him to great honor."

"I am not worthy to be joined in thought with the Shepherd King, who, to the ringing strings of the harp, warbled inspiration," said the Knight. "Yet, noble sir, do I accept your words of cheer, and they shall be a buoy to bear me up as I cross this tempestuous Jordan. When is it your purpose that I should depart? Accompany you me, or go I melancholy, alone?"

"As for the first question, you shall remain at your pleasure, or until Governor Winthrop requires your presence; as for the latter, though unable to leave home at present, I hope shortly to be at leisure. Thus generally can I answer, but present or absent, my best wishes shall attend you."

The above conversation is sufficient to give an idea of the rela-

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tion of the Governor and Knight to one another, and of the feelings of both. In truth, the enjoyment of Sir Christopher was almost as great as Bradford's, and neither manifested any desire to shorten their intercourse. Every leisure moment devoted the Plymouth Governor to his agreeable companion—their conversations turning more on questions of literature than on political matters. These latter, the Knight avoided, seeking thereby to impress the other with the opinion, that he felt but little interest in them.

In this manner passed the time, until one morning the Governor announced that messengers had arrived from Winthrop, commissioned to wait on Sir Christopher to his presence.

"I grieve," said Bradford, "that I cannot go with you. Matters of instant importance demand my presence here, but so far as friendly words in a letter may avail they shall not be wanting. May it please you to be ready at your convenience, and meanwhile I will prepare my epistle."

At the time appointed, four armed men appeared at the Governor's house to receive the prisoner. To them Sir Christopher was delivered by Bradford, who, at the same time, handed them a letter for Winthrop.

Upon the departure of one whose presence had imparted so much pleasure; from whom no unguarded word of censure or impatience had escaped, and who had revealed a mind adorned with such rich stores of culture, the scholastic Bradford sought his study, a small room, or closet, well supplied with books, to meditate on what had happened and to pursue his studies. Absorbed in his books, hours passed away unheeded, and he remarked not the opening of the door and entrance of a serving-man, who, seeing his master engaged, waited respectfully until he should be noticed. At length Bradford looked up and demanded his business.

"This," said the man, "was found in the chamber of Sir

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Christopher Gardiner." So saying, he handed to the Governor a small leathern pocket-book, such as were used for making memoranda, and withdrew.

Bradford, on being left alone, turned the book several times in his hand with a doubting air, then placing it at a little distance before him, leaned his head on his elbow, and began to muse.

"*Publico utilitati cedet jus privatum*," he said at last aloud, and opened the book. He had hardly glanced his eyes at the page, when they lighted up, and he seemed to read with intense interest.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, after reading through several leaves: "was ever man worse deceived? Here have I been harboring in my house and taking to my bosom a concealed Papist, as this writing sufficiently discloses. Nor yet a born Papist either, laboring under a delusion sucked in with mother's milk, but a recreant Protestant, a voluntary seeker after error; for here are written down the memorial of his shame, the very time and place where and when he struck hands with Anti-Christ, the name of the university where he assumed the scapula, as the blinded errorists call two woollen bands, the one crossing the breast and the other the back, one of those ridiculous mummeries whereby, with other devices and unseemly grimaces, they have contrived to bring the cross itself of the Redeemer into disrespect, and the degrees in superstition taken by this wretched backslider. Woe is me! How can the arch-deceiver assume the form of an angel of light! Yet is here no name written. The memorandum may refer to some one else. But that cannot be. Himself is meant. Why should he carry about with him a note of this kind respecting another? This betrayer of treachery, this touchstone of truth, shall off forthwith to Winthrop, and be the antidote to the bane of my letter."

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Thus murmured Governor Bradford, grieved as well as vexed at the deceit, as he supposed it to be. With a rapid hand, he wrote an account of his discovery, and entrusting it, with the note-book, to a messenger, commanded him to hasten after the soldiers from Governor Winthrop, and deliver to them the package.

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

Nought is on earth more sacred or divine,
That gods and men do equally adore,
Than this same virtue that doth right define,
For th' heavens themselves, whence mortal men implore,
Right in their wrongs, are ruled by righteous lore.

SPENSER'S FAERY QUEEN.

It was with some embarrassment that Governor Winthrop received his prisoner, though none was manifested in the mien of Sir Christopher. On the contrary, his manner indicated conscious innocence, and just that degree of resentment which a well-balanced mind and good temper might be expected to exhibit under the circumstances. If there was any change in his bearing, he was a trifle haughtier, as presuming on his rank—a trait never noticed in him before, and it showed itself by his speaking first, without waiting to be addressed, the moment he entered the presence of the Governor.

"By what authority," he demanded with some sternness, "is it, that I, a free-born Englishman, innocent of crime, have a price set on my head, and am hunted by savages bribed for that purpose?"

Before making a reply, the Governor intimated his desire to be left alone with the Knight, whereupon those present retired.

"You inquire by what authority you are arrested," said Winthrop. "I answer, by that authority vested in me by charter,

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as the ruler of a State; by common law, and by common sense. The question is not asked by one with the endowments of Sir Christopher Gardiner because he is ignorant, but for some other reason."

"Is it in humanity," returned the Knight, "not to be annoyed at the outrage? How bitterly," he added, looking sorrowfully at Winthrop, "is the pain of the wound aggravated by the knowledge from whose quiver flew the arrow!"

"I may not choose between my duty and my inclination," responded the Governor. "I were, otherwise, more unworthy than I am of the awfully responsible station which Providence hath assigned me. It shall never be said that, through favor or other motive, I buried the one talent committed to my keeping."

"I dared not, at my entrance," replied the Knight, who strove to make his tone and demeanor conciliatory, "entertain the thought that a friendly feeling toward me lurked in his bosom, by whose mandate my helpless household has been invaded in the night and made prisoners, and my house turned into a heap of ashes."

"It was by no order of mine," said Winthrop, hastily, "that the house was burned, and I lament its destruction as deeply as yourself. How it caught fire, is to me unknown; but if by the act of our people and not of the savages, ample recompense shall be made."

"How shall that be determined? But I will not waste my words thereupon. The loss of my house and other property is insignificant, compared with the cruel wrong done the Lady Geraldine and the dishonor to my name."

"She, whom you call the Lady Geraldine, has been treated with all courtesy; and, considering what, in the judgment of the Council, has been proved against her, with more than she is entitled to. For yourself, every opportunity shall be granted to clear off the clouds of suspicion hovering over you."

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"Only a clear field and no favor do I desire for myself; but for the persecuted lady, my cousin, I pledge you my knightly word that any charges reflecting upon her character as a virtuous and godly lady, are infamous and false. You perceive, right worshipful sir, that I do not pretend to be ignorant of the accusations which inventive malice, hatched out of what cockatrice egg I know not, has brought against my suffering cousin, but I pronounce them, again, alike dastardly and without truth."

"If so, she is, indeed, greatly wronged, though partly responsible herself therefor, as having confessed the same."

"Then have strange means been employed to make her acknowledge a lie," said the Knight, warmly, "for any such confession were utterly untrue. I have heard of wretches, who, upon the rack, in order to escape its intolerable agonies, have accused themselves of all sorts of crimes of which they were innocent. Is this the way you have abused my relative?"

"Sir Christopher," answered Winthrop, mildly, "you know as well as I that such practices are alien to the spirit of British law and unused by us. Touching this unhappy female, I think it meet to say no more at present, but will wish you success in the vindication of yourself."

"For myself," replied the Knight, "I care little. The character of a man is like a garment, which, when soiled, may be washed and restored to a likeness of its pristine beauty; that of a woman resembles white paper, whereupon if a drop of blood has ever fallen, it may never be erased. But what are the accusations devised against me?"

"Sir Christopher," answered Winthrop, with some hesitation, "it were hardly orderly to communicate them to you now. Before the Council, perhaps, should you hear them first. And yet see I no reason why, in harmony with the merciful spirit of our law, they should not be disclosed. We desire to overpower no man by surprise, or to deprive truth of a single aid. You shall know."

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Here Winthrop entered into the particulars, which it is, we trust, unnecessary to set down, as the reader is supposed to be already informed of them. He mentioned the contents of the letters from England, but did not exhibit them, concealing nothing except what appertained to the examination of the Lady Geraldine, all inquiries respecting which he either evaded or directly refused to answer. Courteously, indeed, was it done; nor could Sir Christopher deny that the information was rightfully withheld. It was only in accordance with the usual proceedings of courts of justice, when those who are considered accomplices are examined apart from one another, in order that they may not, by a knowledge of each other's answers, be better able to frame their own.

To every accusation Sir Christopher opposed a steady denial. "That falsely suspected as I am," he said, "of other crimes and misdemeanors, I should also be deemed an usurper of a title that does not belong to me, surprises me not. But grant me time to send home, (as the English in the colonies affectionately call England to this day,) and I will prove my knighthood honorably won upon a stricken field, by irrefragable testimony. I will not deny that I have the honor of an acquaintance with Sir Ferdinando Gorges, but I am in no sense his agent, nor in any wise hold communication with him, save as a friend. For the note-book found at my lodgings, and deemed conclusive proof that I am a Catholic, I aver that the memorandum therein contained refers not to myself but to one whom it concerns not you that I should name; and it furnishes no evidence against me, except what arises out of the fact that I acknowledge one who is of Rome to be my friend."

"Whatever my private thoughts," said Winthrop, "it were useless to express them, seeing that thy fate hangs not entirely upon me. With no unnecessary severity," he continued, in a kinder tone than he had hitherto adopted during the conversa-

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tion, "will I treat one, whom, before these unhappy suspicions were raised, I was beginning to love as a brother; and, if thou wilt pledge me thine honor neither to attempt escape, nor by word or deed to practise aught against the Commonwealth, thou shalt have liberty of the precincts of the settlement until the Council shall take further orders."

"I accept thine offer," answered Sir Christopher, "and plight thee my knightly troth to observe the conditions. And in this, my adversity, it is a consolation to know that the noblest spirit who is to sit in judgment on me, believes me not wholly lost to the duties and sensibilities of a gentleman."

The Governor, without reply, summoned Lieutenant Venn, who was in waiting; and, after communicating to him the conclusion to which he had come, requested him to escort the Knight to his lodging.

A few days passed, during which Sir Christopher was seemingly in the full enjoyment of freedom, though closely watched. He attempted to speak with the Lady Geraldine, but was refused permission; and upon her being told of his desire, she sent him word that she had no wish to see him. No objection, however, was interposed to his intercourse with Arundel, who, with his lovely mistress, did all in their power to console the Knight and the unhappy lady in their misfortunes. The relation which the latter stood to the colony affected not the young people, except to excite their sympathies for those whom they considered unjustly suspected and persecuted.

It might be supposed that in these circumstances Sir Christopher would betray some anxiety or gloom. Far from it. The command over his emotions which nature and discipline had given him, concealed his trouble of mind. He seemed to think but little of himself, and to be principally occupied with the approaching nuptials of Arundel and Eveline, who, immediately thereafter, were to sail for England in the ship commanded by

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the jolly Captain Sparhawk. The ceremony, in order to give it the greater dignity, was to be performed by Winthrop himself, the right to tie the mystical knot being, among these planters of new customs in a new world, confined to the civil magistrate. Strongly, at first, did the young lady object, and it needed all the eloquence of her lover, and all her affection for him, to prevail upon her to dispense with the priestly blessing. However, there was no alternative, if they meant to be married before their departure; and the circumstances of their situation and mutual inclination were persuasive arguments. Voyages, too, were not then as safe as now; and to the romantic girl contemplating the dangers of the sea, there was something sweet and even fascinating in the thought, that if she perished, she should die in the arms of her husband. This last consideration, above all, prevailed to overcome her scruples, and the uncanonical marriage was accordingly determined upon.

At length the day arrived for the hearing of Sir Christopher, and, attended by Arundel, he presented himself before the Council. It is unnecessary to enter into details. The result is all that need be stated. The accusations contained in the letters, though denied by the Knight, (who vehemently protested against the liberties taken with those addressed to himself, on which latter was founded the charge of being in correspondence with Sir Ferdinando Gorges, the most dreaded enemy of the colony,) obtained credence with his judges. Winthrop blushed when reproached with the violation of the letters; but the rough Dudley justified and commended the act, as fidelity to public interests. There was a settled conviction in the minds of all of the Assistants, that the Lady Geraldine was other than she seemed; and the conclusion they had arrived at concerning her were not of a nature to operate favorably for the Knight. The memorandum in the note-book was also considered weighty evidence. It was recollected, that long before suspicions were con

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ceived concerning Sir Christopher, and when he stood highest in the favor of the principal inhabitants, he had, in speaking of his travels in foreign parts, mentioned that he was at the very place where, and at the time when the scapula was assumed; and his ascribing the reference to another, was regarded as only an awkward attempt at deception. It was thought plainly to betray him as a member of a religious order among the Roman Catholics. Winthrop himself was of that opinion, and that, without more, was sufficient to support an unfavorable decision. The idea of having covert Papists lurking in their midst was not to be tolerated, and, by whatever means, they were to be got rid of. Allusion was made to his embassy to the Taranteens, and services rendered on that and other occasions, but they were deemed insufficient to neutralize his guilt; yet, in consideration of those services, they forbore to inflict any severe punishment. The sentence of the Council was, that both the Knight and lady should be sent back to England in the next ship, and forbidden to return.

"All England shall ring with the report of your injustice," cried Sir Christopher, when the decision was announced. "Ye do yourselves more wrong than me, and the time will come when ye shall hang your heads with shame for the deed. Ye have power, it is true, to extrude me from this new world, but my presence will be a bane to you in the old. I go with solemn protest against your violence."

"Enough," said Winthrop, rising with dignity, "of threats which we notice not, because we are above them. The men who are founding an empire, whose future extent and power human sagacity cannot limit, and who, for the sake of present liberty of thought and action, and of prospective blessings for their descendants, have renounced and count as naught the vanities of this world, fear no arm of flesh. Their shield is the Lord of Hosts. This Council is dissolved."

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

"To feel that we adore
With such refined excess,
That though the heart would burst with more,
We could not live with less."

MOORE.

FAIR rose the morn of the day which was to unite the destinies of Miles Arundel and of Eveline Dunning, as if to make some amends for the clouds which had attended the progress of their affection.

With a tear in her eye, and smiles in the dimples of her plump cheeks, Dame Spikeman looked on the adorning of the lady for the marriage ceremony, by the cunning fingers of Prudence Rix. She thought, as she gazed on the fair, young face, of her own maiden beauty, of the timid happiness that palpitated in her bosom on her wedding-day, of the dress that heightened her charms, and (shall I so soon acknowledge it?) of what would be becoming for herself on a like occasion, wherein she was to bear a principal part, and the too-fascinating Master Prout another. Let not the solemn pretender to decorum, who, in proportion to his demureness, is apt to be worse than others, with owlish visage quote, "frailty, thy name is woman," or, "e'er those shoes were old," or whatever musty apothegms besides, as stale and senseless. The name of Frailty is no more woman than man, and old shoes have no business at weddings. Stand aside

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O censorious reader, (I desire not thy acquaintance,) while I whisper to both maid and widow, what, probably, they have often pondered—that life is short, and that in Heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage.

"Bless thy sweet face!" said the dame. ("Pull down the stomacher a little, Prudence; an' it had been a thought longer it were better.) Ne'er saw I so lovely a bride."

"It is the latest London fashion," muttered Prudence, "that hath come to these outlandish parts, where, thank the Lord, our stay will not be much longer than the stomacher."

"What is the girl chattering about?" said the dame. "Why, Prudence Pert, thou wilt tear the beautiful satin with thine impatience."

"You have already made me prick my fingers three times, dame," answered the waiting-maid, pettishly. "I never could dress my young lady aright, when I was talked to. There! O dear! you have made me cut a ribbon in the wrong place!"

"Did ever one see the like!" exclaimed the widow, as, with a jerk of the petulant Prudence, a few stitches now gave way. "Why, minx, thou art as much flustrated as if thou wert to be married thyself."

"I know somebody, I guess," said the girl, in so low a tone as to be heard only by her mistress, close to whose ear was her mouth, "who would like to be flustrated in that manner."

Eveline could not restrain her smiles at the impertinence of her maid, and her gaiety seemed to please the good dame.

"Thou art a sensible child, Eveline," she said. "Now have I known many a wedding, and generally there are quite as many tears as smiles at them. I like not that, exactly, though I believe I was as great a simpleton as most, when I mar—— (here the dame decorously put her handkerchief to her eyes to receive the tears which she did not shed)—when I ——; but I must not think of my sorrow, when thy happiness is just commencing."

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(Dame Spikeman wiped her eyes, and went on more composedly.) "There is nothing thou hast cause to fear, and thou wilt soon get used to it. But, who is to be thy bridesmaid?"

"It was my intent to have had little Neebin," replied the young lady. "It would have sounded so prettily in England to say that an Indian Princess stood up with me, for Miles says that she is the sister of a great king—of Waqua——; thou dost recollect him, Prudence?"

"The funny salvage," said the girl, "who mistook a painting for a live man. But to think of the like of the sister of an Indian, though he be a handsome fellow, going to the 'menial halter with my mistress!" she added, tossing her head.

"The danger is past, Prudence," said Eveline, "for Miles tells me she has run away from the Governor's, and was last seen in the woods with one of her brother's Paniese, as the savages call their greatest warriors, Town—, Town—, I forget his name, but they were going in the direction of their own country."

"Toweringantic was the salvage's name," said Prudence. "I remember it very well, because it sounds so like English."

"That is it not precisely, "said the young lady, with a smile; "but it matters not about the name. Our little Princess has fled to her home, and I am left without a bridesmaid."

"The ungrateful heathen!" exclaimed the dame. "Only to think of her deserting the comfortable house of our right worshipful Governor, and instruction in the Christian graces by godly Master Phillips, for the smoky wigwams and powawing of the Indians. The girl, I am sure, will come to no good, and I will never trust one of these Canaanites again."

"Nay; but dame," said Eveline, "I rejoice that she escaped. I did much pity her in her captivity, for she seemed to me like a wild bird, that hath all its life been accustomed to fly in the air, which had been caught and put into a cage, where it sits constantly with moping head and drooping wings, forgetful of the songs which made its woodland home so sweet."

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"I did never like to disagree in opinion with thee, Eveline," said the dame, "and leastwise would I do so, of all days in the year, on thy wedding-day; so have it as thou wilt. For thy sweet sake, whom I am so soon to lose, I could find it in my heart to be pleased at anything the little savage might do, were she twenty times a heathen Amalakite or Jebusite."

"Dame," said Eveline, kissing her comely cheek, "how shall I ever be able to repay thy motherly kindness? O, wherever I may be, and whatever my lot, I will ever think of thee as my second mother."

"Dear child," replied the dame, moved to tears, which flowed with womanly facility, "never had mother a sweeter and more loving daughter than thou hast been to me. Hast thou not done more than most daughters, in giving me all the property that remains to thee here?"

"Speak not of it, dame," answered Eveline, "though it is Miles' gift, for he desired me to give it thee."

"Oh! dame, do not disturb my young lady more, for if you get her crying, think how her eyes would look," here interposed Prudence, very sensibly.

"It is time that I were attending to my own apparelling, which, in looking at thee, I quite forgot," said the widow, rising, and leaving the apartment.

The marriage, which took place at the house of the Governor, was private, and attended only by some of the principal personages of the colony and their families. Besides the Knight of the Golden Melice, Sir Richard Saltonstall, who was to sail in the same ship with the young people, came with his two daughters, as did also Master Increase Nowell, and Master Bradstreet. No minister was present, the order resenting, it may be, in a quiet way, an invasion of their prerogative, which excluded them from business of this sort; but in the solemn and graceful manner in which the accomplished Winthrop performed the

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ceremony, no one noticed any deficiency, not even Eveline herself, who, indeed, was thinking of other matters. Winthrop concluded his part with a little speech, in which he reminded the young couple of the new duties they had assumed, and of the loving mystery whereby two souls were united into one, like two brooks, which, pouring each into the other their bright waters, flow on, inseparably joined, to the ocean of eternity. Something he said, too, of the blessedness of a true faith, as a crowning glory, without which the world was but an unprofitable desert.

Scarcely had the congratulations which followed the sweet voice of the Governor ceased, when a stranger, an honored friend of Master Bradstreet, and who had come with him, stepped forward, and saluting Arundel by the title of the Earl of Cliffmere, informed him that he had matters of importance to communicate.

"I had waited upon you, my lord, before," he said, "even upon the instant of my arrival, had I known where to find you; but I suspected you not under your assumed name."

"I welcome you," said the Earl, advancing and taking the stranger's hand, "I welcome you, Master Hatherly, to the new world, which I this day leave, probably forever. As for thy news, I think thou art anticipated: I am informed by letters brought by the vessel wherein you came, that my father and eldest brother are no more, and that the coronet which I would willingly place upon their living brows, alas, is mine. Wonderful is the drama of life. I abandoned rank and fortune," he added, looking with eyes swimming in love upon his wife, "to seek that without which they possessed no value. They have pursued me across the sea, and, besides, I have obtained my dearest treasure."

The astonished Eveline hid her face in the bosom of her husband, while tears of happiness fell fast. Bewildered, amazed at

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the discovery of the rank of her lover, she knew not what to say; but amid all her confusion, prevailed triumphantly a sense of sparkling joy, of full contentment, and of radiant hope.

"Why should I conceal from you, noble Winthrop, from you, my valued friend, Sir Christopher, or from any of you, my other friends, with whom I would leave no unsatisfactory remembrance of myself, the little romance that brought me among you," continued the Earl. "Know, that a second son of the deceased Earl of Cliffmere, I wooed, in the character of an humble painter, the sweet daughter of Edmund Dunning. He aspired higher than to unite the destinies of his only child with those of an unknown artist, and looked coldly on my suit. He left England with her, and I, unable to endure the pangs of separation, desired to follow. My mother knew of my attachment from the beginning, and to my entreaties yielded her acquiescence to my desires, for she loved me greatly, and had informed herself of the worth of her to whom I had given my heart, but required me to wait for the permission of my father (absent at the time on the continent) before I followed Eveline to this new world. That permission I received, and straightway departed. Still I continued to conceal my true name and station from even Eveline herself, for a reason, perhaps, more romantic than rational; for, with selfish jealousy, I chose to be loved for my own sake, nor did I mean my secret should be revealed until I had presented my wife to my parents,—but the curtain has been unexpectedly lifted, and ye know all."

"I congratulate you, my lord," said Winthrop, "and will venture to do so also in the name of all present, upon the auspicious termination of your fortunes among us, and only lament that so little time is left us to express our respect. When returned to our dear mother England, from whose bosom we are self-banished, yet whom, with filial reverence, we love, we trust that you will not forget your brethren in the wilderness. It is

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upon the far-seeing judgment of those in high places, as well as upon the zeal of the people, [all under God,] that we rely to assist us in extending the material and earthly power of our country, as well as in spreading the doctrines of true religion."

"Be sure, sir," answered the Earl, "that I will endeavor to do my duty toward you according to my honest convictions. And now, Eveline, bid farewell. The favoring breeze is bellying in the half unfurled sails, gallant Captain Sparhawk is impatient, aud we must away."

Lady Eveline fell upon the neck of the weeping Dame Spikeman, and after kissing her repeatedly, exchanged farewells with those around her, [as did all about to depart,] and then, accompanied by a numerous train, the passengers proceeded to the ship, whither the Lady Geraldine had preceded them, and where, also, they found Philip Joy. The sails were cast off from the yards and hoisted home; the fair wind gracefully curved the canvas, and the good ship, with silver waves breaking at her prow, and a stream of light following in her wake, gallantly stood down the bay.

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

So, splendid dreams, and slumbers sweet,
To each and all—Good Night.

WILLIAM E. HURLBUT.

HERE might this tale be permitted to end, were it not that a doubt has arisen in my mind whether some particulars do not need explanation. Doubtless the nimble wits of the sagacious have fathomed to their satisfaction all that seemed mysterious; but there may be others who, either less imaginative or more indolent, would like an elaborate elucidation. These latter I invite to accompany me across the blue Atlantic to the pleasant town of Exeter, in the lovely county of Devon, in England.

In the nave of the splendid old cathedral of that town, two men, engaged in conversation, are walking backwards and forwards, one of whom we recognize as the Knight of the Golden Melice; the other is a stranger. Through the stained glass, the dim light of a winter's afternoon falls indistinctly on the stone floor, while from behind the screen which separates the open area where they are pacing from the portion devoted to religious worship, the solemn tones of an organ (for it is the time of evening service) are floating around the massy pillars and among the sculptured arches, as if imploring saintly rest for the high born nobles and reverend bishops who, for hundreds of years, have lain in their marble tombs around. None are present save the two, and, as with reverent feet they tread, they seem dwarfed into children by the huge proportions of the building.

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"Two beings more blessed with mutual affection than the young Earl of Cliffmere and his lovely countess I know not," said the Knight, continuing the conversation. "Three weeks remained I with them in their magnificent palace at London, the attractions whereof were tenfold heightened by his courteous bearing and her graciousness. Nor could I without difficulty tear myself away, so lovingly they delighted to dwell upon the time when, as Miles Arundel, he wooed Eveline Dunning, or hunted with me, in the wilds of America, and so sweet were their attentions to my chafed spirit. With them is my trusty Philip, whose trials are now over, while he basks in the favor of the Earl and the smiles of the pretty Prudence, his wife, undisturbed save by her occasional coquetry, which only serves, I suppose, to make his love more piquant."

"A pleasing episode in your romantic life," said the stranger; but know you perfectly how you came to leave America so suddenly?"

"There is a mystery connected therewith which hath ever puzzled me," replied the Knight.

"How felt you in reference to the plan of converting an English into a French colony?"

"I did never either feel therefor inclination, or give it the approbation of my judgment. I cannot forget that I am an Englishman."

"And did Sister Celestina know your sentiments?" inquired the stranger.

"Surely. Wherefore should I have hesitated to bestow on one so devoted my absolute confidence?"

"*Ne crede principibus*," said the stranger, "is no more worthy of acceptance than *ne crede feminis*."

"Chosen friend of my soul, sworn brother of my heart," exclaimed the Knight, "I conjure thee to tell me what thou knowest or dost suspect of these mysterious circumstances."

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"Thou hast borne, beloved friend, a cross, whereof thou knewest not. You were betrayed, like him whose name you bear, even in the house of your friends."

"A light begins to dawn upon my mind. And Sister Celestina ——"

"Aye, Sister Celestina, or, as she must now be called, the Abbess of St. Idlewhim, was the traitress. Yet, why call I her so? She did but obey her vow."

"May it please thee, Albert, to be more explicit?"

"Know, then," said the stranger, "that it was in consequence of representations from Sister Celestina thou wast recalled."

"How knowest thou this to be true?"

"Ask me not, for that I dare not reveal; but I swear, by the bones of Loyola, and by our mutual friendship, that it is the sincere truth. Father ——— (I will not breathe his name, he added, looking cautiously around,) loves thee not. Thou wert in his way, and he had thee removed from England. He is strong now and fears thee no longer, and has had thee sent ignominiously home, seizing hold of the idle suspicions of a woman as a pretext."

"I see now," said the Knight, "reasons for her conduct, which at the time seemed inexplicable. But what reported Celestina to him?"

"Recollect you your offer to join the congregation?"

"It was but a stratagem."

"But so could she not understand it. Besides, she mistrusted thine intimacy with Winthrop, and his influence over thee."

"I loved the man for his gracious qualities, heretic though he be; but he never influenced me."

"The intense zeal of Celestina, guided only by her womanly instincts, was unable to comprehend thy feeling. She communicated her suspicions to the Father, and it was his pleasure to receive them as truths and act accordingly. It was the father who

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wrote the letters, signing thereto feigned names, and charging thee with crimes as feigned. It was he who, to avert suspicion from our order (for news had come that the jealousy of the prick-ear'd heretics was aroused, and that they were on sharp look-out for Catholics,) hesitated not to slander the Sister, his own confidential agent, trusting, by the magnitude and foulness of the charges, so to fill the minds of your judges, that other surmises would be thrust out, and thus the ground be preserved for further operations."

"I understand," said the Knight, "that my successor has departed."

"He has gone. Sister Celestina, in her elevation, forgets her temporary humiliation, and Sir Christopher Gardiner——"

"Is the victim of a woman's suspicions and of a monk's policy. Albert, I thank thee; my mind is now at ease, and I shall no longer beat the air in vain attempts to discover my accusers, unsubstantial figments of the Father's imagination. But why told you me not on my arrival in London, when I did so eagerly search for the infamous varlets who had attempted to attaint my honor, and when vain, of course, were my exertions?"

"I was not then permitted. And now, I rely upon thy discretion to bury the secret in thy breast. Any other course might be fatal to us both."

"Fear me not," said Sir Christopher. "I have been examining my heart, and find I bear no malice against the holy Father. It was time we should be removed, and the means, though harsh, were politic; for suspicions of our being Catholics were rife, and what may sound strangely, our friendship, Albert, served to confirm them."

"Explain thy meaning."

"Out of my love to thee, and as a remembrancer for myself, I had made a note in my pocket-book of the time and place of thy admission into the holy Catholic Church, of the taking of thy

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scapula, and of thy degrees, whereunto I had appended no name. This book escaping from my pocket, was found and delivered to my judges, and considered pregnant proof against me."

"The writing was a great imprudence," said the stranger.

"*Confiteor*, and whatever shame I may have endured I accept as the fitting punishment of my sins. Alas! my individual sorrows are swallowed up in grief at the thought of the condition of the Church. How doth she sit like a widow in affliction! The flood-gates of error are opened, and the world is deluged with impure streams. When I look on the marble images of the crusaders, lying with crossed legs upon their tombs around us, and on the cold faces of the abbots and mitred bishops, standing in solemn dignity in their niches, they seem saddened and indignant at a reverse that hath changed the very temple erected by Catholic piety over their ashes, and wherein the incense of acceptable worship was offered unto the Lord, into a place of resort for impious and deluded heretics with their tasteless rites. Here, with these mournful monitors around me, I cannot indulge in private resentment while my heart is breaking for the sufferings of my people."

"It is a holy and a commendable frame of mind, my brother," said the stranger. "O, if the spirit that animates thee were universal in our order, how might the wilderness of the world be made to blossom as the Rose of Sharon, and the lamentations of Sion be converted into songs of deliverance!

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I will not forget you
nor you forget me
for the friends are few
that love you and me

J. F. B.

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my Breast

I get you no neiser, while throbs in
the heart that forever with thy seek
it rest

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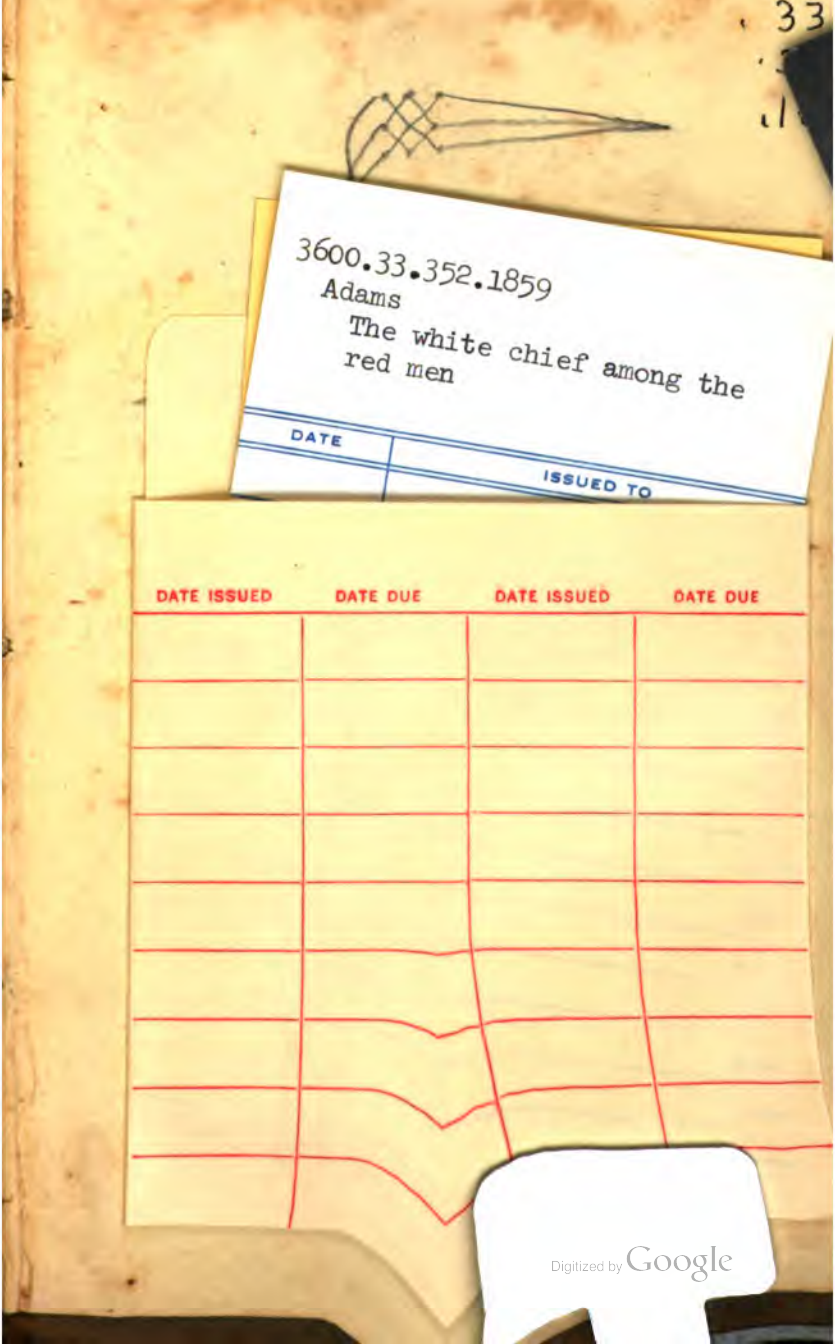

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